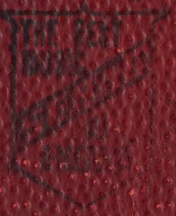
Our Redeemer's Praise



SHAPE NOTES

THE QUARTET MUSIC COMPANY

Fort Worth, Texas. - - - Tupelo, Miss.

1914 our Redeemer's Praise #10

OUR REDEEMER'S PRAISE.

A Choice Collection of

GOSPEL SONGS

Suitable for the

Church, Sunday School and All Religious Gatherings

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And many others, whose songs appear in this publication.

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Preface.

This, "OUR REDEEMER'S PRAISE," is the twentieth Church and Revival song book published by The Quartet Music Co. The great favor our former books have gained with the Gospel singers throughout the country, and the many united expressions of appreciation of our efforts and success in getting together the best songs possible for "Revival" and Church work, stimulated us to put forth greater efforts and more money to make this book a worthy successor, and, if possible, the best of all.

We are profoundly thankful to the many thousands who have sung "Hymns of Praise," "Crowning Praise," and "Emmanuel's Praise," and now let us meet and sing "Our Redeemer's Praise."

Sincerely—THE PUBLISHERS.

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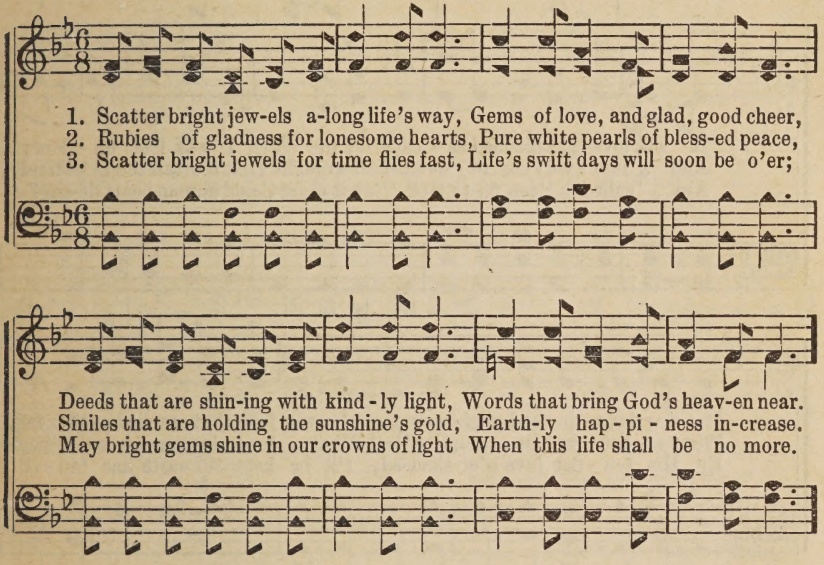
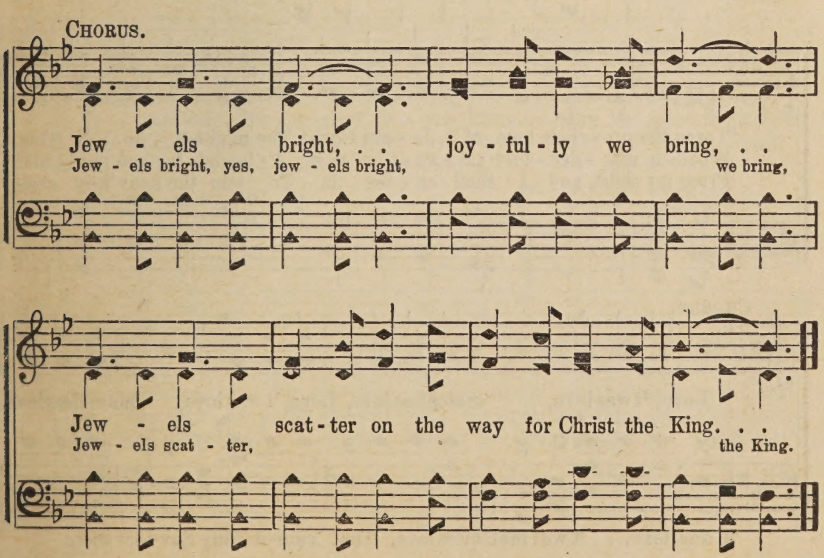
Our Redeemer's Praise.

No. 1. Scatter Bright Jewels.

Lizzie DeArmond. S. W. BEAZLEY, OWNER. Francis Foster.


1. Scatter bright jew-els a-long life's way, Gems of love, and glad, good cheer,
2. Rubies of gladness for lonesome hearts, Pure white pearls of bless-ed peace,
3. Scatter bright jewels for time flies fast, Life's swift days will soon be o'er;
Deeds that are shin-ing with kind-ly light, Words that bring God's heav-en near.
Smiles that are holding the sunshine's gold, Earth-ly hap-pi-ness in-crease.
May bright gems shine in our crowns of light When this life shall be no more.


CHORUS.
Jew - els bright, . . joy - ful - ly we bring, . .
Jew - els bright, yes, jew - els bright, we bring,
Jew - els scat - ter on the way for Christ the King. . .
Jew - els scat - ter, the King.

No. 2. Matchless Love.

S. W. B.

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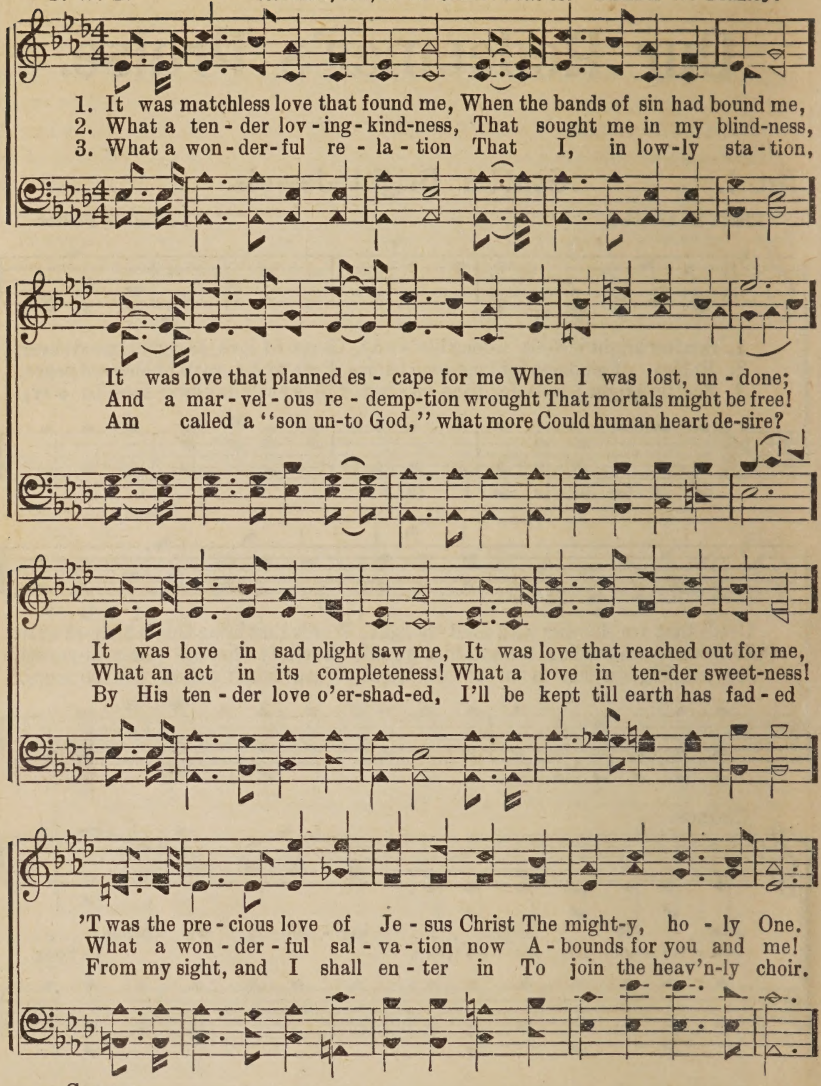
Samuel W. Beazley.

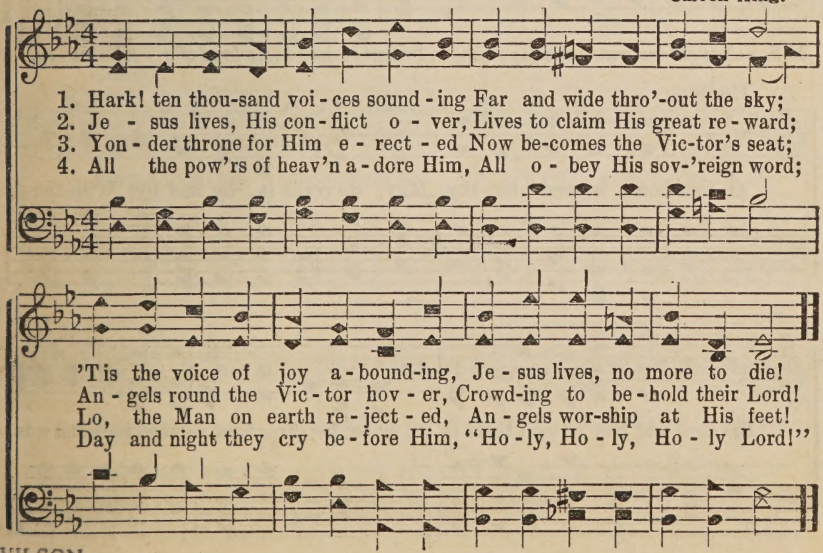

1. It was matchless love that found me, When the bands of sin had bound me,
2. What a ten - der lov - ing - kind-ness, That sought me in my blind-ness,
3. What a won - der - ful re - la - tion That I, in low-ly sta - tion,
It was love that planned es - cape for me When I was lost, un - done;
And a mar - vel - ous re - demp-tion wrought That mortals might be free!
Am called a "son un-to God," what more Could human heart de-sire?
It was love in sad plight saw me, It was love that reached out for me,
What an act in its completeness! What a love in ten-der sweet-ness!
By His ten - der love o'er-shad-ed, I'll be kept till earth has fad - ed
'T was the pre - cious love of Je - sus Christ The might-y, ho - ly One.
What a won - der - ful sal - va - tion now A - bounds for you and me!
From my sight, and I shall en - ter in To join the heav'n-ly choir.
CHORUS.
Love, 't was love, matchless love, Love, 't was love, matchless love,
'T was love, . . 't was matchless love, That caused my Sav-iour there

Matchless Love.

Up - on the cru - el cross to choose A death of shame for me;
death of shame for e - ven me;
Love, 't was love, matchless love, Love, 't was love, love I owe,
How can . . I e'er re - pay The debt . . of love I owe,
For His sal-va-tion full and free, Giv'n thro' love, love, match-less love?
wonderful love, matchless love?

No. 3. Hazel. 8. 7.

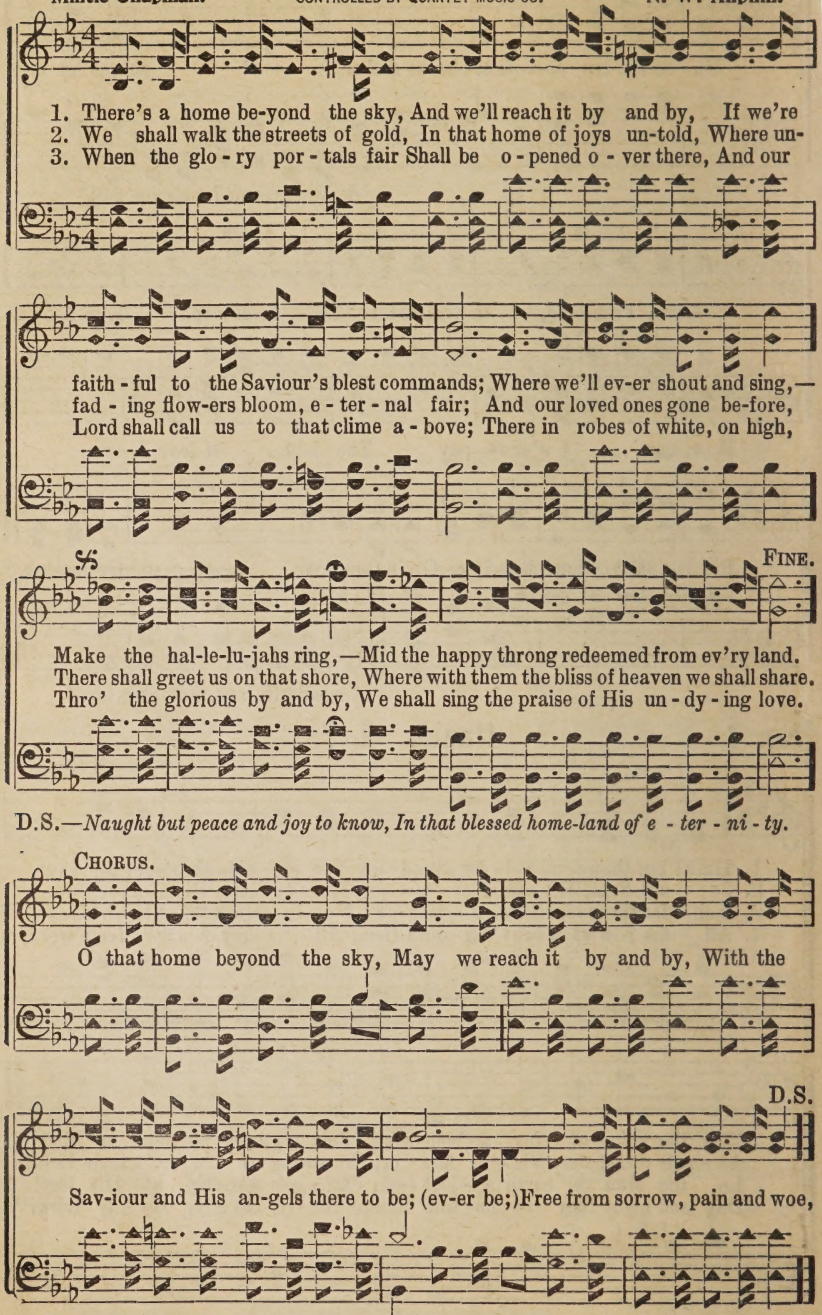
Carroll King.


1. Hark! ten thou-sand voi - ces sound - ing Far and wide thro'-out the sky;
2. Je - sus lives, His con - flict o - ver, Lives to claim His great re - ward;
3. Yon - der throne for Him e - rect - ed Now be-comes the Vic-tor's seat;
4. All the pow'rs of heav'n a - dore Him, All o - bey His sov-'reign word;
'T is the voice of joy a - bound-ing, Je - sus lives, no more to die!
An - gels round the Vic - tor hov - er, Crowd-ing to be - hold their Lord!
Lo, the Man on earth re - ject - ed, An - gels wor-ship at His feet!
Day and night they cry be - fore Him, "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!"

WILSON
NcU

No. 4. Our Homeland Eternal.

Mintie Chapman. CONTROLLED BY QUARTET MUSIC CO. **N. W. Allphin.**


1. There's a home be-yond the sky, And we'll reach it by and by, If we're
2. We shall walk the streets of gold, In that home of joys un-told, Where un-
3. When the glo - ry por - tals fair Shall be o - pened o - ver there, And our
faith - ful to the Saviour's blest commands; Where we'll ev-er shout and sing,—
fad - ing flow-ers bloom, e - ter - nal fair; And our loved ones gone be-fore,
Lord shall call us to that clime a - bove; There in robes of white, on high,
FINE.
Make the hal-le-lu-jahs ring,—Mid the happy throng redeemed from ev'ry land.
There shall greet us on that shore, Where with them the bliss of heaven we shall share.
Thro' the glorious by and by, We shall sing the praise of His un - dy - ing love.
D.S.—*Naught but peace and joy to know, In that blessed home-land of e - ter - ni - ty.*
CHORUS.
O that home beyond the sky, May we reach it by and by, With the
D.S.
Sav-iour and His an-gels there to be; (ev-er be;)Free from sorrow, pain and woe,

No. 5.

Forget Them All.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS.

S. W. B.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. To grieve o - ver past sins will not a - vail, To turn your eyes
2. The all search-ing eye of the Lord doth see The sins of your
3. The Lord knows the needs of a sin - sick soul, And yearns in His
back-ward is but to fail; For - get all the dross that de-
heart how they bur - den thee; At Cal - va - ry's cross lay them
mer - cy to make you whole; For - get all your bur - dens so
files your soul, And look up to Je - sus and be made whole.
down to stay, And hap - py in Je - sus go on your way.
hard to bear, O cast them on Je - sus and leave them there.
CHORUS.
Forget them all, forget them all, For-get your sins and look to Jesus;
all, all,
For-get them all, for-get them all, For-get your sins and look to Je - sus.
all, all,

No. 6. Redeeming Grace.

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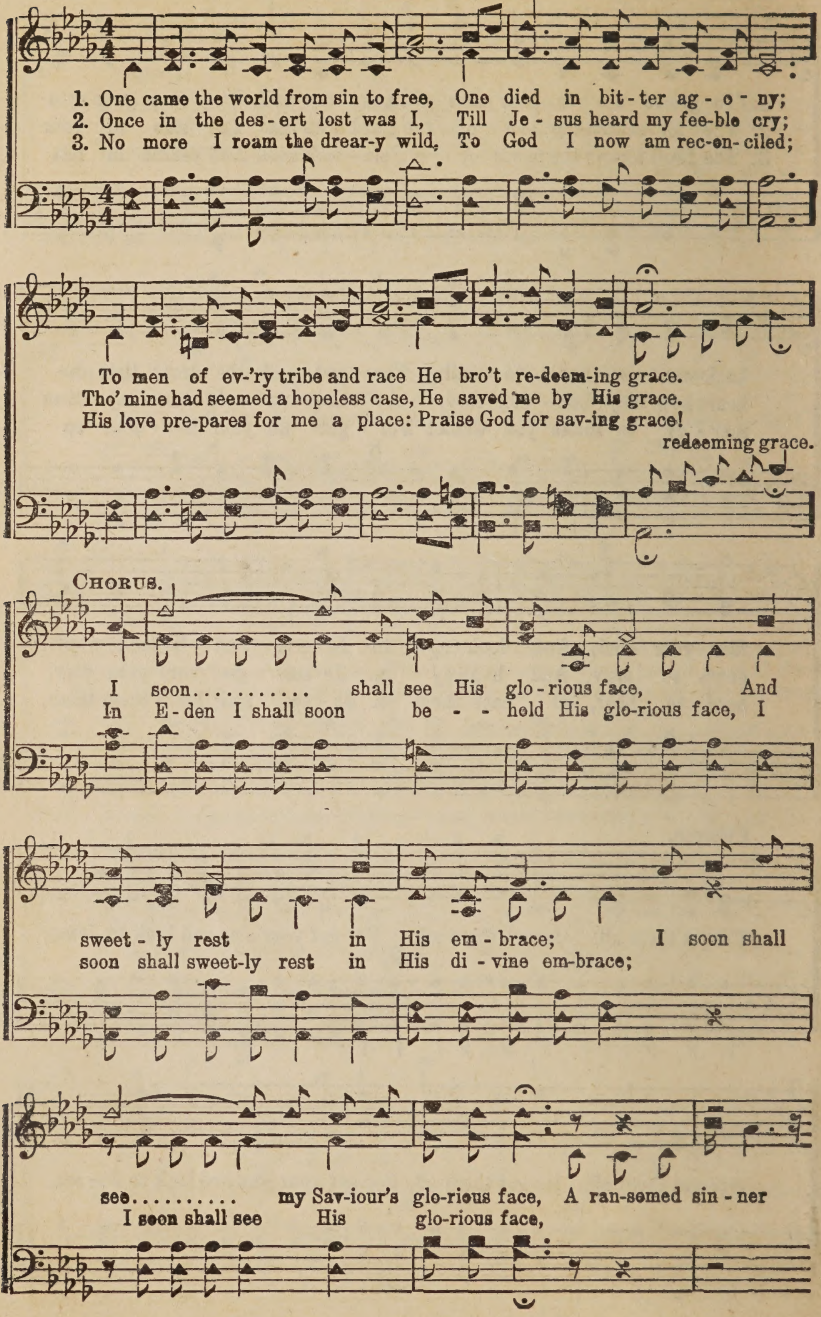
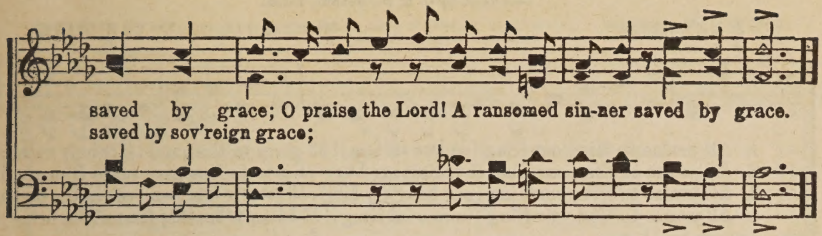
T. H. Words and music. Used by per. THORO HARRIS.

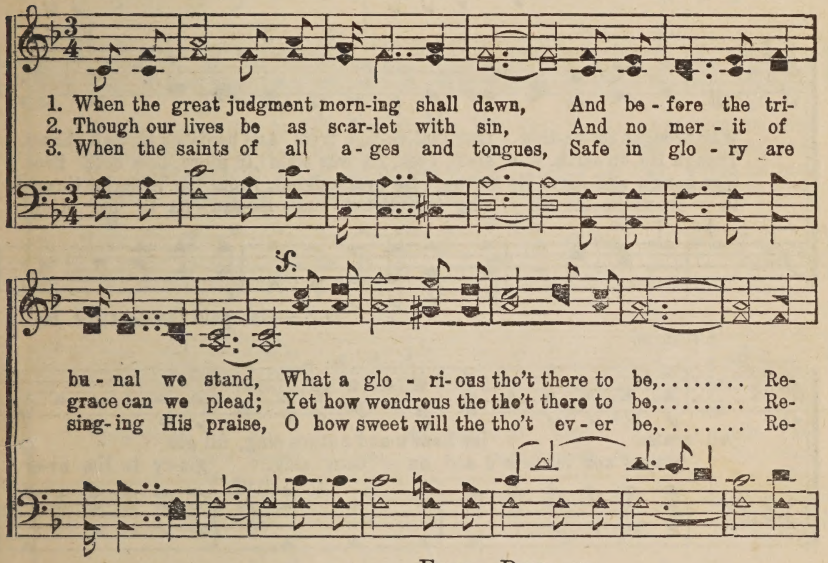

1. One came the world from sin to free, One died in bit-ter ag-o-ny;
2. Once in the des-ert lost was I, Till Je-sus heard my fee-ble cry;
3. No more I roam the drear-y wild, To God I now am rec-on-ciled;
To men of ev-'ry tribe and race He bro't re-deem-ing grace.
Tho' mine had seemed a hopeless case, He saved me by His grace.
His love pre-pares for me a place: Praise God for sav-ing grace!
redeeming grace.
Chorus.
I soon..... shall see His glo-rious face, And
In E-den I shall soon be - - hold His glo-rious face, I
sweet-ly rest in His em-brace; I soon shall
soon shall sweet-ly rest in His di-vine em-brace;
see..... my Sav-iour's glo-rious face, A ran-somed sin-ner
I soon shall see His glo-rious face,

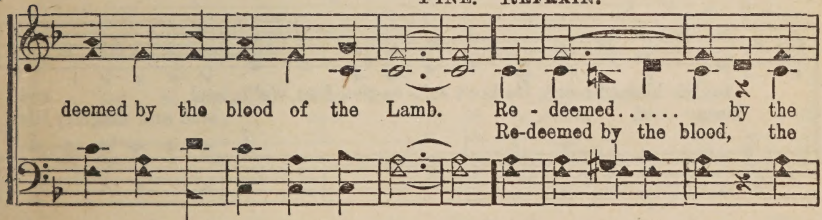
Redeeming Grace. Concluded.

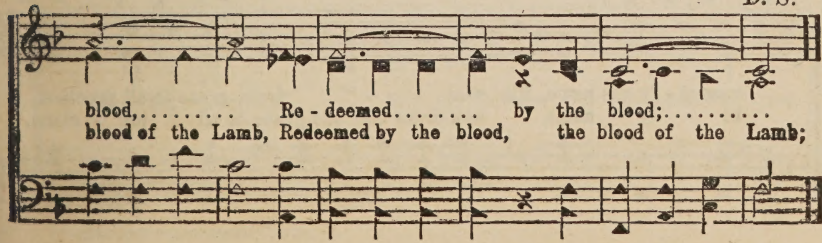


No. 7. Redeemed by the Blood.

L. A. G. Controlled by Quartet Music Co. L. A. GORDON.


1. When the great judgment morn-ing shall dawn, And be-fore the tri-
2. Though our lives be as scar-let with sin, And no mer-it of
3. When the saints of all a-ges and tongues, Safe in glo-ry are
f.
bu-nal we stand, What a glo-ri-ous tho't there to be,..... Re-
grace can we plead; Yet how wondrous the tho't there to be,..... Re-
sing-ing His praise, O how sweet will the tho't ev-er be,..... Re-





No. 8. All Praise To Him, Our King.

Controlled by C. B. D., Hebron, Texas.

C. J. JENNINGS. Music and Chorus by C. B. DAVIS.

1. All praise to Him, our King (our Lord and King)! All glory to His name! His holy name)!
2. All praise to Him, our King (our Saviour King)! All honor to Him give (unto Him give)!
3. All praise to Him, our King (our heav'nly King)! All power is His own (yes, is His own)!
4. All praise to Him, our King (immortal King)! All homage to Him bring (unto Him bring)!
Who brought sal-va-tion free, (sal-va-tion free), And banished sin and shame.
Though He, on earth, was slain, (yes, He was slain), In glory, now doth live!
O'er heav'n and earth He reigns, (He ever reigns), From His imperial throne!
In tri-umph let us sing (ex-ult-ant sing) Ho-san - na to our King!
FINE.
D.S.—He paid the debt for me.
CHORUS.
All praise let heav'n and nature sing, All glo - ry
praises now let heav'n and na - ture sing, glo-ry to His ev-er
to His blessed name, He bro't sal - va-tion free, We'll laud and
bless - ed name, laud and magnify His
mag-ni - fy His name, His won - drous grace to all proclaim,
ho - ly name, won-drous love and grace to all pro - claim,
D. S.

No. 9. He's so Sweet to Me.

James Rowe.

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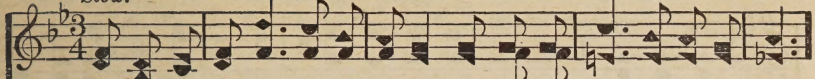
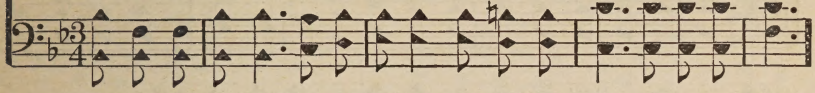
Samuel W. Beazley.

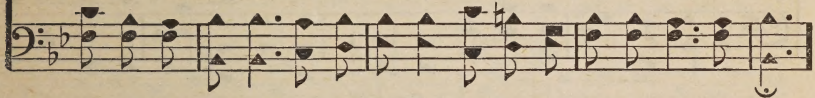
Slow.



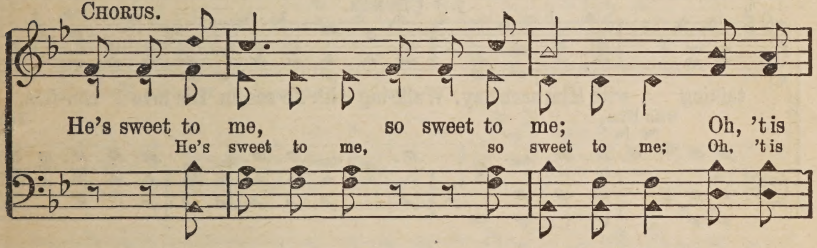
1. With my Re-deem-er I am liv-ing, Be-cause His own I wish to be;
2. He found me bur-dened and despairing, And from my fet-ters set me free;
3. I'm on the love-lit hill of bless-ing And in my sky no cloud I see;
4. Some gold-en dawn I'll tell my sto-ry To an-gels, by the crys-tal sea;



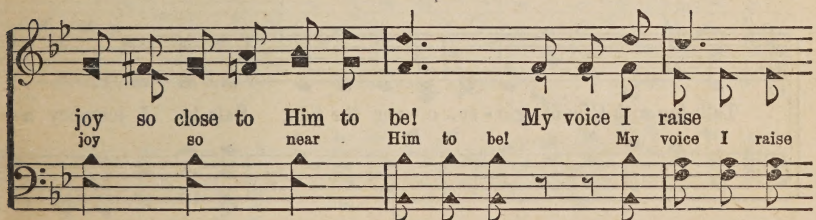
More love each day to Him I'm giv-ing, For He is al-ways sweet to me.
Since then for me He has been car-ing, And, oh, He is so sweet to me.
My faith and love I am ex-press-ing, For Je-sus is so sweet to me.
There I shall share the end-less glo-ry Of Him who is so sweet to me.



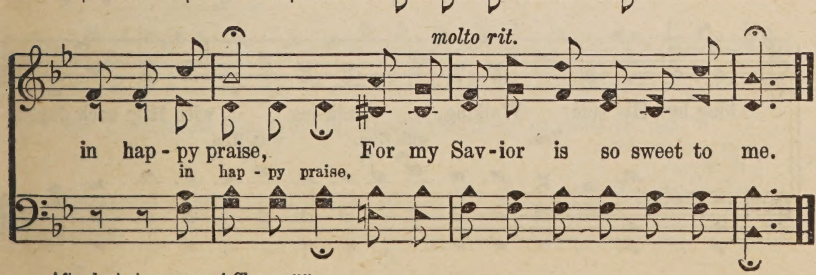
CHORUS.



He's sweet to me, so sweet to me; Oh, 'tis
He's sweet to me, so sweet to me; Oh, 'tis



joy so close to Him to be! My voice I raise
joy so near Him to be! My voice I raise



molto rit.

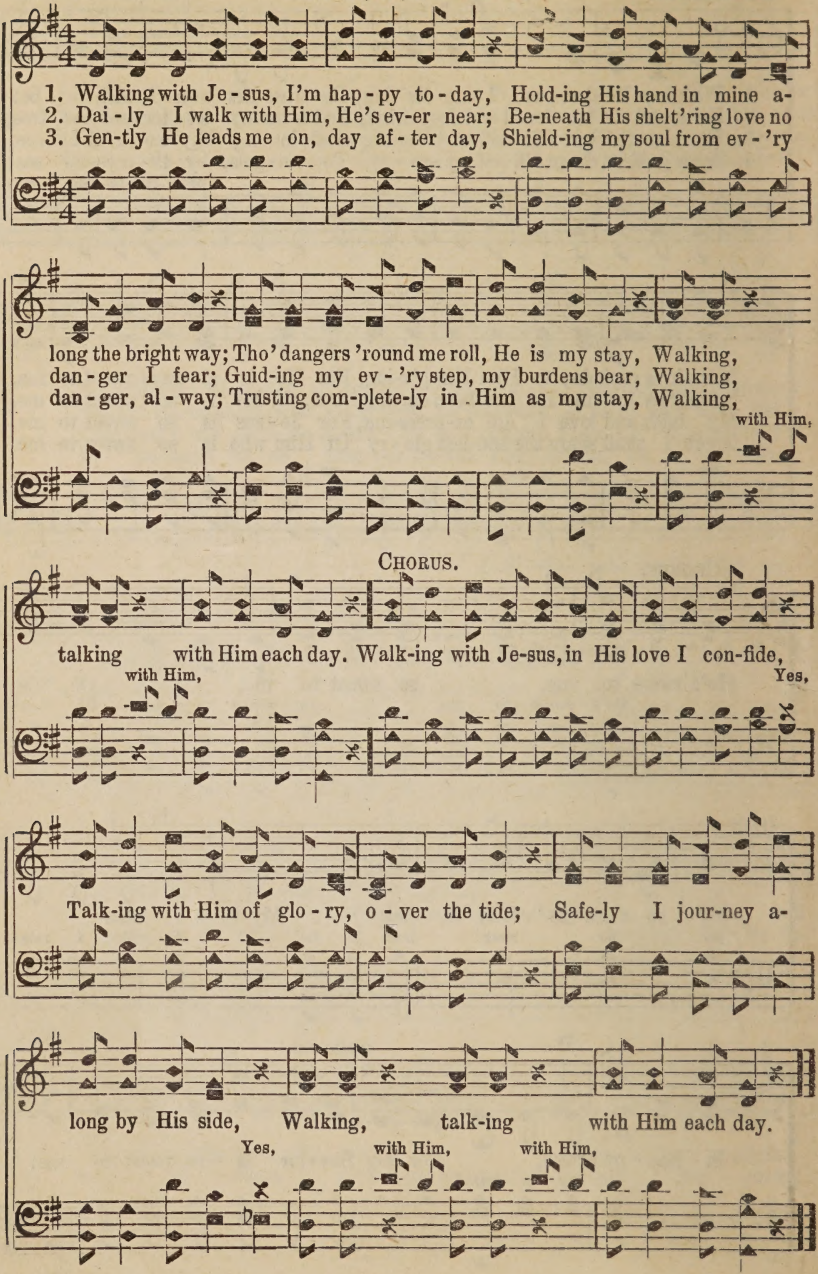
in hap-py praise, For my Sav-ior is so sweet to me.
in hap-py praise,

After last stanza repeat Chorus *pp.*

No. 10. Walking and Talking With Jesus.

Written in S. D. N. College, Jan. 12, 1912, to words "Singing to Victory" which belong to D. S. Englewood, who later set and published in June, 1912.

J. B. Franklin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY A. B. SEBREN. A. B. Sebren.


1. Walking with Je - sus, I'm hap - py to - day, Hold-ing His hand in mine a-
2. Dai - ly I walk with Him, He's ev-er near; Be-neath His shelt'ring love no
3. Gen-tly He leads me on, day af - ter day, Shield-ing my soul from ev - 'ry
long the bright way; Tho' dangers 'round me roll, He is my stay, Walking,
dan - ger I fear; Guid-ing my ev - 'ry step, my burdens bear, Walking,
dan - ger, al - way; Trusting com-plete-ly in Him as my stay, Walking,
with Him,
CHORUS.
talking with Him each day. Walk-ing with Je-sus, in His love I con-fide,
with Him,
Yes,
Talk-ing with Him of glo - ry, o - ver the tide; Safe-ly I jour-ney a-
long by His side, Walking, talk-ing with Him each day.
Yes,
with Him,
with Him,

No. 11. He Will Always Be Precious to Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY C. J. HAMRICK. C. J. Hamrick.

1. I am liv-ing with Je-sus my glo-ri-ous King, And to Him ev-er
2. I will work in His vine-yard from day un-to day, That my heart all the
3. I shall praise Him some day in His pal-ace a-bove, Where for-ev-er my
true I will be; . . . He is giv-ing me car-ols of glad-ness to sing,
while He may see; . . I will tell of His love to my brothers astray,—
soul will be free; . . There with all the redeemed I shall sing of His love,—
CHORUS.
And will al-ways be precious to me.
He will al-ways be precious to me. My Re-deem-er will always be
He will al-ways be precious to me.
precious to me, And for-ev-er His child I will be; . . What-so-ev-er be-
will be;
fall I will praise Him thro' all, He will always be precious to me. . .
yes, precious to me.

No. 12. Once More I Must Tell It.

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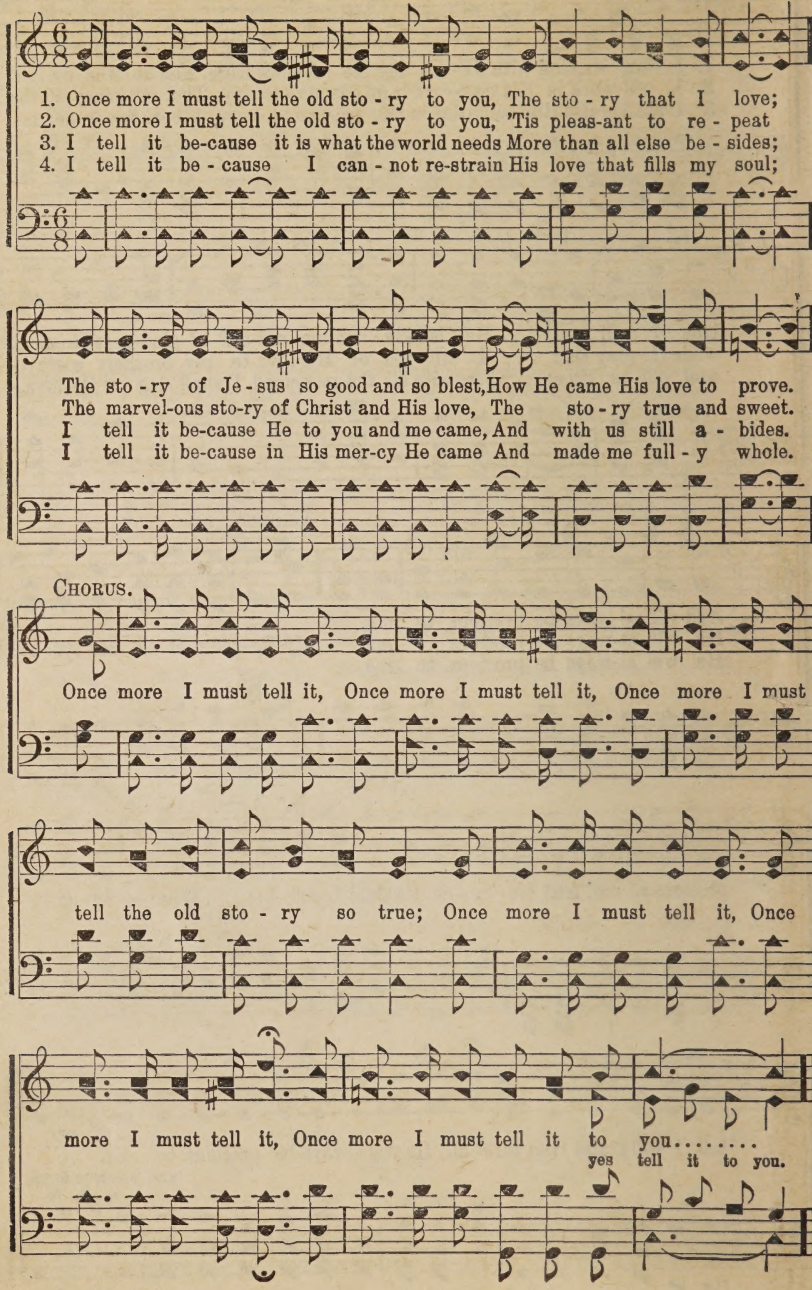
S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. Once more I must tell the old sto - ry to you, The sto - ry that I love;
2. Once more I must tell the old sto - ry to you, 'Tis pleas-ant to re - peat
3. I tell it be-cause it is what the world needs More than all else be - sides;
4. I tell it be - cause I can - not re-strain His love that fills my soul;
The sto - ry of Je - sus so good and so blest, How He came His love to prove.
The marvel-ous sto-ry of Christ and His love, The sto - ry true and sweet.
I tell it be-cause He to you and me came, And with us still a - bides.
I tell it be-cause in His mer-cy He came And made me full - y whole.
CHORUS.
Once more I must tell it, Once more I must tell it, Once more I must
tell the old sto - ry so true; Once more I must tell it, Once
more I must tell it, Once more I must tell it to you.....
yes tell it to you.

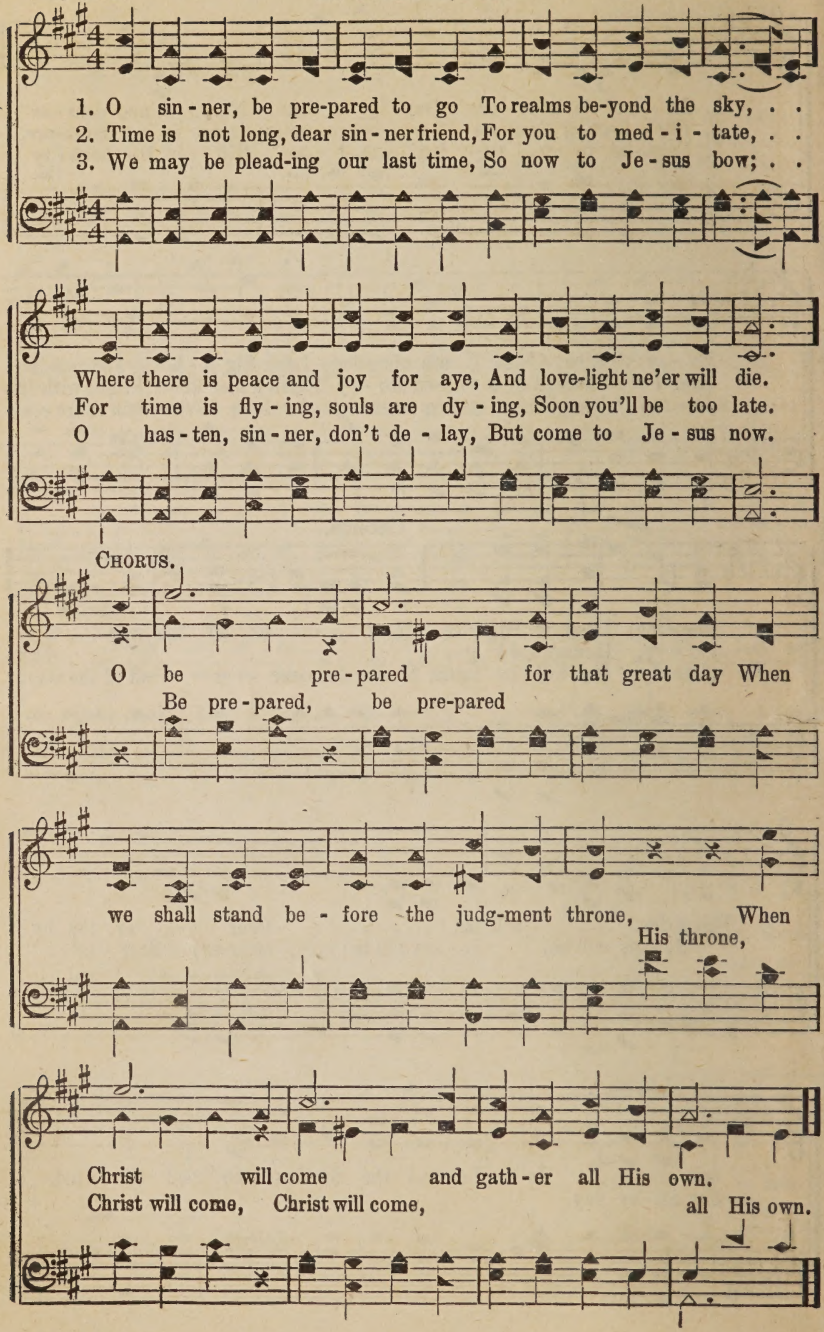
No. 13. Nearer and Dearer.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THE QUARTET MUSIC CO. Mrs. J. W. Graves.

1. Je - sus is near - er Dai - ly to me, Near - er and dear - er
2. Life's fleeting pleas-ure Charm me no more; Christ is my treas-ure,
3. Faith-ful to du - ty, His will I be, Till in His beau - ty
Ev - er will be; Close I am cling-ing, Look-ing a - bove, Joy-ous-ly
Him I a - dore; Lov's gold-en sto - ry Letting men know, Bright with His
Je - sus I see; Then, resting sweet-ly In love di-vine, Still more com-
CHORUS.
sing - ing, Deep in His love. Near - er all the way . . .
glo - ry, Homeward I go.
plete - ly He will be mine. Nearer and near - er all of the way,
This Friend . . will be; . . . Dear - er day by
Je - sus will be, Je - sus will be; (yes,) Dear-er and dear - er
day . . . Is Je - sus the Sav-iour who died for me.
day aft - er day

No. 14. O Be Prepared!

R. O. Y. QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS. R. O. Yarbrough.


1. O sin - ner, be pre-pared to go To realms be-yond the sky, . .
2. Time is not long, dear sin - ner friend, For you to med - i - tate, . .
3. We may be plead-ing our last time, So now to Je - sus bow; . .
Where there is peace and joy for aye, And love-light ne'er will die.
For time is fly - ing, souls are dy - ing, Soon you'll be too late.
O has - ten, sin - ner, don't de - lay, But come to Je - sus now.
CHORUS.
O be pre - pared for that great day When
Be pre - pared, be pre-pared
we shall stand be - fore the judg-ment throne, When
His throne,
Christ will come and gath - er all His own.
Christ will come, Christ will come, all His own.

No. 15. God's Truth is Powerful.

S. W. B.

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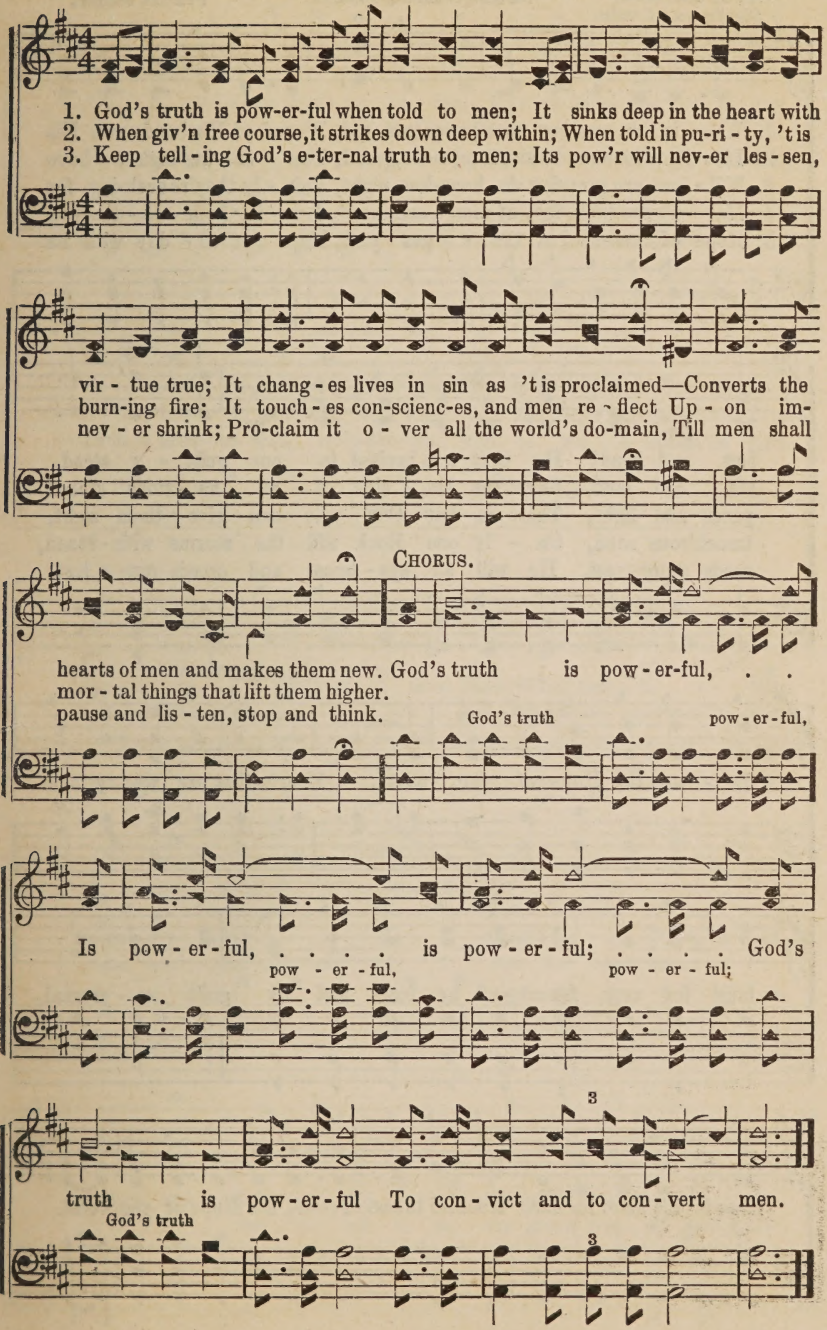
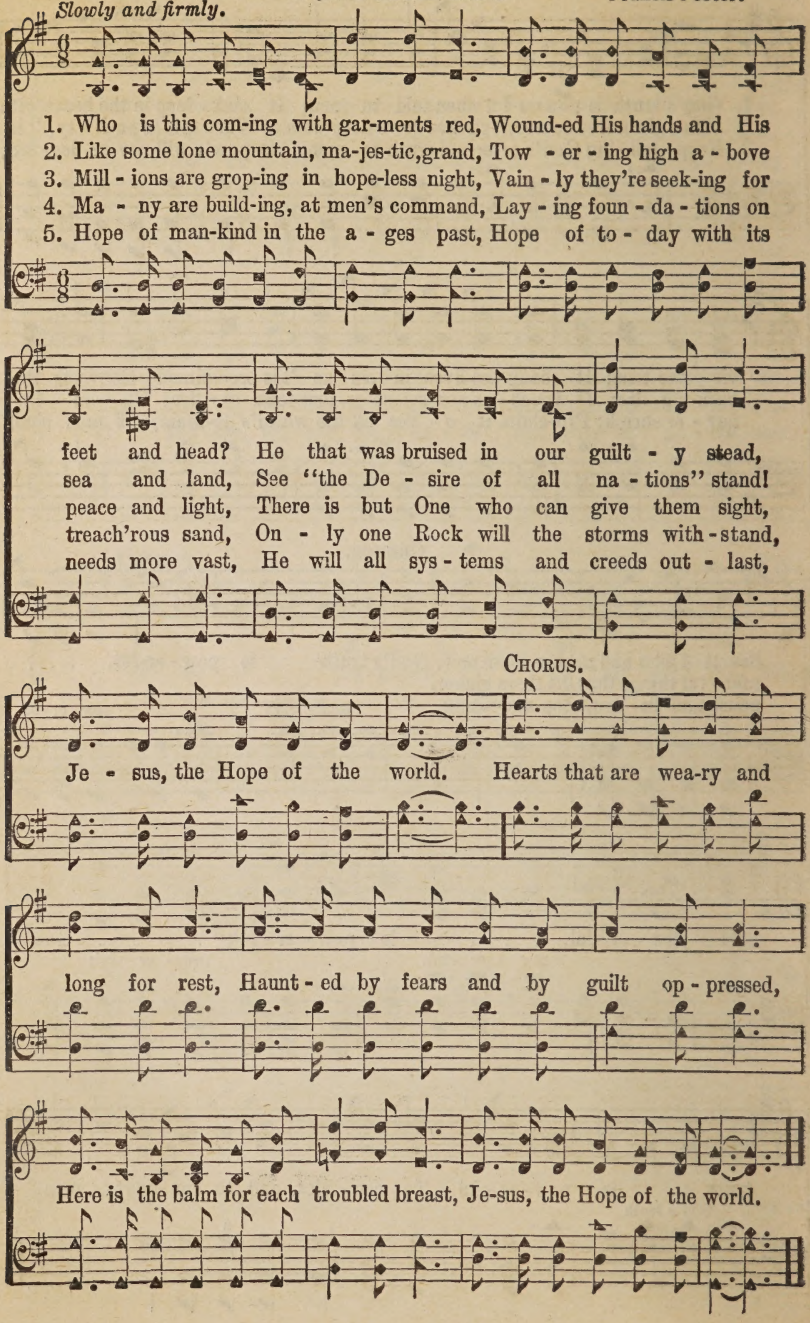
Samuel W. Beazley.


1. God's truth is pow-er-ful when told to men; It sinks deep in the heart with
2. When giv'n free course, it strikes down deep within; When told in pu-ri-ty, 't is
3. Keep tell-ing God's e-ter-nal truth to men; Its pow'r will nev-er les-sen,
vir-tue true; It chang-es lives in sin as 't is proclaimed—Converts the
burn-ing fire; It touch-es con-scienc-es, and men re-flect Up-on im-
nev-er shrink; Pro-claim it o-ver all the world's do-main, Till men shall
CHORUS.
hearts of men and makes them new. God's truth is pow-er-ful, . .
mor-tal things that lift them higher.
pause and lis-ten, stop and think.
God's truth
pow-er-ful,
Is pow-er-ful, ... is pow-er-ful; . . . . God's
pow-er-ful,
pow-er-ful;
3
truth is pow-er-ful To con-vict and to con-vert men.
God's truth
3

16. Jesus the Hope of the World.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS.

T. O. Chisholm. *Slowly and firmly.* Francis Foster.


1. Who is this com-ing with gar-ments red, Wound-ed His hands and His
2. Like some lone mountain, ma-jes-tic, grand, Tow - er - ing high a - bove
3. Mill - ions are grop-ing in hope-less night, Vain - ly they're seek-ing for
4. Ma - ny are build-ing, at men's command, Lay - ing foun - da - tions on
5. Hope of man-kind in the a - ges past, Hope of to - day with its
feet and head? He that was bruised in our guilt - y stead,
sea and land, See "the De - sire of all na - tions" stand!
peace and light, There is but One who can give them sight,
treach'rous sand, On - ly one Rock will the storms with - stand,
needs more vast, He will all sys - tems and creeds out - last,
CHORUS.
Je - sus, the Hope of the world. Hearts that are wea-ry and
long for rest, Haunt - ed by fears and by guilt op - pressed,
Here is the balm for each troubled breast, Je-sus, the Hope of the world.

No. 17. I Need Thee.

T. S. C. CONTROLLED BY THOS. S. COBB. Thomas S. Cobb.

1. Oh, I need Thee, bless-ed Je-sus, Ev-'ry hour and ev-'ry day,
2. Hear, oh, hear my hum-ble plead-ing; Help me, Lord, for I am weak;
3. Help me trust Thee and a-dore Thee, Till shall end this life be-low;
To guide me, ev-er guide me, Thro' life's dark and lone-ly way.
In Thy love I am con-fid-ing, Help me Thy commandments keep.
Then in heav-en oh, re-ceive me, And on me a crown be-stow.
REFRAIN.
Bless-ed Je-sus, how I need Thee When temp-ta-tions
Bless-ed, bless-ed Je-sus, When the sore temp-ta-tions
come my way! As I trust Thee, ev-er
come, yes, come my way! As I love and trust Thee,
guide me Safe-ly in the nar-row way.
Safe-ly, safe-ly in the nar-row, nar-row way.

No. 18. One of God's Days.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

W. Stillman Martin.

1. One of God's days ev - 'ry dark cloud, Hid - ing the sun - light of
2. One of God's days, those who are now Faith-ful to Je - sus in
3. One of God's days loved ones so dear, Who in the glo - ry are
heav - en - ly grace, He will re - move, And face to face, we shall see
life's con-stant maze, Soon shall see light; Then will they know all of life's
sing - ing his praise, Lost for a - while, We shall soon meet, with all the
CHORUS.
Je - sus One of God's days.
mean-ing One of God's days. One of God's days, beau - ti - ful days,
ransomed, One of God's days.
We shall in glo - ry sing His praise; Fight-ings all done,
rit.
Vic - to - ries won, We shall see Je - sus, One of God's days.

No. 19. There's a Welcome Waiting.

James Rowe. CONTROLLED BY THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., 1914. L. S. Bacon.

1. Oh, the joy that fills this heart of mine, When, by faith, my homeland I see!
2. I am sure that at the gates of gold My Re-deem-er, wait-ing, will be,
3. It is sweet in-deed, while here I roam, Where so man-y stran-gers I see,
For I know that there, by grace di-vine, There's a welcome wait-ing for me.
When my sto-ry here has all been told;—There's a welcome wait-ing for me.
Just to know that at the gates of home There's a welcome wait-ing for me.
CHORUS.
There's a wel-come wait-ing for me, (for me,) At the gates just
o-ver the sea; (o'er the sea;) I shall see His smile in a
lit-tle while; There's a wel-come wait-ing for me. (for me.)

No. 20. All for the Glory of Jesus.

JENNIE WILSON. N. W. ALLPHIN.

Con spirito.
1. Send forth the watchword the whole world around, All for the
2. Ral - ly as sol - diers un-daunt-ed and strong, All for the
3. Tell of sal - va - tion wher - ev - er you go, All for the
4. Seek to be true while the years has - ten by, All for the
glo - ry of Je - sus; Let ev - 'ry na-tion re-peat the glad sound,
glo - ry of Je - sus; Un-der His ban-ner march bravely a - long,
glo - ry of Je - sus; Faith in His mer - cy and love ev - er show,
glo - ry of Je - sus; Then with redeemed ones sing prais-es on high,
REFRAIN.
All for the glo - ry of Je - sus. All..... for His
All for the glo - ry of
glo - ry, All..... for His glo - ry, Bat-tle with
Je - sus we sing, All for the glo - ry of Je-sus, the King,
rit.
a tempo.
sin, and the vic - to - ry win, All for the glo - ry of Je - sus.

Controlled by N. W. Allphin. By per.

No. 21. The World-Wide Rally.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THE QUARTET MUSIC CO. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. The world shall ring with hymns of joy - ous praise, To Christ our King, . .
2. We'll glad-ly ral - ly at His lov - ing call, To own Him King, . .
3. Un - til the whole wide world shall glad-ly own That He is King, . .
(1.) to Christ our King,
to Christ our King; . . And ev'ry voice the blessed song shall raise, To Christ our
to own Him King; . . We'll gladly summon oth-ers, one and all, To own Him
that He is King; . . And ev-'ry voice de-clare of Him a-lone, That He is
(1.) to Christ our King;
Chorus.
Lord and King. . . We'll praise His name, . . and sing His
(1.) To Christ our Lord and King, Lord and King. We'll praise His name and sing His
glo - ry, We'll tell the sto - ry, the blessed sto - ry, Till round the
glo - ry, We'll tell the sto - ry, the bless - ed sto - ry, yes, Till round the
world, . . in one u - ni - ted band, As sol - diers of Christ we stand. . .
world, in one u - ni - ted band, we stand.

No. 22. His Blood Was Shed For Me.

QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS.

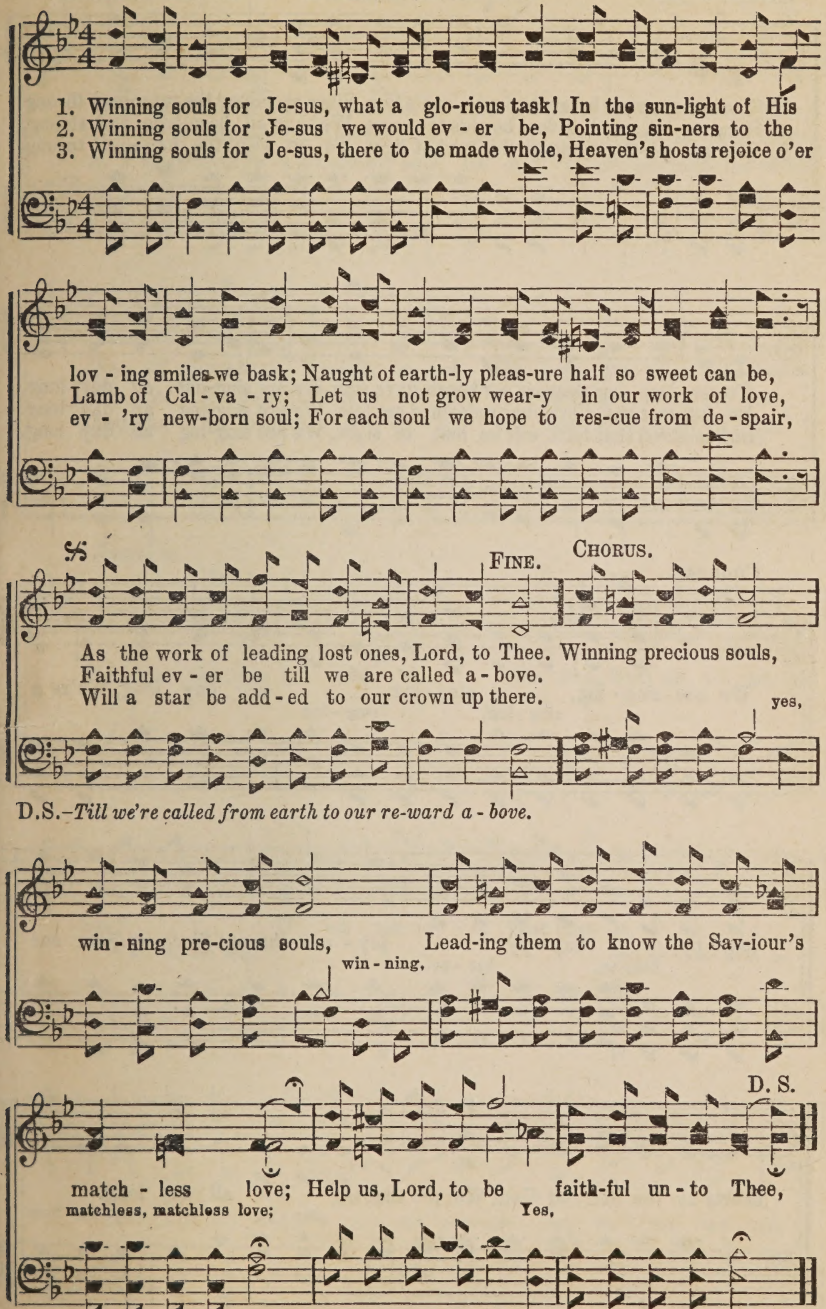
W. T. Richardson.

Slowly.

1. You ask me why I love the Lord:—'Tis this, He made me free;
2. I see Him as He lin-gers there, Up-on the rug-ged tree:
3. I went to Him a guilt-y soul, As sin-ful as could be;
He cleansed my heart and made me whole, His blood was shed for me.
They pierced Him in His ten-der side, His blood flowed out for me.
He healed me with His crim-son blood That flowed from Cal-va-ry.
CHORUS. *Faster.*
'T was the pre - cious blood that made me free, 'T was the
'T was the Sav-iour's pre-cious blood that made me free, 'T was the
pre - cious blood that made me free; Now I praise Him, . .
Saviour's pre-cious blood that made me free, that made me free; Now I praise Him,
yes, I praise Him, . . . For His blood was shed for me.
yes, I praise His ho-ly name, was shed for me.

No. 23. Winning Precious Souls.

Newton W. Allphin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. J. LANEY. Walter J. Laney.


1. Winning souls for Je-sus, what a glo-rious task! In the sun-light of His
2. Winning souls for Je-sus we would ev - er be, Pointing sin-ners to the
3. Winning souls for Je-sus, there to be made whole, Heaven's hosts rejoice o'er
lov - ing smiles we bask; Naught of earth-ly pleas-ure half so sweet can be,
Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Let us not grow wear-y in our work of love,
ev - 'ry new-born soul; For each soul we hope to res-cue from de - spair,
FINE.
CHORUS.
As the work of leading lost ones, Lord, to Thee. Winning precious souls,
Faithful ev - er be till we are called a - bove.
Will a star be add - ed to our crown up there.
yes,
D.S.–Till we're called from earth to our re-ward a - bove.
win - ning pre-cious souls, Lead-ing them to know the Sav-iour's
win - ning,
D. S.
match - less love; Help us, Lord, to be faith-ful un - to Thee,
matchless, matchless love;
Yes,

No. 24. Singing All Day Long.

James Rowe. CONTROLLED BY N. W. ALLPHIN, 1914. Roy Baughman.

1. Since we gave our hearts to Je-ho-vah's Son, Since we joined the ransomed throng,
2. Since we left our bur-dens be-side the cross, We have all been true and strong;
3. We are go-ing home to the land of light, To be with the hap-py throng;
Ev-er-last-ing pleasure our hearts have won, We are sing-ing all day long.
Be-ing sure that Christ has redeemed our loss, We are sing-ing all day long.
So, as-sured that faith will be lost in sight, We are sing-ing all day long.
CHORUS.
We are sing-ing, sing-ing all day long, We're a
sing-ing, sing-ing
hap-py, hap-py, joy-ous throng; Since we gave our
hap-py, hap-py,
hearts to the Son of God, We are sing-ing all day long.
sing-ing all day long.

No. 25. He Bore The Cross For Me.

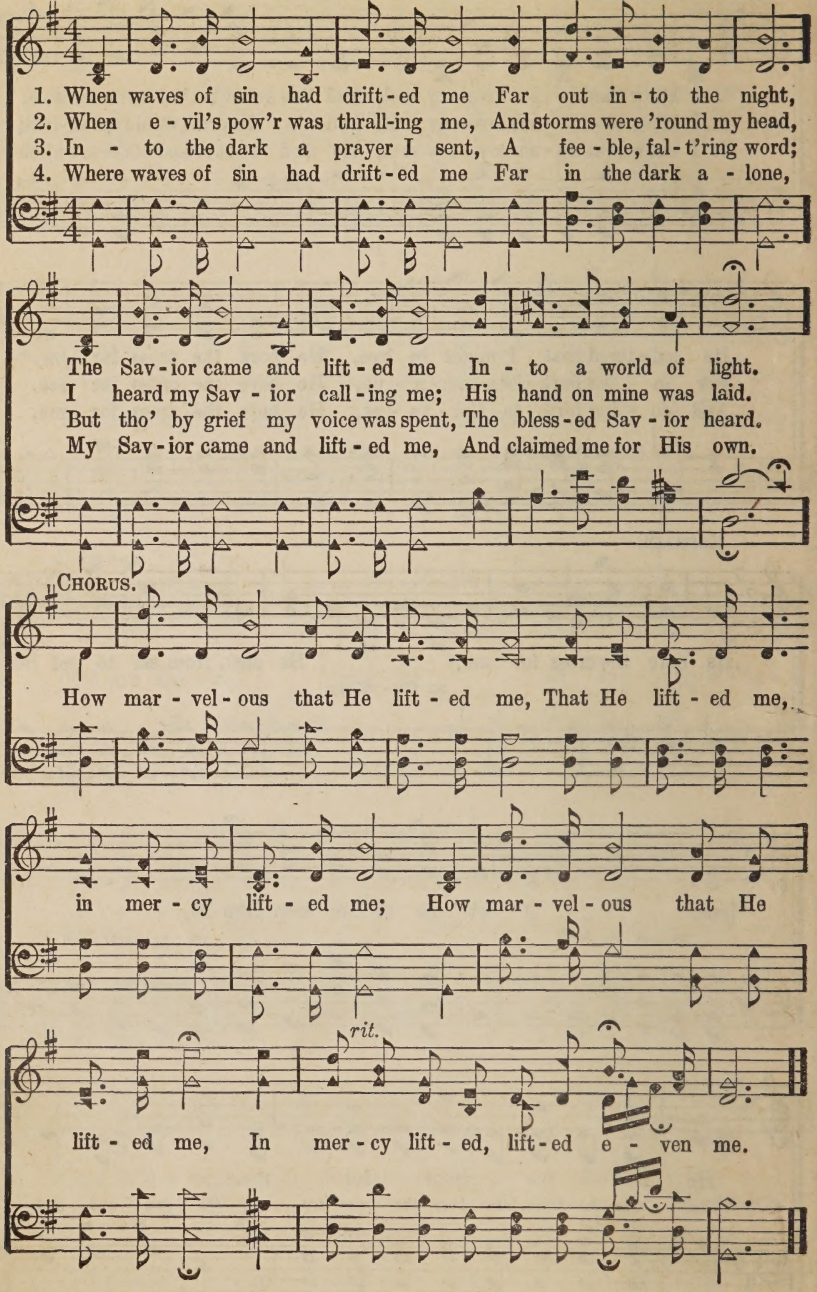
J. W. C. QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNER. Joel W. Coker.

1. I know that Je - sus loves my soul, And this sweet tho't does me console;
2. I know that Je - sus loves my soul, And in His arms would me en-fold;
3. I know that Je - sus loves my soul, He died to save and make me whole,
He suf - fered that I might be free, He bore the cross for me.
For in the dark Geth-sem - a - ne, He bore the cross for me.
And go - ing forth to Cal - va - ry, He bore the cross for me.
REFRAIN.
He bore the cross for me, He died, from sin to set me free;
on Cal - va - ry,
O let me ev - er near Him be,
to set me free;
ev - er near Him be,
He bore the cross for me.
He bore the cross, He bore the cross for me, for you and me.

No. 26. How Marvelous That He Lifted Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

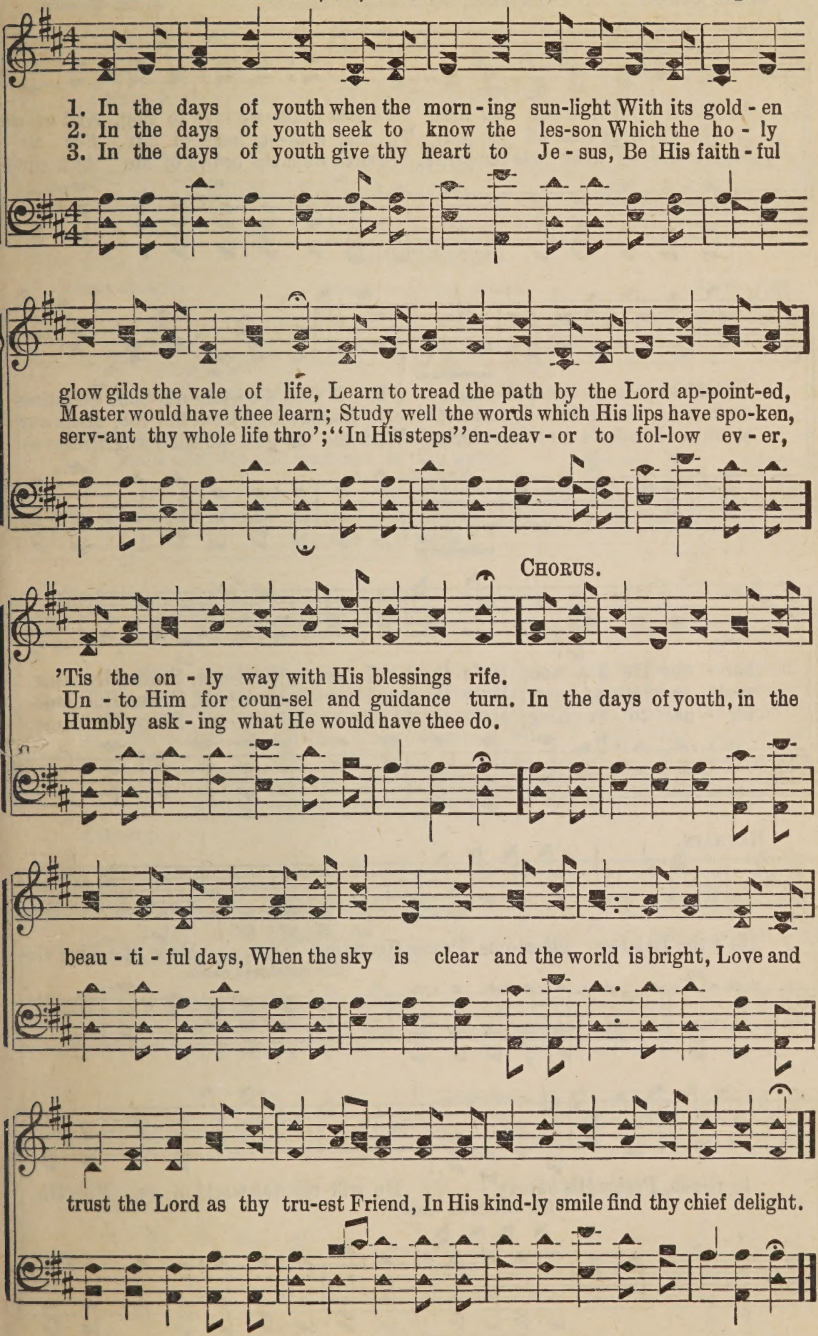
Katharine Atherton Grimes. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. When waves of sin had drift-ed me Far out in-to the night,
2. When e-vil's pow'r was thrall-ing me, And storms were 'round my head,
3. In - to the dark a prayer I sent, A fee-ble, fal-t'ring word;
4. Where waves of sin had drift-ed me Far in the dark a-lone,
The Sav-ior came and lift-ed me In - to a world of light.
I heard my Sav-ior call-ing me; His hand on mine was laid.
But tho' by grief my voice was spent, The bless-ed Sav-ior heard.
My Sav-ior came and lift-ed me, And claimed me for His own.
CHORUS.
How mar-vel-ous that He lift-ed me, That He lift-ed me,
in mer-cy lift-ed me; How mar-vel-ous that He
rit.
lift-ed me, In mer-cy lift-ed, lift-ed e-ven me.

No. 27.

In the Days of Youth.

Jennie Wilson. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THE QUARTET MUSIC CO. J. M. Hagan.

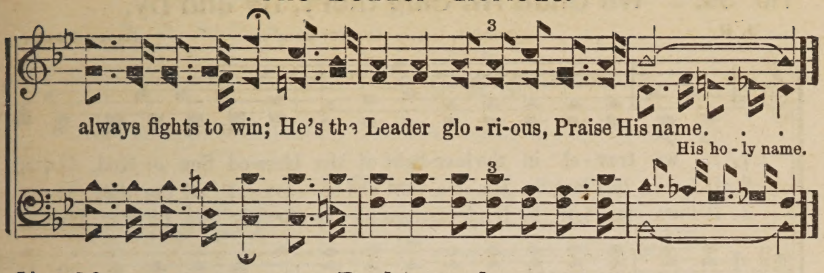

1. In the days of youth when the morn - ing sun-light With its gold - en
2. In the days of youth seek to know the les-son Which the ho - ly
3. In the days of youth give thy heart to Je - sus, Be His faith - ful
glow gilds the vale of life, Learn to tread the path by the Lord ap-point-ed,
Master would have thee learn; Study well the words which His lips have spo-ken,
serv-ant thy whole life thro';"In His steps"en-deav - or to fol-low ev - er,
CHORUS.
'Tis the on - ly way with His blessings rife.
Un - to Him for coun-sel and guidance turn. In the days of youth, in the
Humbly ask - ing what He would have thee do.
beau - ti - ful days, When the sky is clear and the world is bright, Love and
trust the Lord as thy tru-est Friend, In His kind-ly smile find thy chief delight.

No. 28. The Leader Glorious.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY QUARTET MUSIC CO. J. M. Henson.

1. We are fol-low-ing the King In whose praise we love to sing, And whose
2. We will trust Him all the way To the smil-ing land of day, For to
3. By and by when ends the strife, We shall wear the crown of life And shall
matchless pow-er we pro-claim; It is God's e-ter-nal Son, Countless
seek and save He free-ly came; He has saved us from the foe, Made our
share our Leader's matchless fame; With the an-gels we shall sing Praise e-
bat-tles He has won; He's the Lead-er glo-ri-ous, Praise His name.
souls as white as snow; He's the Lead-er glo-ri-ous, Praise His name.
ter-nal to our King; He's the Lead-er glo-ri-ous, Praise His name.
REFRAIN.
He's the Lead-er glo-ri-ous, Praise His name, . . . He's the King vic-
His matchless name,
to-ri-ous, Praise His name; . . He will rid the world of sin, For He
His matchless name;

The Leader Glorious.



No. 29. Redeemed!

James Rowe. QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS. A. W. Hill.

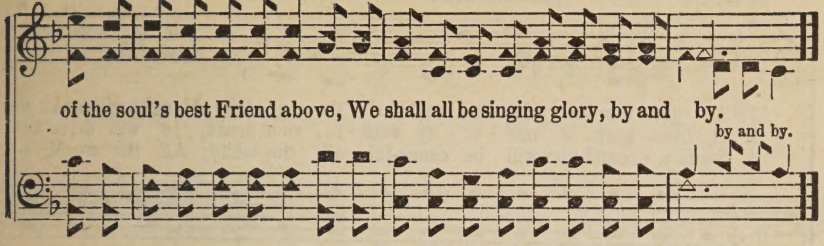
1. This song I sing, as on my way I go, Redeemed, redeemed!
2. In paths of sin I now have ceased to roam;
3. Up - on my way His glo - ry brightly gleams;
4. I know that He will lead me to the gates;
redeemed, redeemed!
I want all the world my joy to know, For I have been re-deemed!
With Je - sus my Friend I'm go - ing home, For I have been re-deemed!
How beau - ti - ful now the whole world seems, For I have been re-deemed!
I know that for me the life-crown waits, For I have been re-deemed!
CHORUS.
Redeemed, redeemed! To Je - sus I am hold-ing fast! What
Redeemed! my soul has been redeemed! What
joy is mine! Oh, I'm redeemed at last!
per - fect joy to - day is mine! at last!

No. 30. We Shall All Sing Glory, By and By.

J. R. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY QUARTET MUSIC CO. James Rowe.

1. If we trav-el in the love-light of the bless-ed Son of God, And up-
2. If we la-bor in His vine-yard and be loy-al all the while, If to
3. If we fol-low in His foot-steps till our earth-ly life be o'er, With as-
on His precious prom-is-es re-ly, Al-ways keep-ing in the path which
do our best each day we tru-ly try, We shall lose our cares and troubles
sur-ance that His presence sweet is nigh, See-ing Him in all His beau-ty,
all the saints and martyrs trod, We shall all be sing-ing glo-ry, by and by.
in the glo-ry of His smile, And shall all be sing-ing glo-ry, by and by.
bending low-ly to a-dore, We shall all be sing-ing glo-ry, by and by.
CHORUS.
We shall all be sing-ing glo-ry, by and by, In the house of
by and by,
man-y mansions in the sky; If we rest with-in the love
in the sky;

We Shall All Sing Glory, By and By.



No. 31. Christ Is the Friend You Need.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY QUARTET MUSIC CO. J. M. Henson.

1. If you are burdened and wear - y, Wan-der-ing far-ther a - stray,
2. If you are try-ing to bor - row Com-fort and gladness and love,
3. Look to the Friend just a-bove you, Lis-ten to - day to His plea;
Fol - low-ing paths that are drear - y, Yield-ing to fear and dis - may;
Hope for to - day and to - mor - row, Look to the Friend just a - bove.
All thro' your life He will love you, True to the end He will be.
REFRAIN.
Christ is the Friend that you need, . . He is a Saviour in - deed; . .
sore-ly need,
yes, in-deed;
If you are sin-ful and wear-y, Christ is the Friend that you need. . .
sore - ly need.

No. 32. Keep the Music Rolling On.

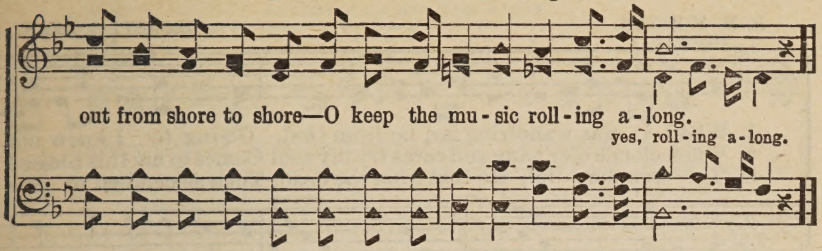
S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THE QUARTET MUSIC CO.

Samuel W. Beazley.

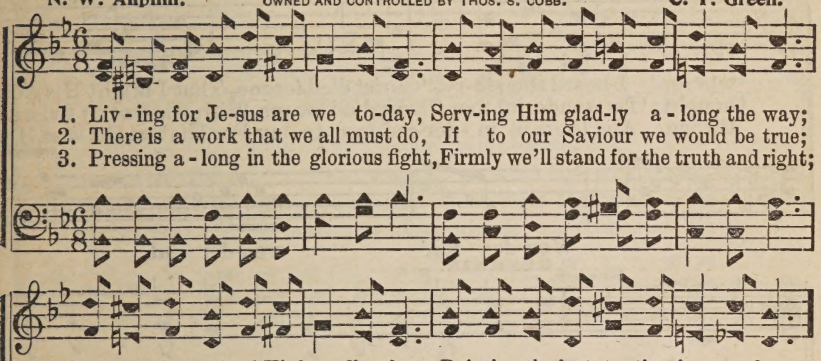
1. As you jour - ney in this world of sin and strife, Naught will make you hap - py like a bright, new song; Sing it morn-ing, noon and eve - ning with a smile, It will make you cheer-ful as you go a - long.
2. If you keep a mel - o - dy with - in your heart, It will drive the clouds of doubt and gloom a - way; Sor - row can - not lin - ger where sweet mu - sic rolls, Go on sing - ing, then, your song from day to day.
3. Souls a - round you will be cheer-ful all the while; All the world a- bout you will be smil - ing bright; Naught can hin-der nor per - plex you on life's road If you keep the strains of mu - sic swell - ing right.
CHORUS.
Keep the mu - sic roll - ing, roll - ing on, Lift up your voice . . in tune - ful song, ... And let the mel - o - dy ring
Your voice
in tune - ful song,

Keep the Music Rolling On.

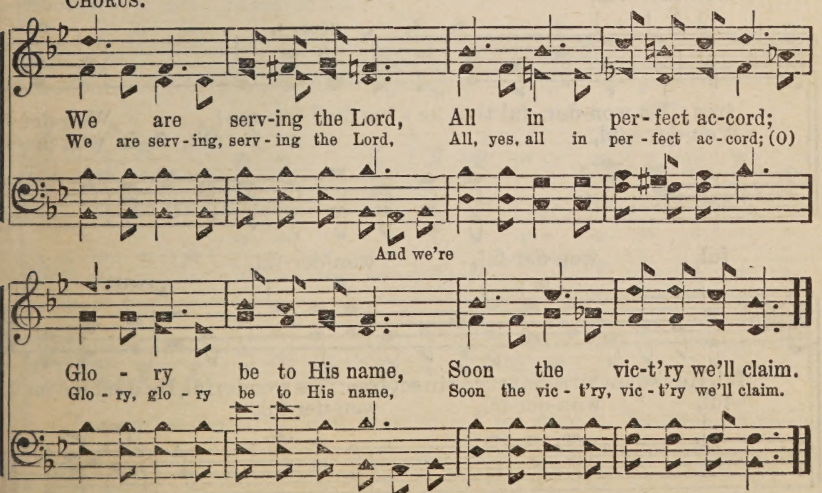


No. 33. Serving the Lord.

N. W. Allphin. OWNED AND CONTROLLED BY THOS. S. COBB. C. T. Green.


1. Liv - ing for Je-sus are we to-day, Serv-ing Him glad-ly a - long the way;
2. There is a work that we all must do, If to our Saviour we would be true;
3. Pressing a - long in the glorious fight, Firmly we'll stand for the truth and right;
Sow - ing the seeds of His boundless love, Pointing the lost to that home a-bove.
If we march onward with courage strong, Soon we'll be singing the vic-tor's song.
Shouting His praises with glad ac-claim, Vic-to - ry, vic - to - ry thro' His name!

CHORUS.


We are serv-ing the Lord, All in per - fect ac-cord;
We are serv - ing, serv - ing the Lord, All, yes, all in per - fect ac - cord; (O)
And we're
Glo - ry be to His name, Soon the vic-t'ry we'll claim.
Glo - ry, glo - ry be to His name, Soon the vic - t'ry, vic - t'ry we'll claim.
Praise Him.

No. 34. Wonderful.

R. M. MORGAN. EMMETT S. DEAN.

Slowly.
1. When I was wand'ring far, far from God, Go-ing to I knew not
2. When clouds o'er hang and cares try my soul Comes to me this blessed
3. 'Tis won-der - ful, He rose from the dead, Then as-cend-ed to His
where, I heard the sto-ry, "Christ died for me, That I might His glory
thought: 'Tis wonderful that Christ died for me, With His blood my soul was
throne, And there is in - ter-ced-ing to-day For His blest, His loved, His
Won-der - ful, won-der - ful,
Faster.
REFRAIN.
p
m
share."
bought.
own.
Won-der - ful that Je - sus died up - on the rug-ged
Won-der - ful, won-der - ful,
won-der - ful, Won-der -
f
dim.
p
tree; 'Tis won-der - ful that Je - sus died for me! Won-der -
Won-der - ful, Oh, it is won-der -
ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful,
m
f
rall.
ful, He died that all might be from sin set free; 'Tis wonderful, He died for me!
ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful,

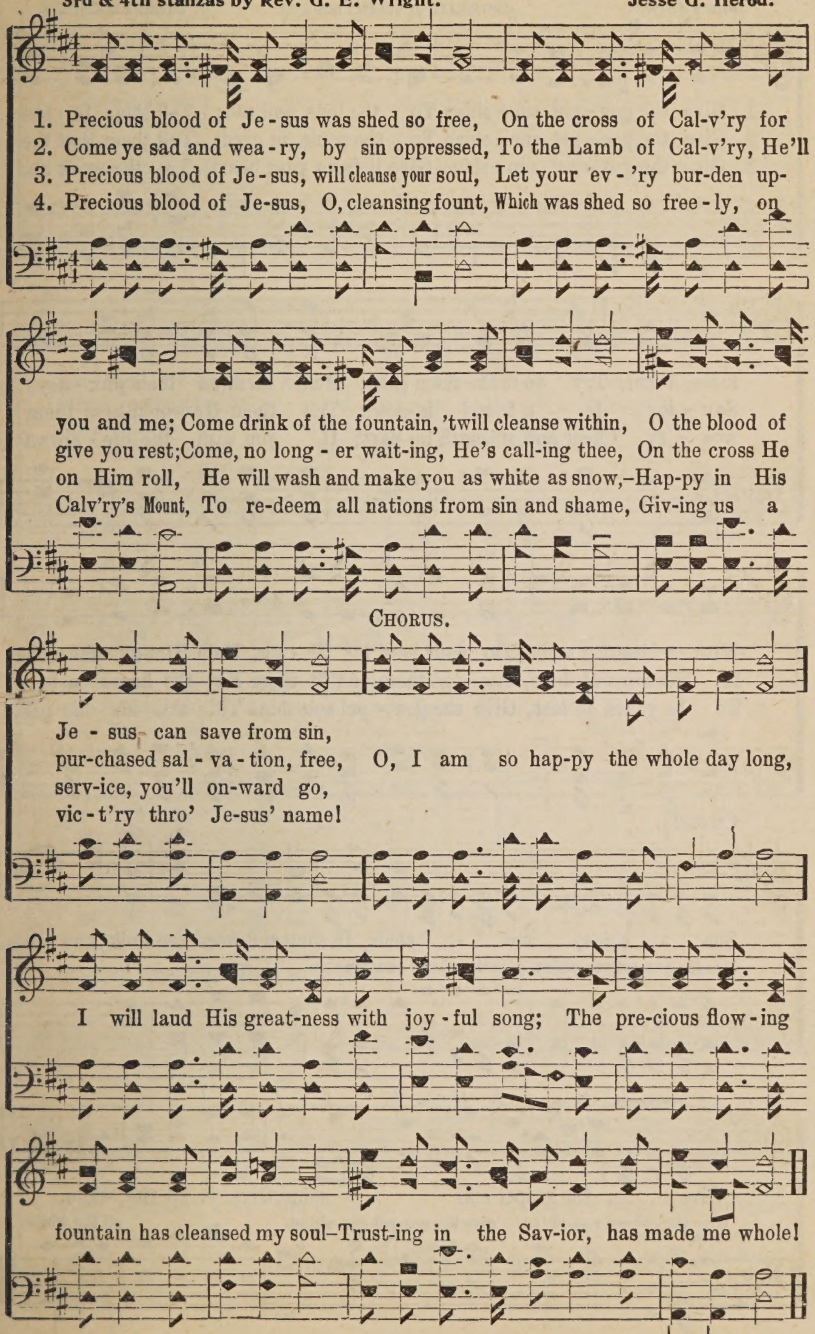
Copyright, 1908, by Dean and Morgan. By per.

No. 35. O I Am So Happy.

J. G. H.
3rd & 4th stanzas by Rev. G. E. Wright.

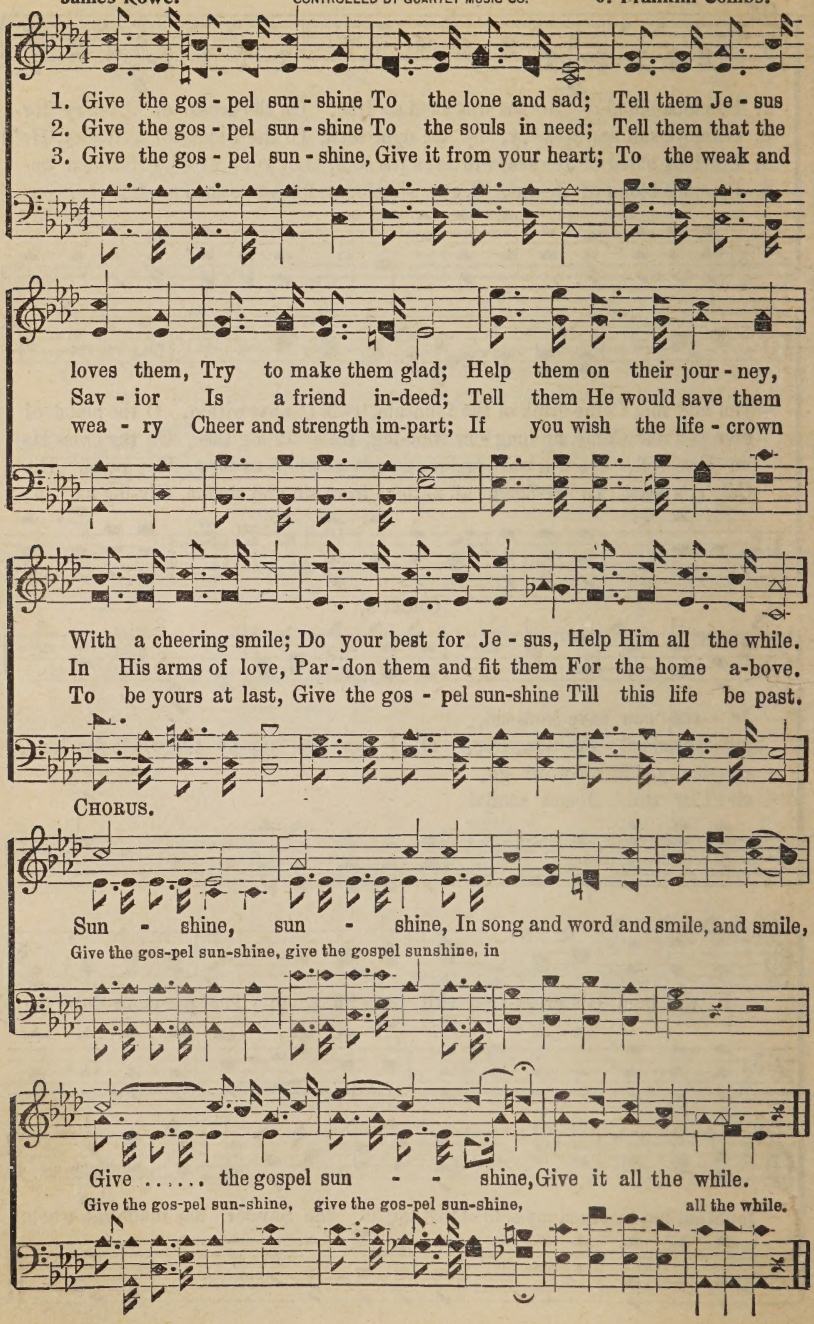
PROPERTY OF G. E. WRIGHT & J. G. HEROD.

Jesse G. Herod.


1. Precious blood of Je - sus was shed so free, On the cross of Cal-v'ry for
2. Come ye sad and wea - ry, by sin oppressed, To the Lamb of Cal-v'ry, He'll
3. Precious blood of Je - sus, will cleanse your soul, Let your ev - 'ry bur-den up-
4. Precious blood of Je-sus, O, cleansing fount, Which was shed so free - ly, on
you and me; Come drink of the fountain, 'twill cleanse within, O the blood of
give you rest; Come, no long - er wait-ing, He's call-ing thee, On the cross He
on Him roll, He will wash and make you as white as snow,—Hap-py in His
Calv'ry's Mount, To re-deem all nations from sin and shame, Giv-ing us a
CHORUS.
Je - sus can save from sin,
pur-chased sal - va - tion, free, O, I am so hap-py the whole day long,
serv-ice, you'll on-ward go,
vic - t'ry thro' Je-sus' name!
I will laud His great-ness with joy - ful song; The pre-cious flow - ing
fountain has cleansed my soul—Trust-ing in the Sav-ior, has made me whole!

No. 36. Give the Gospel Sunshine.

James Rowe. CONTROLLED BY GUARTET MUSIC CO. J. Franklin Combs.


1. Give the gos - pel sun - shine To the lone and sad; Tell them Je - sus
2. Give the gos - pel sun - shine To the souls in need; Tell them that the
3. Give the gos - pel sun - shine, Give it from your heart; To the weak and
loves them, Try to make them glad; Help them on their jour - ney,
Sav - ior Is a friend in-deed; Tell them He would save them
wea - ry Cheer and strength im-part; If you wish the life - crown
With a cheering smile; Do your best for Je - sus, Help Him all the while.
In His arms of love, Par - don them and fit them For the home a-bove.
To be yours at last, Give the gos - pel sun-shine Till this life be past.
CHORUS.
Sun - shine, sun - shine, In song and word and smile, and smile,
Give the gos-pel sun-shine, give the gospel sunshine, in
Give ..... the gospel sun - - shine, Give it all the while.
Give the gos-pel sun-shine, give the gos-pel sun-shine, all the while.

No. 37. A Sweet Beyond.

B. W. Pirtle. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY A. B. SEBREN. A. B. Sebren.

1. There's a sweet be - yond, dear fa-ther, Prom-ised un - to ev - 'ry
2. There's a sweet be - yond, dear mother, And I hope to meet you
3. There's a sweet be - yond, dear sis - ter, Where in peace we shall a-
4. There's a sweet be - yond, dear brother, Hope-ful be, keep press-ing
1. There's a sweet
one Who will meek - ly do the bid-dings Of the Christ,
there, In that bright and love - ly Cit-y, Where the sky
bide, With the ran - somed of all a-ges, Who have safely
on, 'Till life's bat - tles all are o-ver, And e - ternal
Who will meek-ly
Of the Christ,
CHORUS.
of the Christ, the right-eous Son.
where the sky is al - ways fair. Won't that be a
who have safe - ly crossed the tide. Won't that be
and e - ter - nal day shall dawn.
glad re - un-ion, When we gath-er o - ver there,–In that hap - - py
In that hap - py
home e-ter-nal, Free from ev-'ry, Free from ev - 'ry toil and care.
Free from ev - 'ry

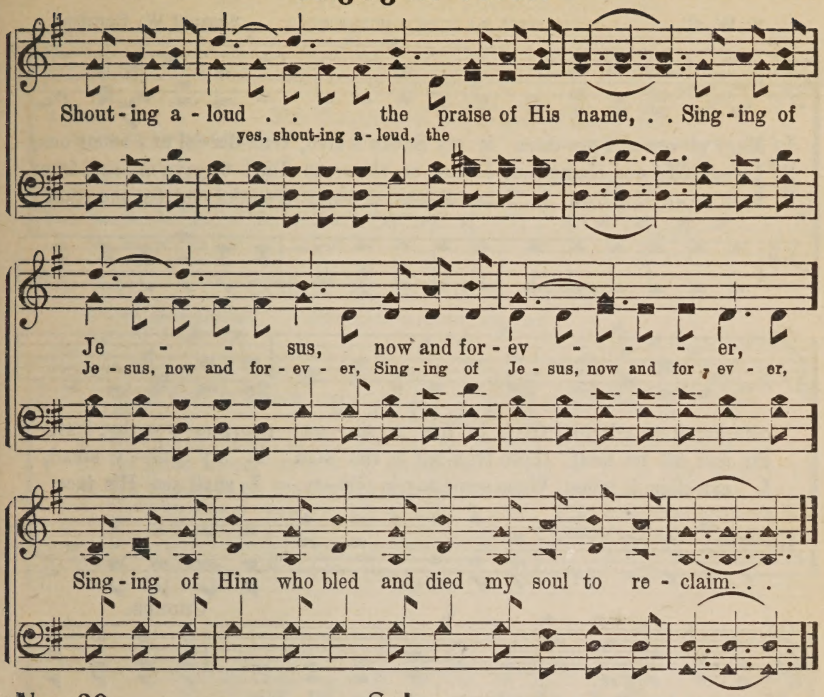
No. 38. Singing of Jesus.

Copyright, 1913, by T. D. Deaton and A. B. Sebren.

T. D. D. T. D. DEATON. Arr. by A. B. SEBREN.

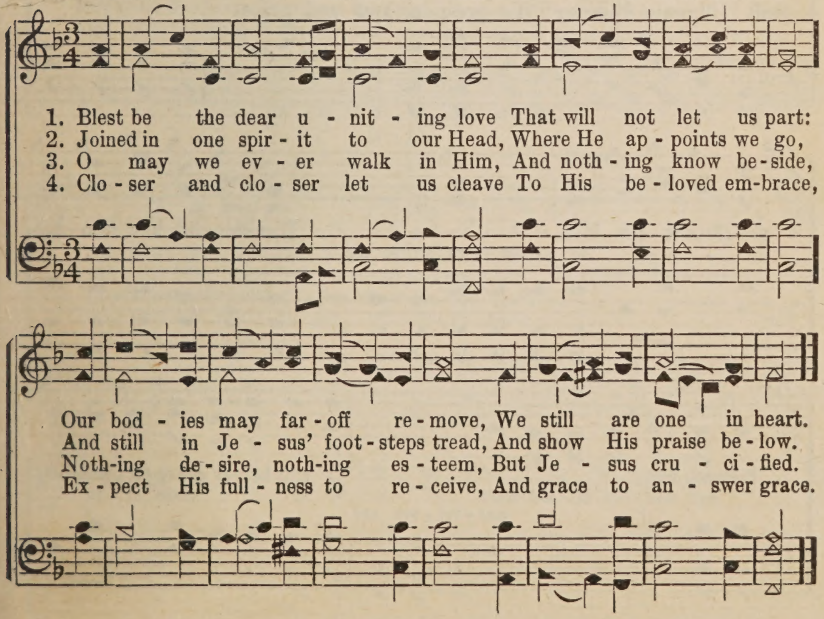
1. When I was lost in sin's dark way, so far from the Sav - iour,
2. Trust-ing the prom - is - es re-vealed to me thro' the sto - ry,—
3. Glad - ly I now can sing of love that keep-eth me ev - er,
Need - ing a friend to guide me to the heav-en - ly goal,.....
Won - der - ful sto - ry of His mer - cy, boundless and free,.....
Fill - ing my soul with peace and joy a - long on my way,.....
He, the dear lov - ing Je - sus, took me in - to His fa - vor,
Now, with a heart at-tuned with love, I'm prais-ing His glo - ry,—
He is a friend whose guid-ing hand for - sak-eth me nev - er,—
Tro' His blest word He came and bro't sweet peace to my soul.....
Prais-ing the name of Him whose life was giv - en for me.....
Safe - ly He'll lead me to that home of in - fi - nite day.....
REFRAIN.
Sing - ing of Je - - - sus, bless-ed Re-deem - - - er,
Je-sus, blessed Re-deem-er, Singing of Jes-us, blessed Re-deem-er,

Singing of Jesus.


Shout-ing a-loud . . the praise of His name, . . Sing-ing of
yes, shout-ing a-loud, the
Je - - sus, now and for-ev - - - er,
Je-sus, now and for-ev-er, Sing-ing of Je-sus, now and for ev-er,
Sing-ing of Him who bled and died my soul to re-claim. . .

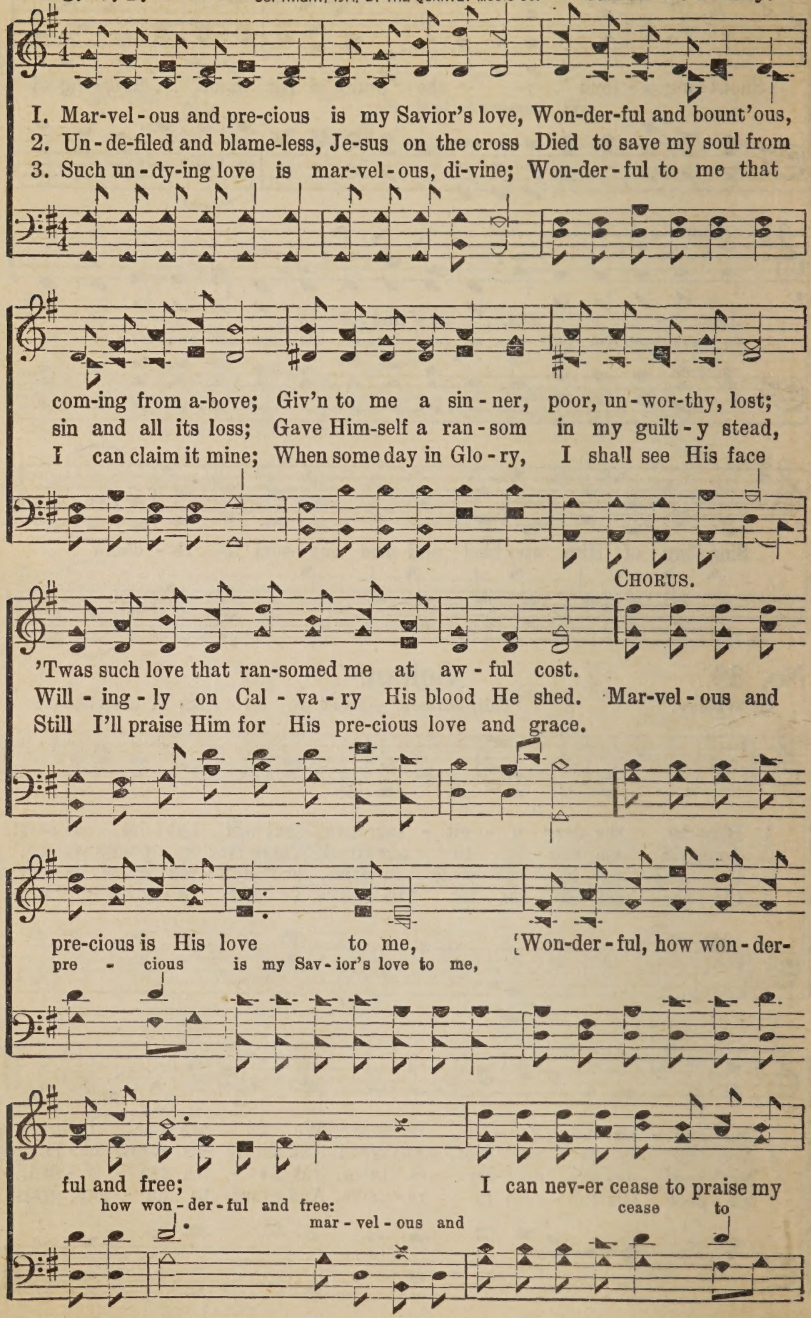
No. 39. Salem.

C. Wesley. "Unity and love."—Acts 4: 32. E. T. Hildebrand.

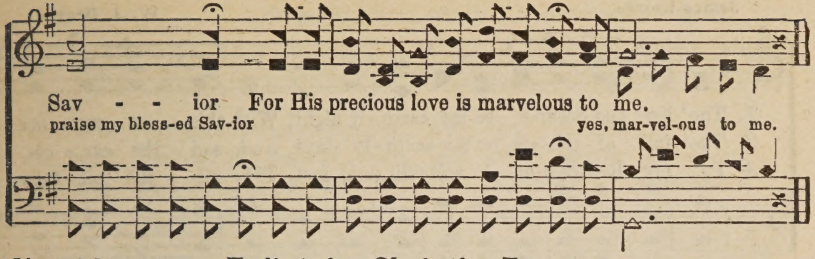

1. Blest be the dear u-nit-ing love That will not let us part:
2. Joined in one spir-it to our Head, Where He ap-points we go,
3. O may we ev-er walk in Him, And noth-ing know be-side,
4. Clo-ser and clo-ser let us cleave To His be-loved em-brace,
Our bod-ies may far-off re-move, We still are one in heart.
And still in Je-sus' foot-steps tread, And show His praise be-low.
Noth-ing de-sire, noth-ing es-teem, But Je-sus cru-ci-fied.
Ex-pect His full-ness to re-ceive, And grace to an-swer grace.

No. 40. His Love is Marvelous to Me.

S. W. B. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THE QUARTET MUSIC CO. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. Mar-vel-ous and pre-cious is my Savior's love, Won-der-ful and bount'ous,
2. Un-de-filed and blame-less, Je-sus on the cross Died to save my soul from
3. Such un-dy-ing love is mar-vel-ous, di-vine; Won-der-ful to me that
com-ing from a-bove; Giv'n to me a sin-ner, poor, un-wor-thy, lost;
sin and all its loss; Gave Him-self a ran-som in my guilt-y stead,
I can claim it mine; When some day in Glo-ry, I shall see His face
CHORUS.
'Twas such love that ran-somed me at aw-ful cost.
Will-ing-ly on Cal-va-ry His blood He shed. Mar-vel-ous and
Still I'll praise Him for His pre-cious love and grace.
pre-cious is His love to me,
Won-der-ful, how won-der-
pre - cious is my Sav-ior's love to me,
ful and free;
how won-der-ful and free:
I can nev-er cease to praise my
mar-vel-ous and
cease to

His Love is Marvelous to Me.

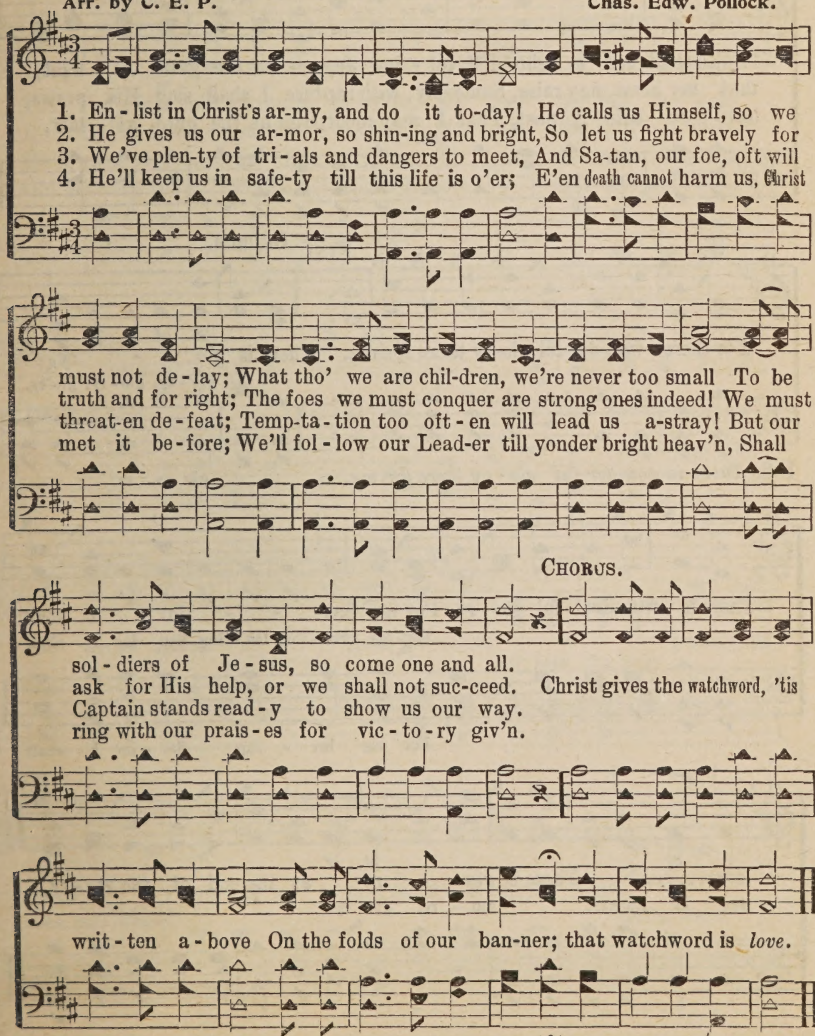


No. 41. Enlist in Christ's Army.

Words anonymous. Arr. by C. E. P.

CONTROLLED BY QUARTET MUSIC CO.

Chas. Edw. Pollock.


1. En - list in Christ's ar-my, and do it to-day! He calls us Himself, so we
2. He gives us our ar-mor, so shin-ing and bright, So let us fight bravely for
3. We've plen-ty of tri - als and dangers to meet, And Sa-tan, our foe, oft will
4. He'll keep us in safe-ty till this life is o'er; E'en death cannot harm us, Christ
must not de - lay; What tho' we are chil-dren, we're never too small To be
truth and for right; The foes we must conquer are strong ones indeed! We must
threat-en de - feat; Temp-ta - tion too oft - en will lead us a-stray! But our
met it be - fore; We'll fol - low our Lead-er till yonder bright heav'n, Shall
CHORUS.
sol - diers of Je - sus, so come one and all.
ask for His help, or we shall not suc-ceed. Christ gives the watchword, 'tis
Captain stands read - y to show us our way.
ring with our prais - es for vic - to - ry giv'n.
writ - ten a - bove On the folds of our ban-ner; that watchword is *love*.

No. 42. Wonderful Glory.

James Rowe. W. J. Graves.

1. Tho' long and drear-y be my earth-ly night, With this as-sur-ance
2. Tho' full of tri-als be my earth-ly days, And sad the car-ols
3- To my Re-deem-er I will still hold fast, Till all the pit-falls
"Faith shall end in sight," I'll fol-low Je-sus to the gates of light,
that my heart may raise, Some day, with rapture I shall sing His praise,
have been safe-ly past, That I may meet Him at the gate at last,
f
FINE.
CHORUS.
For there's won-der-ful glo-ry there for me. There is glo - ry,
glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry,
D.S.–*There is won-der-ful glo-ry there for me.*
glo - ry
There is won-der-ful glo-ry, For my Sav - - ior I shall
For my Sav-ior, lov-ing Sav-ior I shall
For my lov - ing Sav-ior I shall
D.S.
see;..... There is glo - ry at the end of the sto-ry,
see in glo-ry; glo-ry, glo-ry,

No. 43. Prepare to Meet Thy God.

J. E. W. THE QUARTET MUSIC CO. OWNERS. John E. Williams.

1. Oh, soul pre-pare to meet thy God, Why lin - ger here in sin?
2. Oh, won't you heed His gen - tle voice, He's call - ing now so sweet!
3. Oh, why don't you let Je - sus in? He's knock - ing at your heart!
4. Pre-pare to meet thy God to - day, Oh sin - ner, do not wait;
The Sav - iour calls you come to - day, He may not call a - gain.
A - rise and make your choice to - day, Pre - pare thy God to meet.
He'll wash your soul as white as snow, If you will make the start.
Oh! hear His voice, make Him your choice, Ere it shall be too late.
CHORUS.
Do not wait till too late, For the Sav-ior may not
Oh, do not wait till too late,
call a - ny more; Hear His voice, make your
a - ny more; O hear His voice
choice, Come and go to that sweet and hap-py shore.
make your choice, hap - py shore.

No 44. Redeeming Grace.

James Rowe. QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS. J. L. Cagle.

1. I was far from God, I was lost and sad, But to - day.....
2. I am go - ing home and shall stray no more, For my Friend.....
3. He is all in all to this soul of mine, For He bless - -
1. But to - day
my soul is free; Christ has won my love and has made me glad,—I was
is at my side; He will keep my soul till I reach the shore Where the
es all my days; I will ev - er trust in His love di - vine And for-
CHORUS.
blind,..... but now I see. (but now I see.)
saved..... by grace a-bide. (by grace a - bide.)
ev - er sing His praise. (yes, sing His praise.)
It was grace.....
I was blind,
yes, it was grace That has made..... me what I
yes, it was grace, re - deem-ing grace
that has made me what I
1
2
am; Praise and glo - ry to the Lamb!
just what I am; Praise and glo-ry, praise and glo-ry to the Lamb, the blessed Lamb!

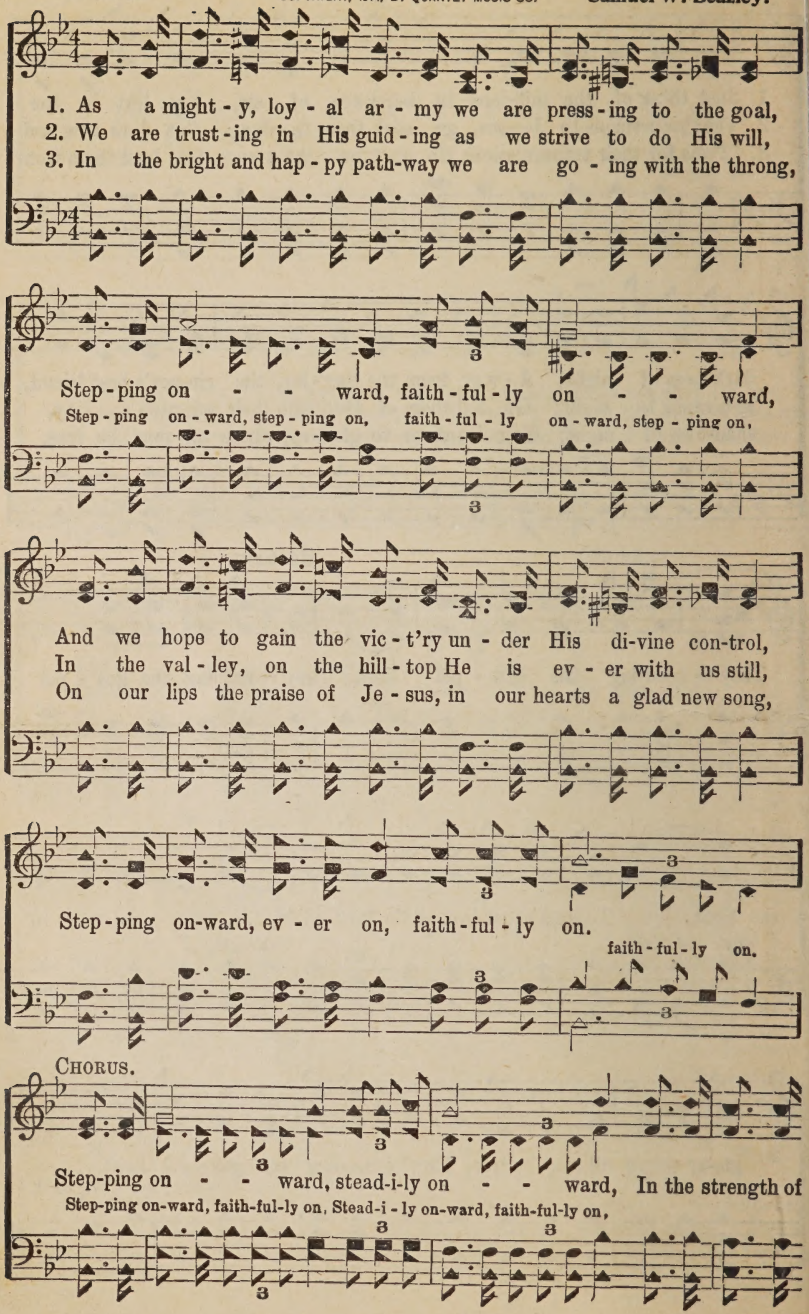
No. 45. They're Needing the Gospel Light.

Mark D. Ussery. COPYRIGHT. 1914. BY THE QUARTET MUSIC CO. Thos. Benton.

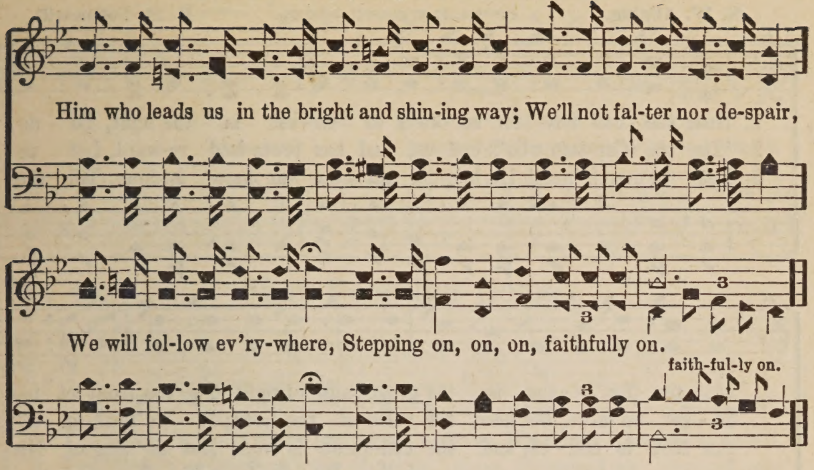
1. Just think of the mill-ions in bond-age of sin, Yes, lost in the
2. They're precious to Je-sus, go seek them to-day, Put dark-ness and
3. 'Twas for their transgressions He died on the tree, Go lead them from
dark-ness of night; A-way from the Sav-ior, the sin-ner's best friend,
ig-n'rance to flight; Go tell them of Him who their sor-rows can stay,
shad-ows of night; Go point them to glo-ry, where all may be free,
REFRAIN.
They're need-ing the gos-pel light. They're needing the gos-pel
light,.... To lead them from sin's dark night,.... Go point them to
gos-pel light,
dark night,
glo-ry where all may be free, They're needing the gos-pel light.....
gos-pel light.

No. 46. Stepping Onward.

S. W. B. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY QUARTET MUSIC CO. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. As a might - y, loy - al ar - my we are press - ing to the goal,
2. We are trust - ing in His guid - ing as we strive to do His will,
3. In the bright and hap - py path-way we are go - ing with the throng,
Step - ping on - - ward, faith - ful - ly on - - ward,
Step - ping on - ward, step - ping on, faith - ful - ly on - ward, step - ping on,
And we hope to gain the vic - t'ry un - der His di-vine con-trol,
In the val - ley, on the hill - top He is ev - er with us still,
On our lips the praise of Je - sus, in our hearts a glad new song,
Step - ping on-ward, ev - er on, faith - ful - ly on.
faith - ful - ly on.
CHORUS.
Step-ping on - - ward, stead-i-ly on - - ward, In the strength of
Step-ping on-ward, faith-ful-ly on, Stead-i - ly on-ward, faith-ful-ly on,

Stepping Onward.


Him who leads us in the bright and shin-ing way; We'll not fal-ter nor de-spair,
We will fol-low ev'ry-where, Stepping on, on, on, faithfully on.
faith-ful-ly on.

No. 47. God Knows His Own.

L. Dow McDonald. CONTROLLED BY QUARTET MUSIC CO. L. Dow McDonald.

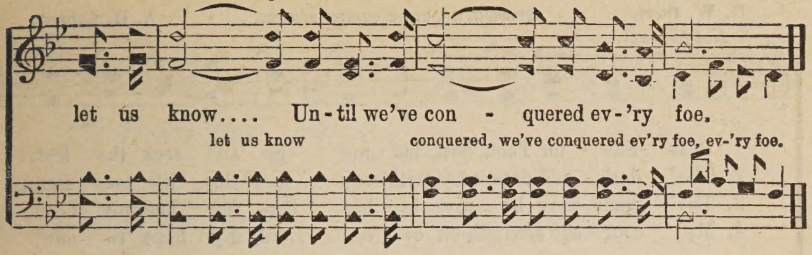
1. I sit a-lone at mid-night hour, And watch the beam-ing stars;
2. I feel a breath of balm-y air, That sweet con-tent-ment brings;
3. I dream a dream of heav'n-ly things, That cheers the wea-ry soul;
f.
FINE.
And won-der if the God a-bove Pro-tects them by His care.
And know it is the gen-tle breeze Fanned by an an-gel's wings.
And wake to find it but a glimpse Past heav-en's rolled back scroll.
D.S.—Pro-tects His han-di-work and guides His faith-ful peo-ple here.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Yes, well I know God knows His own, And thro' His ten-der care,

No. 48. Away to the Battle, Away!

N. W. Allphin. CONTROLLED BY QUARTET MUSIC CO. R. M. Followwill.

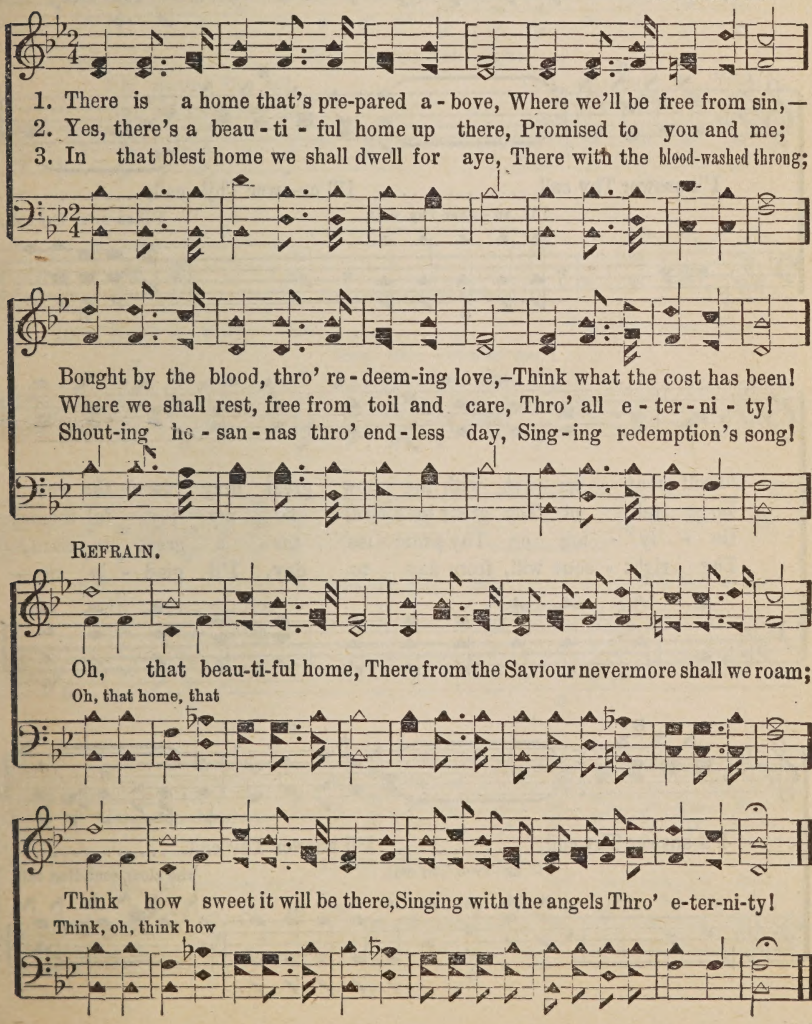
1. Hear the call now for sol-diers to en-list in the fight, To do
2. 'Tis the Cap-tain who'll call us, and has prom-ised re-ward, Let us
3. Let us march 'neath His ban-ner till the war here is done, Till the
bat-tle for Je-sus, in the great cause of right; To the front let us
lin-ger no more, but heed the voice of the Lord; If we faith-ful en-
con-flict is end-ed, and the con-quest is won; Let us sing of His
go, No re-treat-ing to know,—Then, a-way to the bat-tle, a-way!
dure, Vic-t'ry He will as-sure,—Then, a-way to the bat-tle, a-way!
name, Till the vic-t'ry we claim,—Then, a-way to the bat-tle, a-way!
CHORUS.
To the bat - - tle field a-way, Let us
bat-tle, the bat-tle field a-way, then a-way,
haste.... with-out de-lay; No re-treat-ing
haste, let us haste with-out de-lay, haste a-way; No re-treat-ing, re-treat-ing

Away to the Battle, Away!



No. 49. That Beautiful Home.

L. F. M. L. F. Martin.


1. There is a home that's pre-pared a-bove, Where we'll be free from sin,—
2. Yes, there's a beau-ti-ful home up there, Promised to you and me;
3. In that blest home we shall dwell for aye, There with the blood-washed throng;
Bought by the blood, thro' re-deem-ing love,—Think what the cost has been!
Where we shall rest, free from toil and care, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty!
Shout-ing ho-san-nas thro' end-less day, Sing-ing redemption's song!
REFRAIN.
Oh, that beau-ti-ful home, There from the Saviour nevermore shall we roam;
Oh, that home, that
Think how sweet it will be there, Singing with the angels Thro' e-ter-ni-ty!
Think, oh, think how

No. 50. I'll Answer Thy Call.

B. W. Pirtle. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THE QUARTET MUSIC CO. A. B. Sebren.

Not too fast.

1. Dear Sav - ior Thou dost bid me go and seek the lost;
2. Tho' dark and drear my path-way thro' this life may seem,
3. Tho' great may be my la - bor here, for Thee, my Lord,
4. My cour - age strength-en ev - er, Lord, my hope re - new,
I'll answer Thy call,..... I'll an-swer Thy call;.....
I'll an - swer Thy call,
I'll an-swer Thy call;
'Twill mat - ter not with me how great may be the cost,
To tell of Thy great love will be my joy - ful theme;
Re - ly - ing on Thy prom - ise for a great re - ward,
Thy right - eous will, from day to day, I'll glad - ly do,—
I'll answer Thy call,..... ..... I'll answer Thy call.....
I'll an - swer Thy call.
the clear sounding call.

I'll Answer Thy Call.

Chorus.
I'll an-swer Thy call,..... I'll an-swer Thy
I'll an-swer Thy call,
call,..... That sinners, the light.....
I'll an-swer Thy call,
That sin-ners the light
from Heav-en may see;..... I'll an-swer Thy
from Heav-en may see;
call,..... I'll an-swer Thy call,..... And tell to the
I'll an-swer Thy call,
I'll an-swer Thy call,
world..... sal-va-tion is free!
And tell the wide world
sal-va-tion is free!

No. 51. I'm Here To-day in Jesus' Name.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. E. THOMAS.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Words and Music by
J. E. Thomas.

Good as a Solo, with Full Chorus.

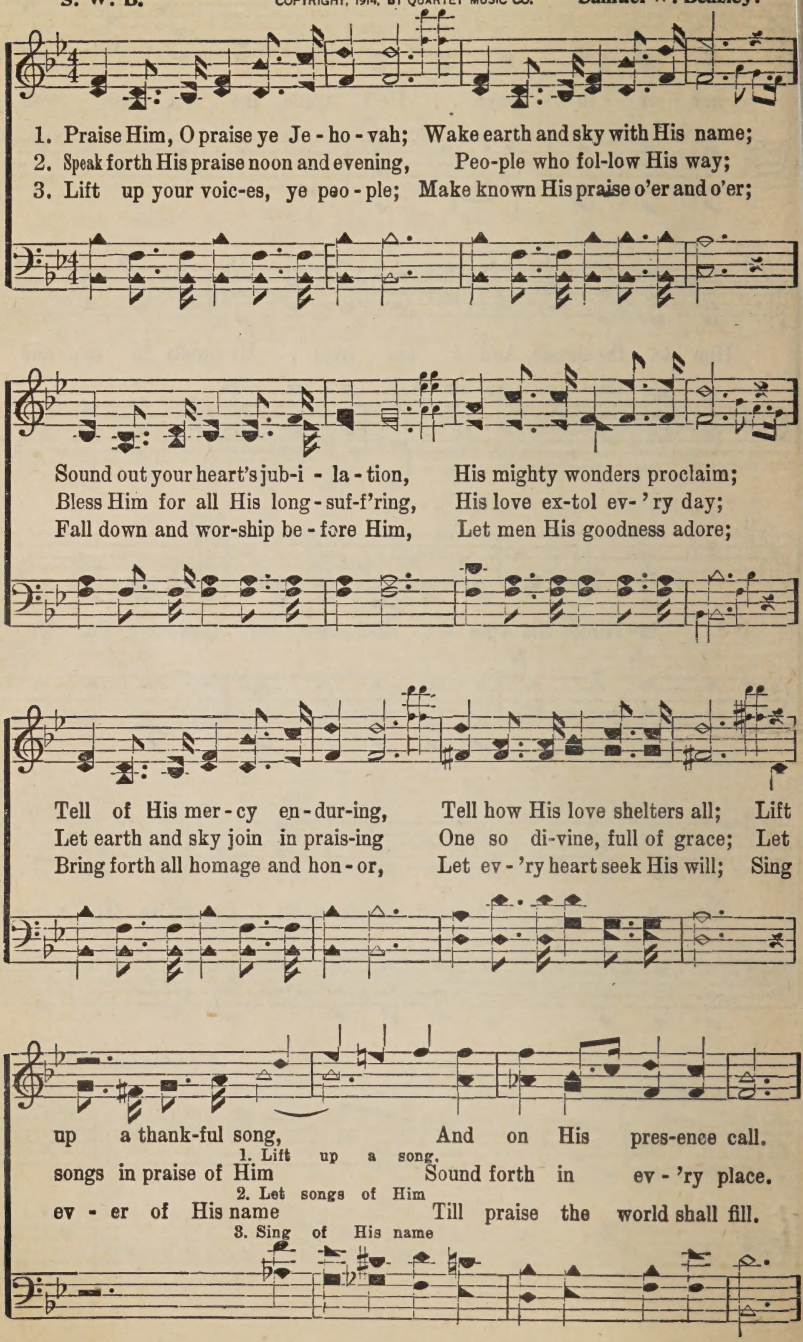
1-4. I'm here to- { day / night } in Je - sus' name, { 1. To tell what / 2. To tell it / 3. I want the / 4. To sing the
He has done for me; He lift - ed me from bonds of
o'er and o'er a - gain, That sin - ful man, though all de-
world His love to know, And turn to God, though all de-
won - ders of His grace; And when my work on earth is
Rit.
sin, And in my soul let love shine in. . . .
filed, May yet to God be rec - on - ciled. . .
filed, And un - to Him be rec - on - ciled. . .
done, I know I'll see Him face to face. . .
CHORUS.
He's done so much for me, The debt I can
He's done so much, so much for me,

I'm Here To-day in Jesus' Name.

nev - er re - pay: . . He's made me an heir with
Him to the throne, And I am free; . He dwells in me, and
I in Him, His glo - ry shall be my theme, For He
lift - ed me up and saved me from sin, Oh, praise His name.
Interlude.

No. 52. A Song of Praise.

S. W. B. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY QUARTET MUSIC CO. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. Praise Him, O praise ye Je - ho - vah; Wake earth and sky with His name;
2. Speak forth His praise noon and evening, Peo-ple who fol-low His way;
3. Lift up your voic-es, ye peo - ple; Make known His praise o'er and o'er;
Sound out your heart's jub-i - la - tion, His mighty wonders proclaim;
Bless Him for all His long - suf-f'ring, His love ex-tol ev-'ry day;
Fall down and wor-ship be - fore Him, Let men His goodness adore;
Tell of His mer - cy en - dur-ing, Tell how His love shelters all; Lift
Let earth and sky join in prais-ing One so di-vine, full of grace; Let
Bring forth all homage and hon - or, Let ev-'ry heart seek His will; Sing
up a thank-ful song, And on His pres-ence call.
1. Lift up a song.
songs in praise of Him Sound forth in ev-'ry place.
2. Let songs of Him
ev - er of His name Till praise the world shall fill.
3. Sing of His name

A Song of Praise.

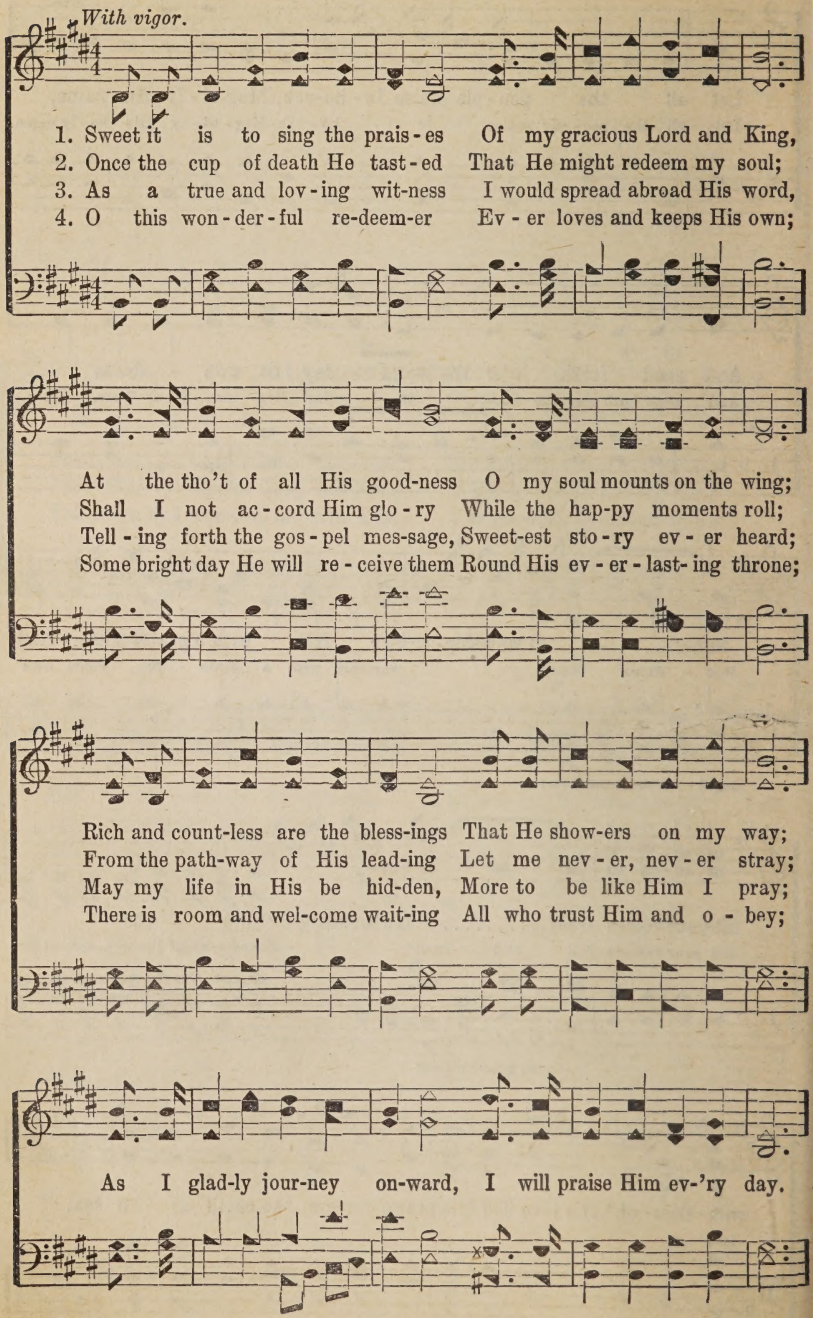
CHORUS.

Let all the peo - ple praise Je - ho - vah, Mag - ni - fy His name,
Let all the peo - ple praise Je - ho - vah, Mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name,
And send forth o'er the world to - day His won - drous
And send forth o'er the world to - day His won - drous fame, His
fame;..... O wor-ship be-fore Him with a grateful heart And
won - drous fame, wor-ship with a grate - ful heart And
might - y won-drous fame;
lift your voices free;..... Go sounding a-broad the
lift your voic-es full and free;
Sound a-broad the won-ders of His
lift your voic-es free;
won - ders of His love Till His praise cov-ers the earth as a sea.
love

No. 53. I Will Praise Him Ev'ry Day.

PROPERTY OF AREL BERTRAND, 1914,
SANGER, TEXAS.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. Arel Bertrand.


With vigor.
1. Sweet it is to sing the prais-es Of my gracious Lord and King,
2. Once the cup of death He tast-ed That He might redeem my soul;
3. As a true and lov-ing wit-ness I would spread abroad His word,
4. O this won-der-ful re-deem-er Ev-er loves and keeps His own;
At the tho't of all His good-ness O my soul mounts on the wing;
Shall I not ac-cord Him glo-ry While the hap-py moments roll;
Tell-ing forth the gos-pel mes-sage, Sweet-est sto-ry ev-er heard;
Some bright day He will re-ceive them Round His ev-er-last-ing throne;
Rich and count-less are the bless-ings That He show-ers on my way;
From the path-way of His lead-ing Let me nev-er, nev-er stray;
May my life in His be hid-den, More to be like Him I pray;
There is room and wel-come wait-ing All who trust Him and o-bey;
As I glad-ly jour-ney on-ward, I will praise Him ev-'ry day.

I Will Praise Him Every Day.

REFRAIN.

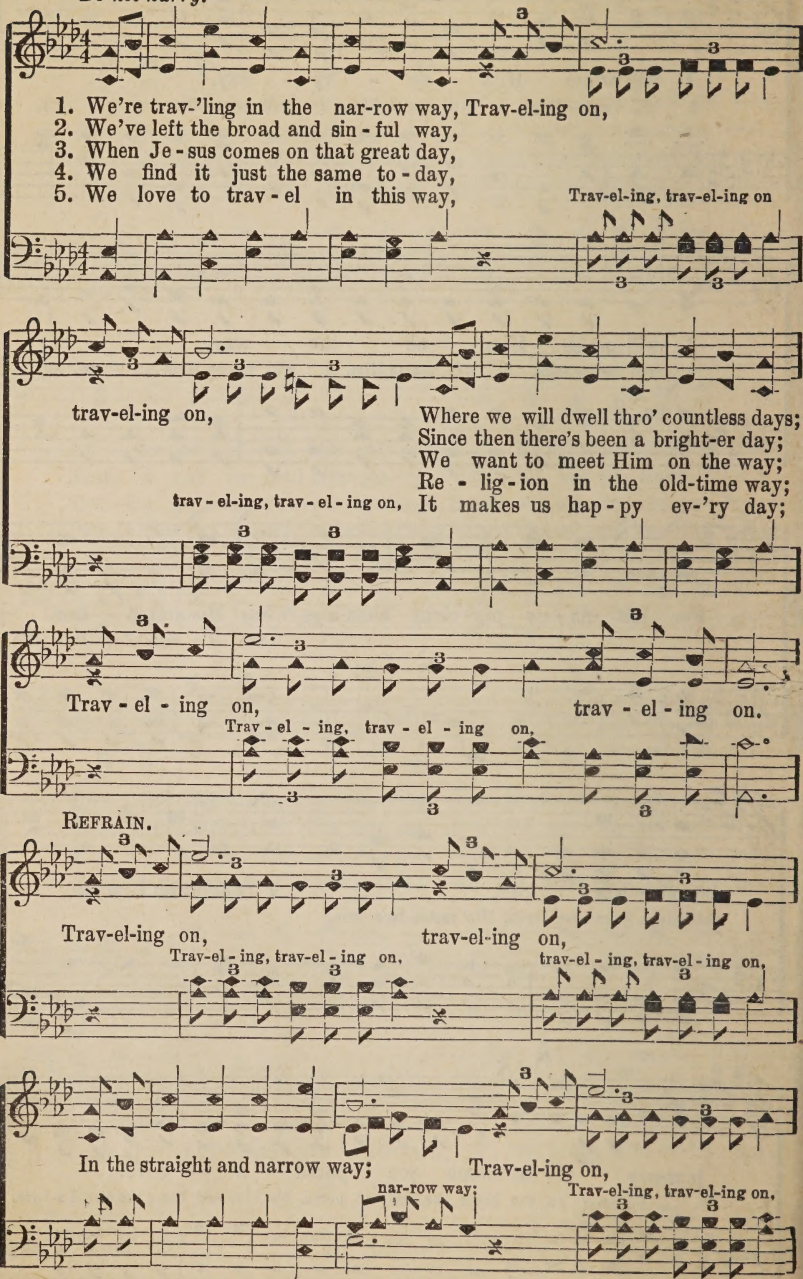
I will praise Him ev - 'ry day,
I will praise Him, I will praise Him, I will praise Him ev - 'ry day,
I will praise Him all the way,
I will praise Him, I will praise Him, I will praise Him all the way.
For His ma - ny pre - cious bless-ings, For His match - less
For His match-less love, His
bound - less love, I will praise Him as I
match-less, bound-less love, His match-less love,
jour-ney To the home pre - pared a - bove.
jour-ney To the home, the bless-ed home, the bless-ed home pre-pared a-bove.

No. 54. Traveling On.

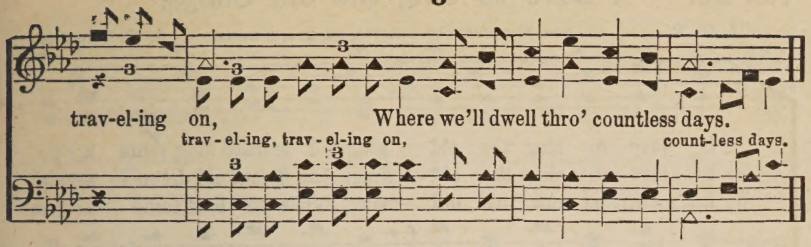
(Inscribed to my teacher, friend, and co-worker, D. M. Ragle.)

R. L. Leftwich. CONTROLLED BY QUARTET MUSIC CO. R. L. Leftwich.

Do not hurry.


1. We're trav-'ling in the nar-row way, Trav-el-ing on,
2. We've left the broad and sin - ful way,
3. When Je - sus comes on that great day,
4. We find it just the same to - day,
5. We love to trav - el in this way,
Trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on
trav-el-ing on,
Where we will dwell thro' countless days;
Since then there's been a bright-er day;
We want to meet Him on the way;
Re - lig - ion in the old-time way;
trav - el-ing, trav - el - ing on, It makes us hap - py ev-'ry day;
Trav - el - ing on,
trav - el - ing on.
Trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on.
REFRAIN.
Trav-el-ing on,
trav-el-ing on,
Trav-el - ing, trav-el - ing on,
trav-el - ing, trav-el - ing on,
In the straight and narrow way;
Trav-el-ing on,
nar-row way;
Trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on,

Traveling On.



No. 55. He is Precious to Me.

Ida L. Matthews. J. W. DAVIS, OWNER. J. W. Davis.

Slow, with feeling.

1. My Sav-iour's pre-cious name I love, He shed His life-blood for me;
2. He gave His life on Cal-va-ry For me, a sin-ner, so vile;
3. I'll love and serve Him ev-er-more, He is so precious to me;
My life, my all I give to Him, For He is pre-cious to me.
I once was stray-ing from the fold, O glo-ry, now I'm His child.
When death shall call me from this world Then with Him ev-er I'll be.
CHORUS.
He is pre-cious to me,..... He is precious to me;.....
yes, pre-cious to me, yes, pre-cious to me;
I glad-ly yield my all to Him, For He is pre-cious to me.

No. 56. I Love to Sing the Old Songs.

J. E. T. THIS ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHTED, 1914, BY J. E. THOMAS. J. E. Thomas.

1. I love to sing the old songs I learned long years a - go,
2. I love to sing the old songs And dream old dreams a-gain
3. Let's all sing now this old song, While vis - ions come a - gain
Al - though my voice may fail me, And fool-ish tears may flow;
Of gold - en days de - part - ed, Which we can ne'er re-gain;
Of fan - cy days in child - hood, And man-hood's toil and pain;
For by - gone days I live a - gain With each fa - mil - iar strain,
To you all un - for - got - ten still These sa - cred songs may be,
Per-haps, when earth - ly fet - ters shall Have set our spir - its free,
But let me sing the old songs, Join in their sweet re - frain.
O let me sing the old songs, They are so dear to me.
We then will sing the new song—But sing this now with me.
After 1st stanza.
All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;

I Love to Sing the Old Songs.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
After 2nd stanza.
F.
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,
FINE.
D. S
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Near-er to Thee.
After 3rd stanza.
I'm go-ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more!

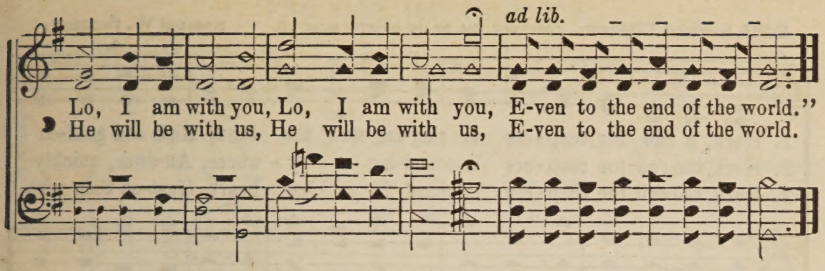
No. 57. Go Ye Into All the World.

W. J. K. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Unison.

1. O Brothers in the Church of Je - sus, Hear ye not the cry Ring-ing
2. O Brothers in the Church of Je - sus, Be ye brave and strong, Press the
3. O Leaders in the Church of Je - sus, Make ye straight the way, Send us
from the sky, The Master's great command? Doors are op-'ning wide, En - ter
work a-long, Where'er He points the way; Mac - e - do - nia calls, And the
forth to-day, To work for God and right, We will for-ward go, With our
CHORUS. *Harmony.*
and a-bide, No lon-ger wait - ing stand. "Go ye in - to all the world,
ech - o falls, "Come o-ver and help, we pray." *Cho. for 3d verse.*
hearts a-glow; And la - bor in His might. We'll go in - to all the world,
Go ye in - to all the world, And preach the gos - pel to ev-'ry
We'll go in - to all the world, Or send the gos - pel to ev-'ry
And preach the gos - pel,
Or send the gos - pel,
creature, And preach the gospel to ev-'ry creature;" "And lo, I am with you!
creature, Or send the gos-pel to ev-'ry creature; And He will be with us!
preach the gos - pel to ev - 'ry, to ev - 'ry crea-ture,
send the gos - pel to ev - 'ry, to ev - 'ry crea-ture,

Go Ye Into All the World.


ad lib.
Lo, I am with you, Lo, I am with you, E-ven to the end of the world."
He will be with us, He will be with us, E-ven to the end of the world.

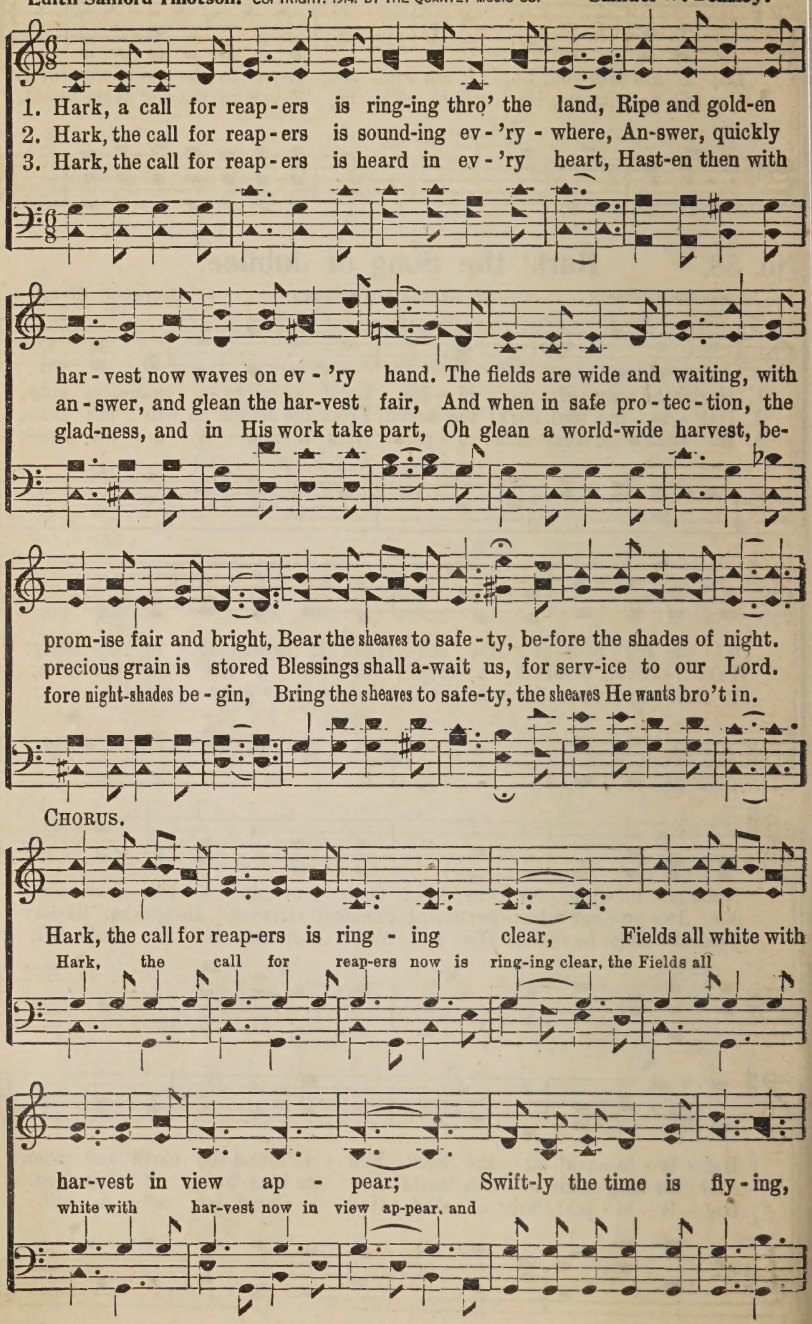
No. 58. Hark! the Song of Jubilee.

James Montgomery. (St. George's Windsor.) George J. Elvey.

1. Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thun-ders roar,
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! hark! the sound, From the depths un - to the skies,
3. He shall reign from pole to pole With il - lim - it - a - ble sway;
Or the full - ness of the sea When it breaks up - on the shore:
Wake a - bove, be-neath, a - round, All cre - a - tion's har - mo - nies;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll, Yon-der heav'ns have passed a - way:
Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign;
See Je - ho - vah's ban - ner furled, Sheathed His sword, He speaks; 'tis done!
Then the end; be - neath His rod Man's last en - e - my shall fall;
Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o 'round the earth and main.
And the king-doms of this world Are the king-doms of His Son.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all

No. 59. The Call for Reapers.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THE QUARTET MUSIC CO. **Samuel W. Beazley.**


1. Hark, a call for reap-ers is ring-ing thro' the land, Ripe and gold-en
2. Hark, the call for reap-ers is sound-ing ev-'ry-where, An-swer, quickly
3. Hark, the call for reap-ers is heard in ev-'ry heart, Hast-en then with
har-vest now waves on ev-'ry hand. The fields are wide and waiting, with
an-swer, and glean the har-vest fair, And when in safe pro-tec-tion, the
glad-ness, and in His work take part, Oh glean a world-wide harvest, be-
prom-ise fair and bright, Bear the sheaves to safe-ty, be-fore the shades of night.
precious grain is stored Blessings shall a-wait us, for serv-ice to our Lord.
fore night-shades be-gin, Bring the sheaves to safe-ty, the sheaves He wants bro't in.
CHORUS.
Hark, the call for reap-ers is ring-ing clear, Fields all white with
Hark, the call for reap-ers now is ring-ing clear, the Fields all
har-vest in view ap-pear; Swift-ly the time is fly-ing,
white with har-vest now in view ap-pear, and

The Call for Reapers.

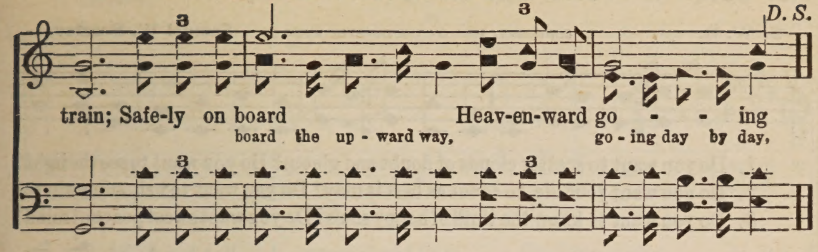
Swift-ly the day-light dy-ing; Heart and hand, heart and hand glad - ly
to His wheat-fields
-bring,.... Hear the voice of the Mas-ter to you, to
glad - ly bring you, Hear the voice of the Mas-ter call-ing
me;..... "Come, I call you as reap-ers, my work - men
you and me, "Oh, come, I call you as reap-ers and my
be;".... Come in His strength re - ly - ing, Come to His call re-
work-men be:" Then
ply-ing, Take your place in the field for our King.....
for our King, our Har-vest-King.

No. 60. On the Heaven-Bound Train.

A. B. Sebren. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY A. B. SEBREN. A. B. Sebren.

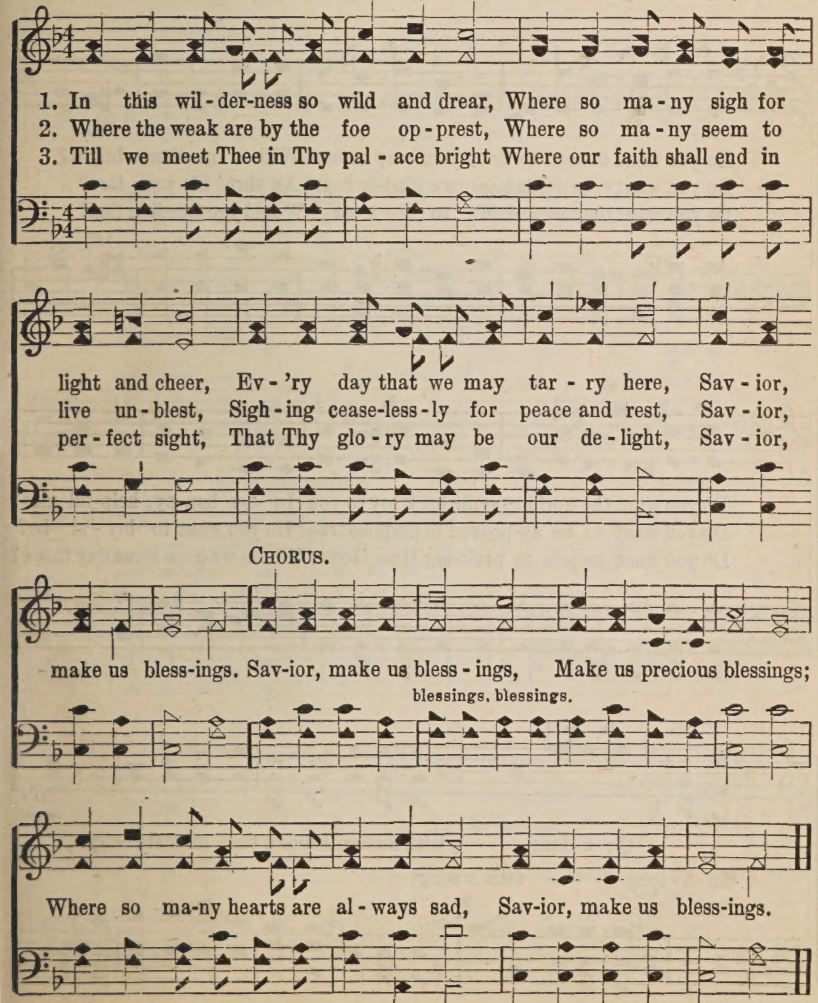
1. On the great gos - pel rail-road line, Trust-ing in Je - sus' love di-vine,
2. When there is dan - ger hov-'ring near, Sure-ly the sig - nal we can hear,
3. Tho' there are tun-nels dark and drear, Sa-tan's al - lure-ments ev-'ry-where,
Hap-py are we as on our way we speed-i - ly glide; Je - sus is
Of our brave en - gin-eer, whose eye is watch-ing the rail; When He shall
All his de - signs, our faith to wav - er, tongue cannot tell; Yet, our con-
our con-duc-tor there, Run-ning the train to man-sions fair, Where all the
sig-nal "Brakes," beware, Lest we're entrapped by Sa-tan's snare,—For in our
duc-tor, Christ, the Lord, Giv-eth as - sur-ance thro' His word, That if our
D. S.—*Where the re-*
FINE. CHORUS.
saved for - ev - er-more there shall a - bide.
Saviour's name a - lone, we can pre - vail. Safe-ly on board
trust is staid in Him, all will be well. the gos - pel train,
deemed a crown of life there shall ob - tain.
trusting in Je - - - sus, He is con - duc-tor on the glorious heaven-bound
Je - sus' bless-ed name,

On the Heaven-Bound Train.



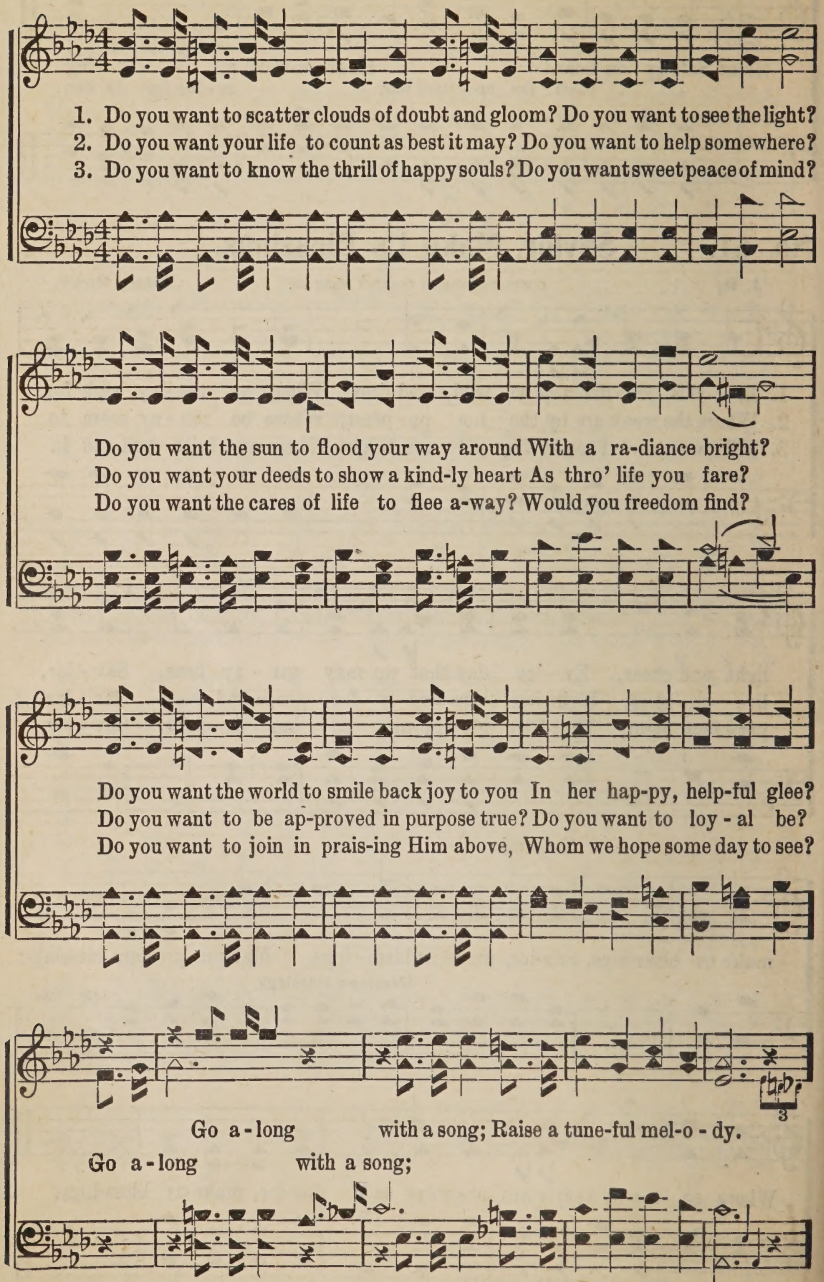
No. 61. Savior, Make Us Blessings.

J. R. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY QUARTET MUSIC CO. James Rowe.


1. In this wil - der-ness so wild and drear, Where so ma - ny sigh for
2. Where the weak are by the foe op - prest, Where so ma - ny seem to
3. Till we meet Thee in Thy pal - ace bright Where our faith shall end in
light and cheer, Ev - 'ry day that we may tar - ry here, Sav - ior,
live un - blest, Sigh - ing cease-less - ly for peace and rest, Sav - ior,
per - fect sight, That Thy glo - ry may be our de - light, Sav - ior,
CHORUS.
make us bless-ings. Sav-ior, make us bless - ings, Make us precious blessings;
blessings, blessings.
Where so ma-ny hearts are al - ways sad, Sav-ior, make us bless-ings.

No. 62. Raise a Tuneful Melody.

S. W. B. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THE QUARTET MUSIC CO. **Samuel W. Beazley.**


1. Do you want to scatter clouds of doubt and gloom? Do you want to see the light?
2. Do you want your life to count as best it may? Do you want to help somewhere?
3. Do you want to know the thrill of happy souls? Do you want sweet peace of mind?
Do you want the sun to flood your way around With a ra-diance bright?
Do you want your deeds to show a kind-ly heart As thro' life you fare?
Do you want the cares of life to flee a-way? Would you freedom find?
Do you want the world to smile back joy to you In her hap-py, help-ful glee?
Do you want to be ap-proved in purpose true? Do you want to loy - al be?
Do you want to join in prais-ing Him above, Whom we hope some day to see?
Go a - long with a song; Raise a tune-ful mel-o - dy.
Go a - long with a song;

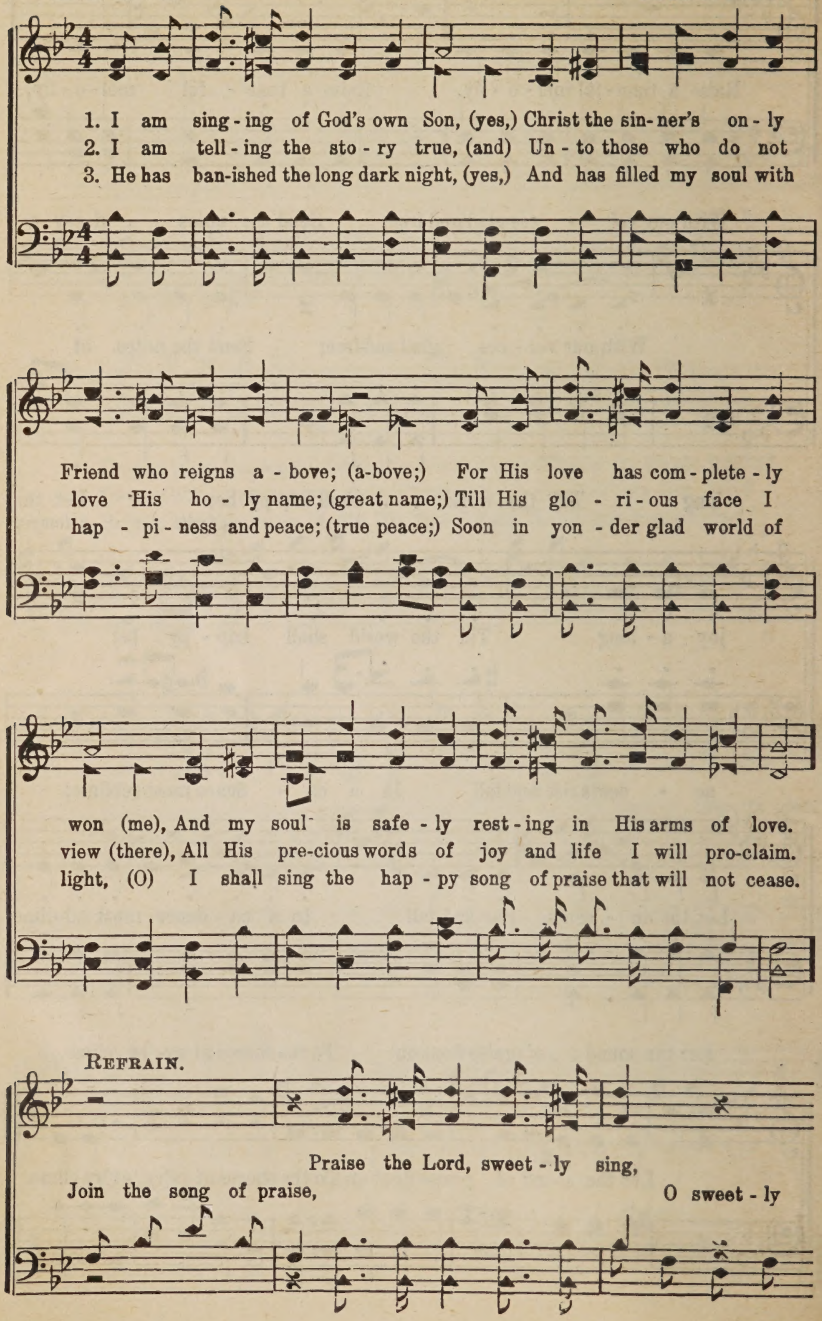
Raise a Tuneful Melody.

CHORUS.
Raise a tune - ful mel - o - dy,
Raise a tune - ful mel - o - dy, Raise a tune - ful mel - o - dy,
With our voi - ces glad and free; Send the notes . . of joy a-
With our voi - ces glad and free; Send the notes of
long Till the world . . shall hap-py be; Let the
rit.
a tempo.
joy a - long Till the world shall hap - py be;
ac - cents rise and fall In a ca - dence most sublime;
Let the ac - cents rise and fall In a ca - dence most sub-lime;
Let the sound . . of praise float on To the shores of ev-'ry clime.
Let the sound of praise float on To the shores of ev'ry, ev'ry clime.

No. 63. Join the Song of Praise.

Controlled by Thos. S. Cobb, Ft. Worth, Tex.

JAMES ROWE. THOS. S. COBB.


1. I am sing - ing of God's own Son, (yes,) Christ the sin - ner's on - ly
2. I am tell - ing the sto - ry true, (and) Un - to those who do not
3. He has ban-ished the long dark night, (yes,) And has filled my soul with
Friend who reigns a - bove; (a-bove;) For His love has com - plete - ly
love His ho - ly name; (great name;) Till His glo - ri - ous face I
hap - pi - ness and peace; (true peace;) Soon in yon - der glad world of
won (me), And my soul is safe - ly rest - ing in His arms of love.
view (there), All His pre-cious words of joy and life I will pro-claim.
light, (O) I shall sing the hap - py song of praise that will not cease.
REFRAIN.
Praise the Lord, sweet - ly sing,
Join the song of praise, O sweet - ly

Join the Song of Praise. Concluded.

Praise the King, praise the King, praise the King,
Hal - le - lu - jahs raise, yes, for
sing,
Our trans-gres-sions free- ly He has tak - en all a - way!
Ex - tol His
O what joy, praise a - dore!
name for ev - er - more, His name a -
Sweet - ly sing of His love, praise His love!
Join the song of praise. yes, praise His love, O,
dore,
Hal - le - lu - jahs raise to the soul's e - ter-nal Friend a - bove.

No. 64. Trust the God of Love.

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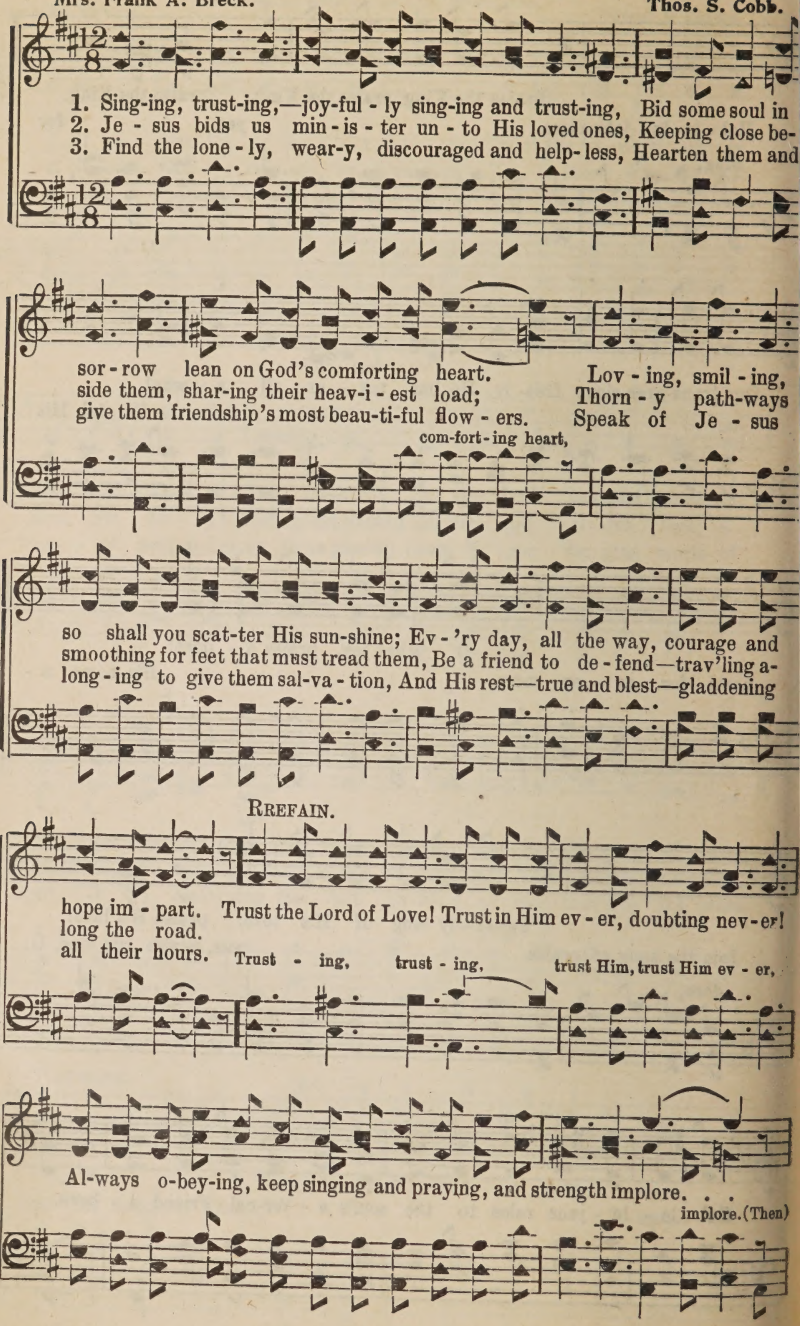
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Thos. S. Cobb.


1. Sing-ing, trust-ing,—joy-ful - ly sing-ing and trust-ing, Bid some soul in
2. Je - sus bids us min - is - ter un - to His loved ones, Keeping close be-
3. Find the lone - ly, wear-y, discouraged and help - less, Hearten them and
sor - row lean on God's comforting heart. Lov - ing, smil - ing,
side them, shar-ing their heav-i - est load; Thorn - y path-ways
give them friendship's most beau-ti-ful flow - ers. Speak of Je - sus
com-fort - ing heart,
so shall you scat-ter His sun-shine; Ev - 'ry day, all the way, courage and
smoothing for feet that must tread them, Be a friend to de - fend—trav'ling a-
long - ing to give them sal-va - tion, And His rest—true and blest—gladdening
REFRAIN.
hope im - part. Trust the Lord of Love! Trust in Him ev - er, doubting nev - er!
long the road.
all their hours. Trust - ing, trust - ing, trust Him, trust Him ev - er,
Al-ways o-bey-ing, keep singing and praying, and strength implore. . .
implore. (Then)

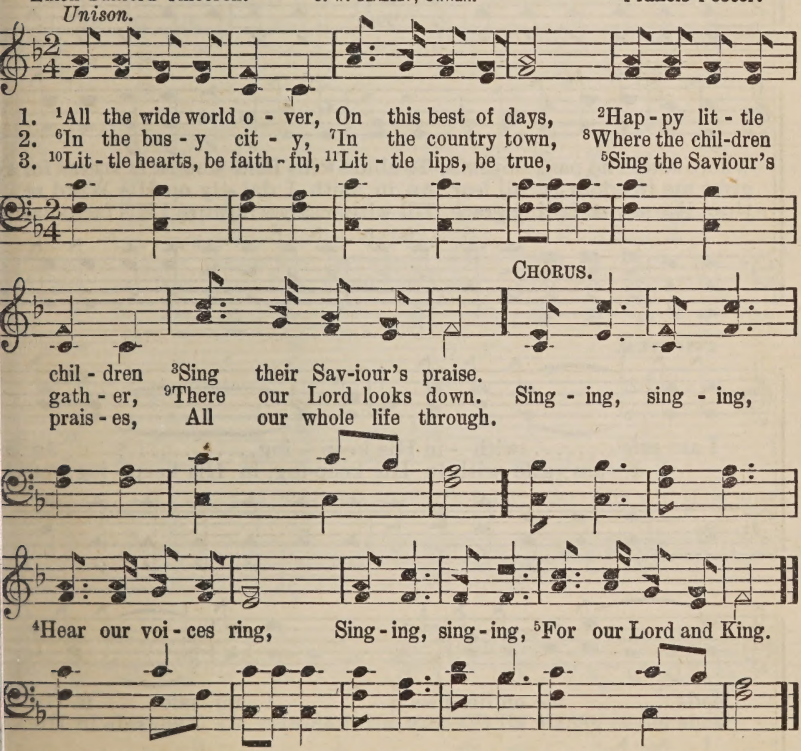
Trust the God of Love.

Clouds will roll a - way,—There will be days of peace and glad-ness,—
Trust the Sav - iour,
lento.
Trust in the Sav-iour, be - liev-ing His prom - is - es ev - er - more.

No. 65. Singing For Our King.

(Motion Song For Children.)

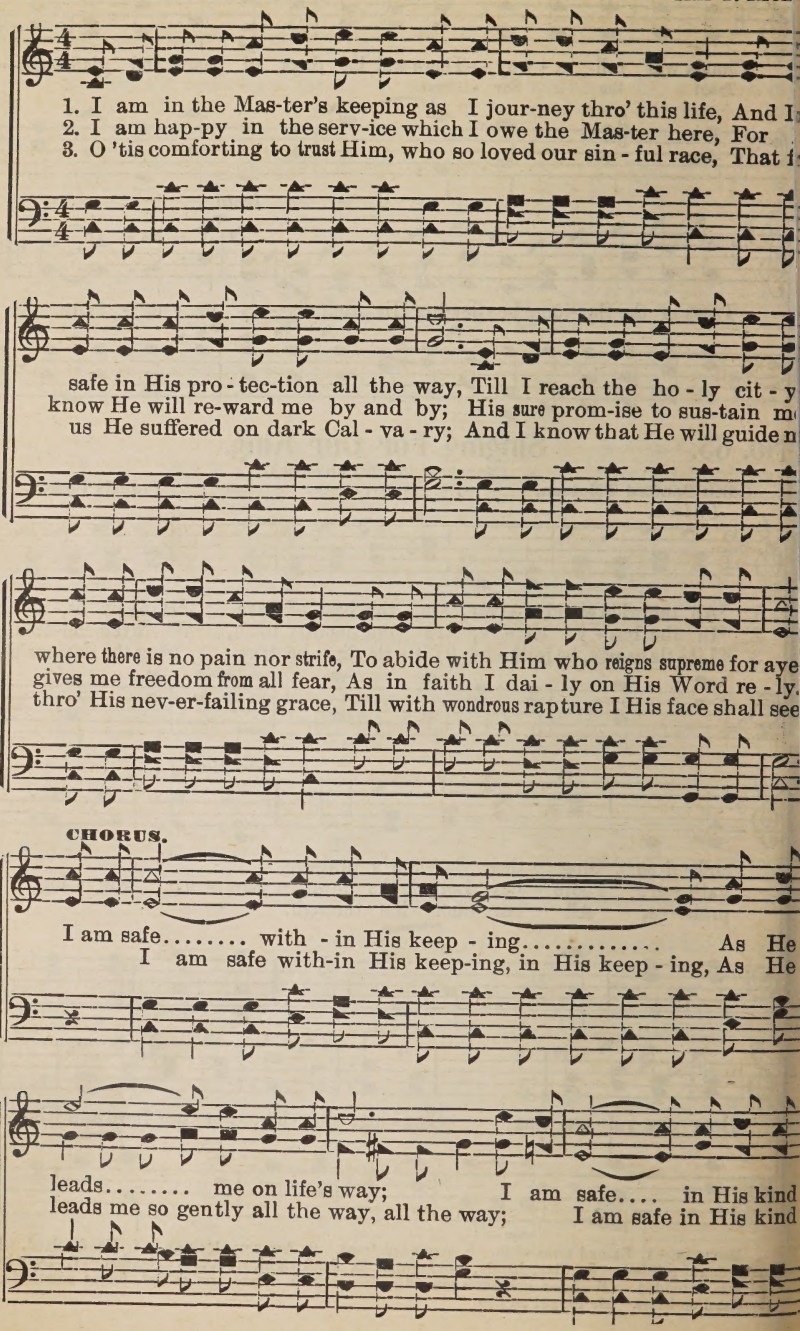
Edith Sanford Tillotson. S. W. BEAZLEY, OWNER. Francis Foster.


Unison.
1. [1]All the wide world o - ver, On this best of days, [2]Hap - py lit - tle
2. [6]In the bus - y cit - y, [7]In the country town, [8]Where the chil-dren
3. [10]Lit - tle hearts, be faith - ful, [11]Lit - tle lips, be true, [5]Sing the Saviour's
Chorus.
chil - dren [3]Sing their Sav-iour's praise.
gath - er, [9]There our Lord looks down. Sing - ing, sing - ing,
prais - es, All our whole life through.
[4]Hear our voi - ces ring, Sing - ing, sing - ing, [5]For our Lord and King.

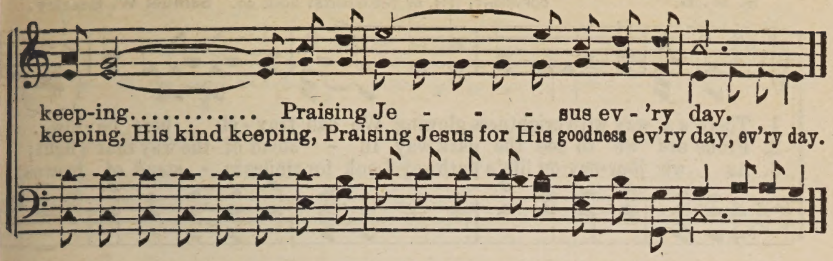
Motions:—1. Extend arms wide. 2. Arms out front. 3. Arms up, look up. 4. Hand raised, with index finger pointed. 5. Clasp hands, looking up. 6. Look right, right arm extended. 7. Look left, left arm extended. 8. Arms extended toward audience. 9. Right arm raised, finger pointing up. 10. Hand on heart. 11. Finger on lips.

No. 66. In the Master's Keeping.

I. Y. R. Arr. by J. W. Controlled by Quartet Music Co. IRA Y. RICE


1. I am in the Mas-ter's keeping as I jour-ney thro' this life, And I
2. I am hap-py in the serv-ice which I owe the Mas-ter here, For
3. O 'tis comforting to trust Him, who so loved our sin - ful race, That
safe in His pro - tec-tion all the way, Till I reach the ho - ly cit - y
know He will re-ward me by and by; His sure prom-ise to sus-tain m
us He suffered on dark Cal - va - ry; And I know that He will guide n
where there is no pain nor strife, To abide with Him who reigns supreme for aye
gives me freedom from all fear, As in faith I dai - ly on His Word re - ly.
thro' His nev-er-failing grace, Till with wondrous rapture I His face shall see
CHORUS.
I am safe..... with - in His keep - ing..... As He
I am safe with-in His keep-ing, in His keep - ing, As He
leads..... me on life's way; I am safe.... in His kind
leads me so gently all the way, all the way; I am safe in His kind

In the Master's Keeping. Concluded.



No. 67. Serving the Lord With Gladness.

JENNIE WILSON. Thos. S. Cobb, owner, Ft. Worth, Texas. THOS. S. COBB.

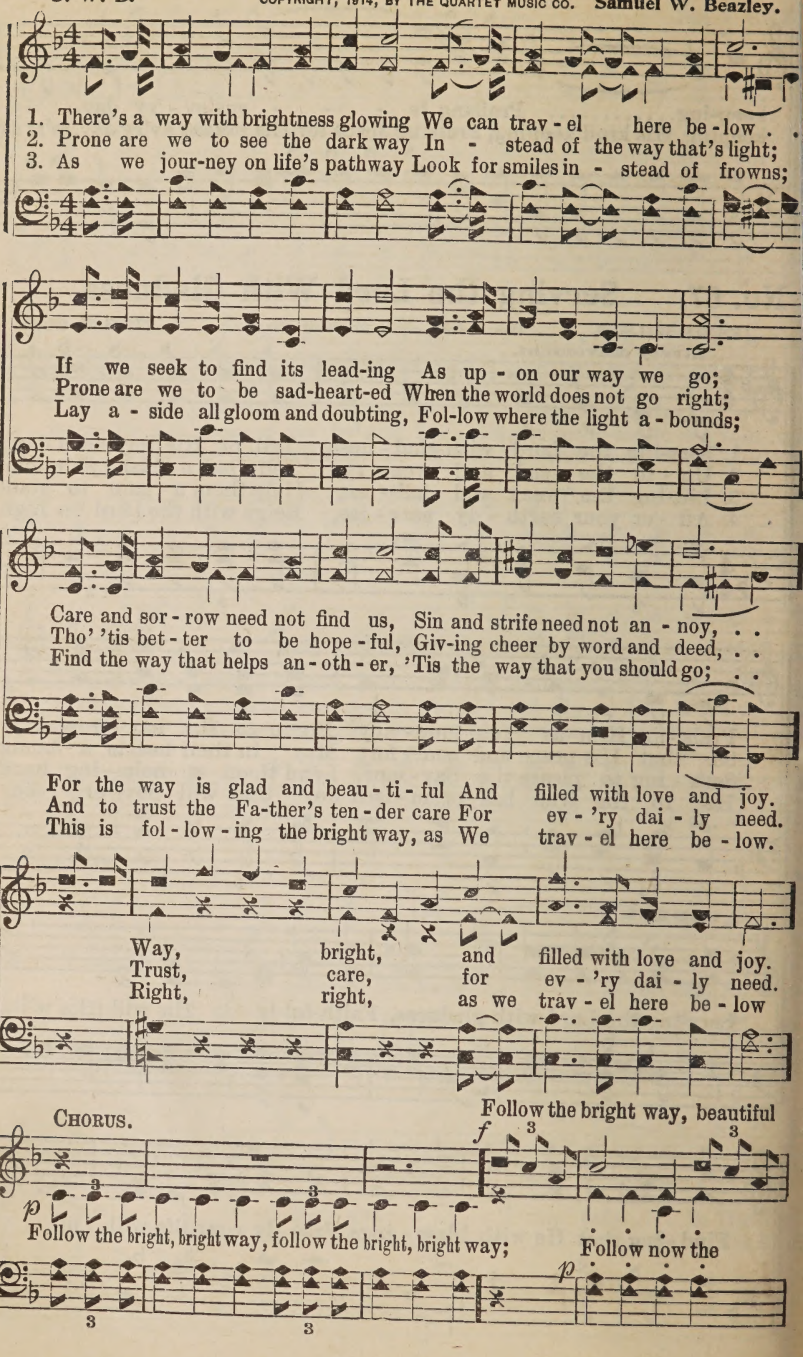
Lively movement.

1. Serv-ing the Lord with glad - ness, Tell of His love each day;
2. Un - to the sad and wea - ry, Tell what a Friend you've found,
3. Lift-ing the weak and fall - en, Help them a - gain to stand,
4. Aft - er your earth - ly serv - ice, Reign with the Lord on high;
Prais - ing Him as you jour - ney Home in the nar - row way.
So that His peace and com - fort May in their hearts a - bound.
Seek - ing to please the Sav - iour, Lend them a help - ing hand.
He to the true has prom - ised Joy that will nev- er die.
m CHORUS.
Serv-ing the Lord with gladness, Faith-ful-ly do His will (His will),
Find - ing that He with bless - ings Free - ly your life will fill.

No. 68. Follow the Bright Way.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THE QUARTET MUSIC CO. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. There's a way with brightness glowing We can trav - el here be - low . .
2. Prone are we to see the dark way In - stead of the way that's light;
3. As we jour-ney on life's pathway Look for smiles in - stead of frowns;
If we seek to find its lead-ing As up - on our way we go;
Prone are we to be sad-heart-ed When the world does not go right;
Lay a - side all gloom and doubting, Fol-low where the light a - bounds;
Care and sor - row need not find us, Sin and strife need not an - noy, . .
Tho' 'tis bet - ter to be hope - ful, Giv-ing cheer by word and deed, . .
Find the way that helps an - oth - er, 'Tis the way that you should go; . .
For the way is glad and beau - ti - ful And filled with love and joy.
And to trust the Fa-ther's ten - der care For ev - 'ry dai - ly need.
This is fol - low - ing the bright way, as We trav - el here be - low.
Way, bright, and filled with love and joy.
Trust, care, for ev - 'ry dai - ly need.
Right, right, as we trav - el here be - low
CHORUS.
Follow the bright way, beautiful
Follow the bright, bright way, follow the bright, bright way;
Follow now the

Follow the Bright Way.

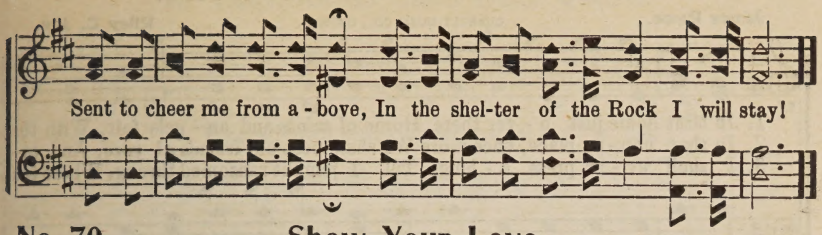
bright way;'Tis the way full of joys, Follow the
bright, bright way, way, joys, beau-ti-ful flow'rs and sweet songs;
bright way, won-der-ful bright way; It doth lead us a-way from earth-ly
Fol-low now the bright, bright way, lead us a-way from earth-ly,
wrongs. Follow the bright way, beau-ti-ful bright way; 'Tis the
earth-ly wrongs. Fol-low now the bright, bright way,
way full of smiles, Fol-low the bright way,
way, smiles, cheery good-will and de-light; Fol-low now
won-der-ful bright way; It doth lead upward to heav'n.
the bright, bright way; lead heav'n, where never falls sin's blight.

No. 69. In the Shelter of the Rock.

Jennie Wilson. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY N. W. ALLPHIN. N. W. Allphin.

1. Tho' the sky a-bove me is by storm-clouds o-ver-cast, And I see the
2. Je - sus gives pro-tec-tion which this world can ne'er bestow, He provides the
3. From as-sail - ing e - vil in this place I dwell se - cure, For untouched by
bil - lows smitten by the cru - el blast, I have found a ref-uge till the
ref - uge un - to which in faith I go, And in His dear presence peace a-
changes, strong and safe it will en - dure; And my soul re - joi - ces in this
tem-pest shall be past,—In the shel - ter of the Rock I will stay.
mid the strife I know,—In the shel - ter of the Rock I will stay.
ref - uge ev - er sure;—In the shel - ter of the Rock I will stay.
CHORUS.
In the shel-ter of the Rock I will stay, (I will stay,) In the
In the shel - ter of the Rock I will stay,
Shel-ter of the Rock I will stay; (I will stay;) Gladdened by the light and love,
In the shel-ter of the Rock I will stay;

In the Shelter of the Rock.



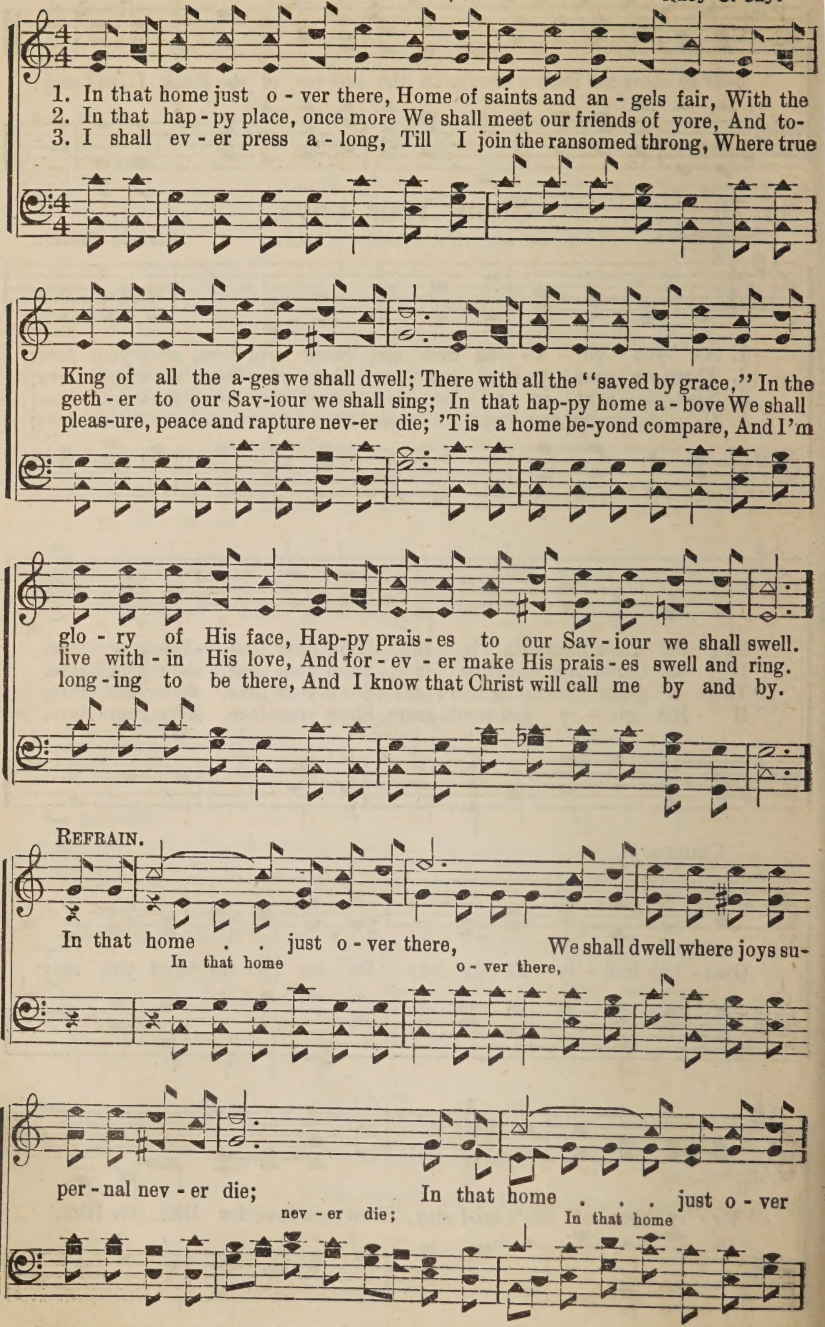
No. 70. Show Your Love.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Francis Foster.

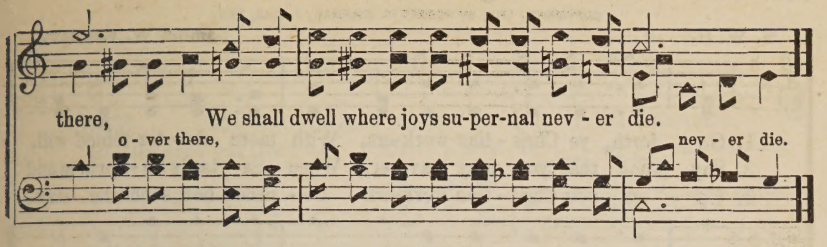
1. As you go a - long thro' life, Show your love, show your love;
2. There are man - y need - ing you, Show your love, show your love;
3. Seek de - light in no - ble deeds, Show your love, show your love;
4. If the crown you hope to wear, Show your love, show your love;
In the vales where sin is rife, Show your love, show your love.
If to Christ you would be true, Show your love, show your love.
There is grain a - mong the weeds—Show your love, show your love.
If His glo - ry you would share, Show your love, show your love.
CHORUS.
Glad - ly, free - ly all the way Do for Je - sus what you may;
Ev - 'ry hour of life's brief day, Show your love for Him. (for Him.)

No. 71. In That Home Just Over There.

James Rowe. QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS. Riley C. Jay.

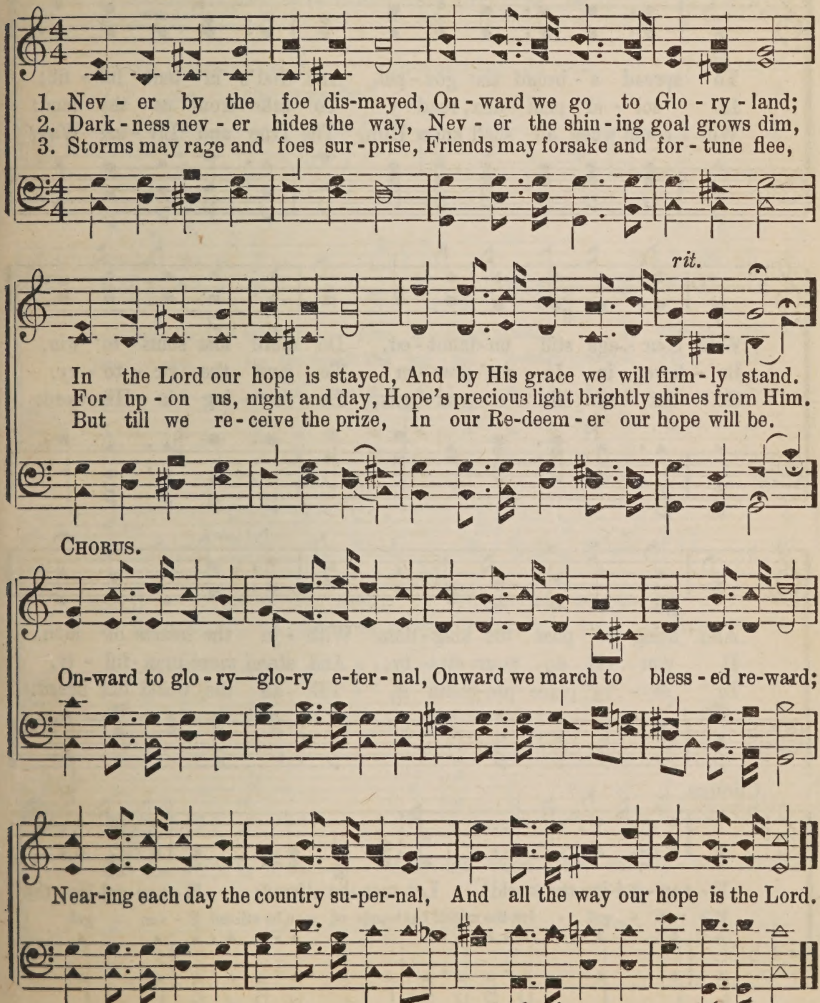

1. In that home just o - ver there, Home of saints and an - gels fair, With the
2. In that hap - py place, once more We shall meet our friends of yore, And to-
3. I shall ev - er press a - long, Till I join the ransomed throng, Where true
King of all the a-ges we shall dwell; There with all the "saved by grace," In the
geth - er to our Sav-iour we shall sing; In that hap-py home a - bove We shall
pleas-ure, peace and rapture nev-er die; 'T is a home be-yond compare, And I'm
glo - ry of His face, Hap-py prais - es to our Sav - iour we shall swell.
live with - in His love, And for - ev - er make His prais - es swell and ring.
long - ing to be there, And I know that Christ will call me by and by.
REFRAIN.
In that home . . just o - ver there, We shall dwell where joys su-
In that home
o - ver there,
per - nal nev - er die;
nev - er die;
In that home . . . just o - ver
In that home

In That Home Just Over There.



No. 72. A Steadfast Hope.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Carroll King.


1. Nev - er by the foe dis-mayed, On - ward we go to Glo - ry - land;
2. Dark - ness nev - er hides the way, Nev - er the shin - ing goal grows dim,
3. Storms may rage and foes sur - prise, Friends may forsake and for - tune flee,
rit.
In the Lord our hope is stayed, And by His grace we will firm - ly stand.
For up - on us, night and day, Hope's precious light brightly shines from Him.
But till we re - ceive the prize, In our Re-deem - er our hope will be.
CHORUS.
On-ward to glo - ry—glo-ry e-ter - nal, Onward we march to bless - ed re-ward;
Near-ing each day the country su-per-nal, And all the way our hope is the Lord.

No. 73. Evangelize the World.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

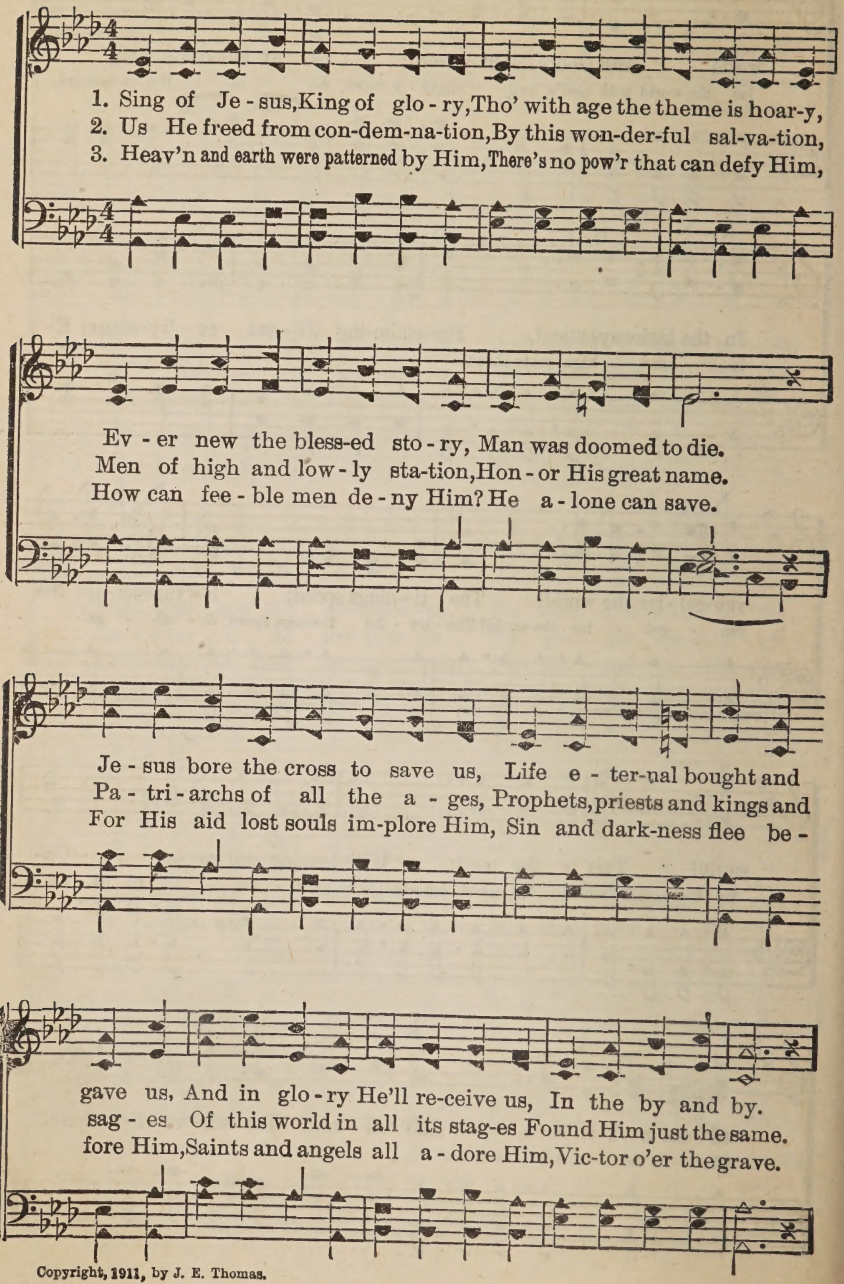
1. Go forth, ye Chris - tian work-ers, With more de - ter-mined will,
2. Say not that you may wav - er, When Sa - tan's co - horts stand
3. Up - on you Chris - tian work-ers De - pends how soon the day
To spread a - broad the gos - pel, And God's in - tent ful - fill;
In sol - id phal - anx, read - y To take from us the land;
Will come when all shall know Him, "The True and Liv - ing Way;"
With cour - age still un-daunt - ed, Do more lost souls to win,
Be - lieve in Je - sus' pow - er To give the vic - to - ry,
Go out as His e - van - gels, Be - liev - ing in His word;
And "bring to pass the king - dom" With - in the hearts of men.
If you will do your du - ty, And stand more man - ful - ly.
In ev - 'ry place pro-claim it, Till all the world has heard.
CHORUS.
E - van - gel-ize the world! Let men be stirred; E - van-gel-ize the
E - van - gel - ize the world! Let hearts of men be stirred; E - van - gel-

Evangelize the World.

world with God's might-y word; Go at His com-mand,
ize the world with God's own might - y word; Go at His com-mand,
In the highways stand, Pro-claim-ing Je - sus ev - 'ry-where; E-
In the high - ways stand, E-
van-gel - ize the world! The ti - dings speed; E - van-gel - ize the
van - gel - ize the world! The joy - ful ti-dings speed; E - van - gel-
world! This is the need; With burning zeal go on Un-
ize the world! This is the great - est need; With burn - ing zeal go on, Un-
til the work is done, And all men His sal - va - tion share.
til the work is done,

No. 74. Christ Is King.

B. B. EDMIASTOM. MRS. W. J. GRAVES.


1. Sing of Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Tho' with age the theme is hoar-y,
2. Us He freed from con-dem-na-tion, By this won-der-ful sal-va-tion,
3. Heav'n and earth were patterned by Him, There's no pow'r that can defy Him,
Ev - er new the bless-ed sto - ry, Man was doomed to die.
Men of high and low - ly sta-tion, Hon - or His great name.
How can fee - ble men de - ny Him? He a - lone can save.
Je - sus bore the cross to save us, Life e - ter-nal bought and
Pa - tri - archs of all the a - ges, Prophets, priests and kings and
For His aid lost souls im-plore Him, Sin and dark-ness flee be -
gave us, And in glo - ry He'll re-ceive us, In the by and by.
sag - es Of this world in all its stag-es Found Him just the same.
fore Him, Saints and angels all a - dore Him, Vic-tor o'er the grave.

Copyright, 1911, by J. E. Thomas.

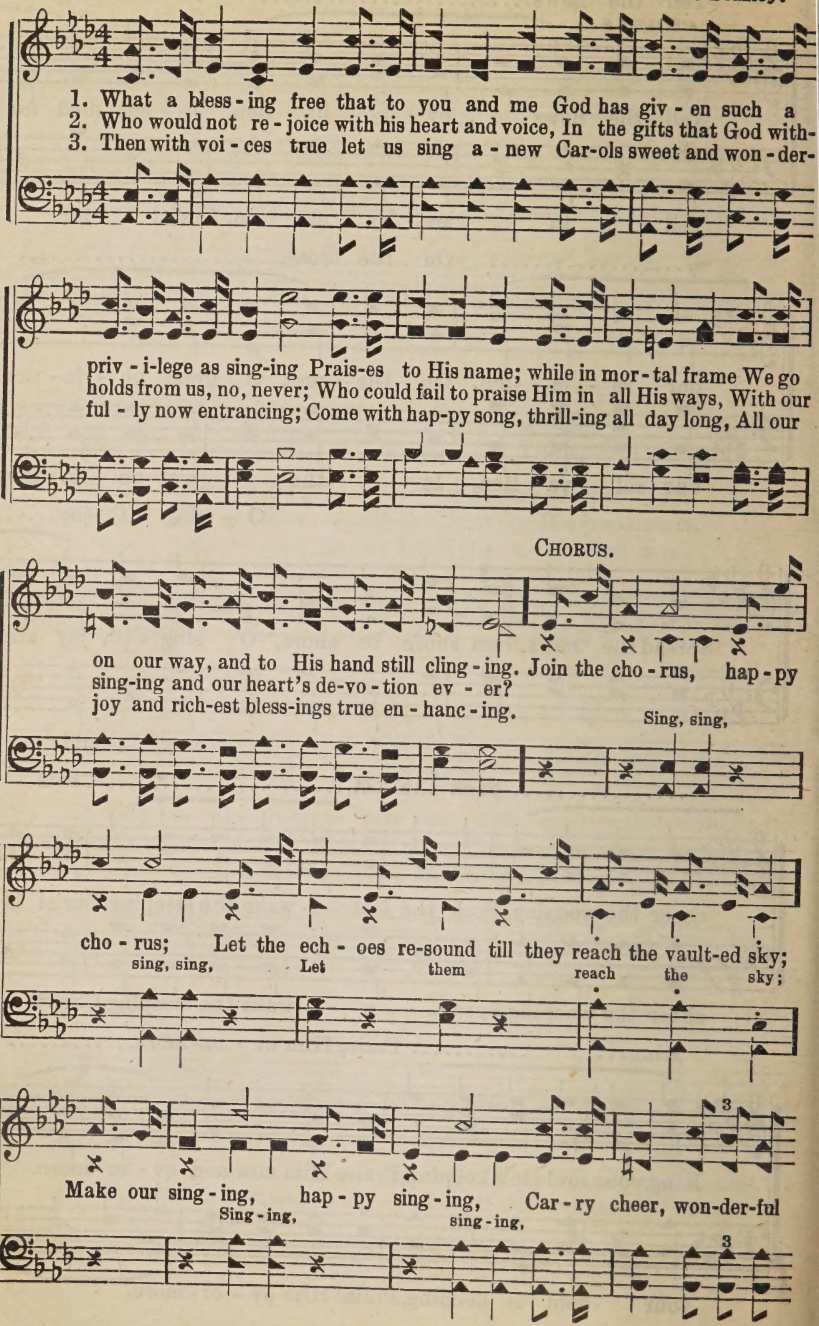
Christ Is King. Concluded.

Tell the news..... Je - sus died....
CHORUS.
Tell the news to ev - 'ry na - tion, Je - sus died for
Tell to ev - 'ry na - tion, Christ for
..... On the cross.....
our re - la - tion, On the cross, O great ob - la - tion,
our sal - va - tion, Is the great ob - la - tion,
O sing with joy.....
Spread the news from shore to shore, O sing with joy and
Sing, and
..... Seek the lost,..... Chris
cheer the weeping, Seek the lost, a - wake the sleeping, Christ is
cheer the weeping, Speak, a - wake the sleeping, Christ
King..... ..... Praise Him ev - er - more.....
King, your soul He's keeping, Praise Him now and ev - er - more.
your soul is keeping, Praise Him ev - er - more.

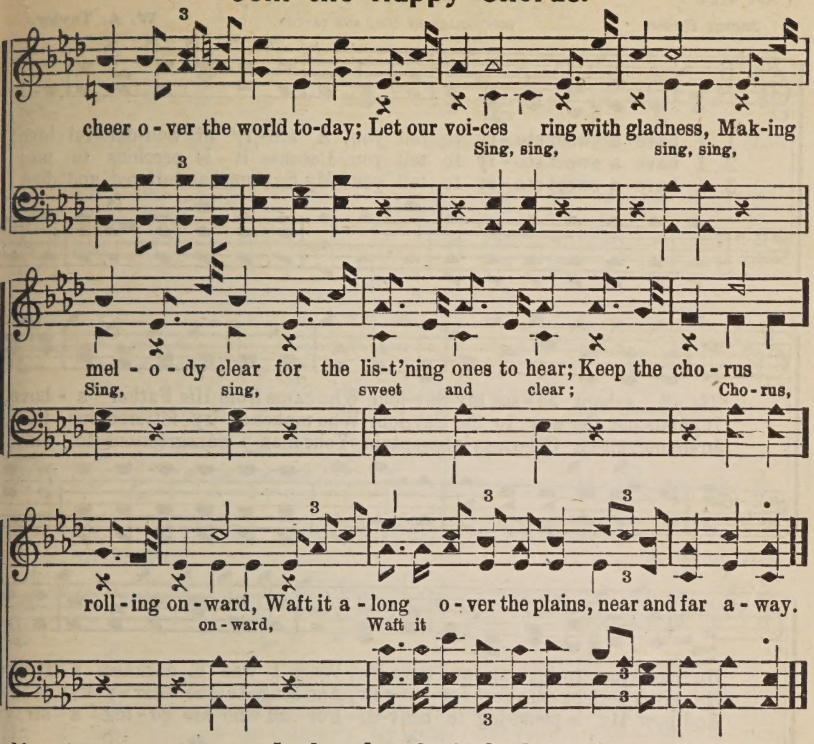
No. 75. Join the Happy Chorus.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THE QUARTET MUSIC CO. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. What a bless-ing free that to you and me God has giv-en such a
2. Who would not re-joice with his heart and voice, In the gifts that God with-
3. Then with voi-ces true let us sing a-new Car-ols sweet and won-der-
priv-i-lege as sing-ing Prais-es to His name; while in mor-tal frame We go
holds from us, no, never; Who could fail to praise Him in all His ways, With our
ful-ly now entrancing; Come with hap-py song, thrill-ing all day long, All our
CHORUS.
on our way, and to His hand still cling-ing. Join the cho-rus, hap-py
sing-ing and our heart's de-vo-tion ev-er?
joy and rich-est bless-ings true en-hanc-ing.
Sing, sing,
cho-rus; Let the ech-oes re-sound till they reach the vault-ed sky;
sing, sing, Let them reach the sky;
Make our sing-ing, hap-py sing-ing, Car-ry cheer, won-der-ful
Sing-ing, sing-ing,

Join the Happy Chorus.


cheer o - ver the world to-day; Let our voi-ces ring with gladness, Mak-ing
Sing, sing, sing, sing,
mel - o - dy clear for the lis-t'ning ones to hear; Keep the cho - rus
Sing, sing, sweet and clear; Cho - rus,
roll - ing on - ward, Waft it a - long o - ver the plains, near and far a - way.
on - ward, Waft it

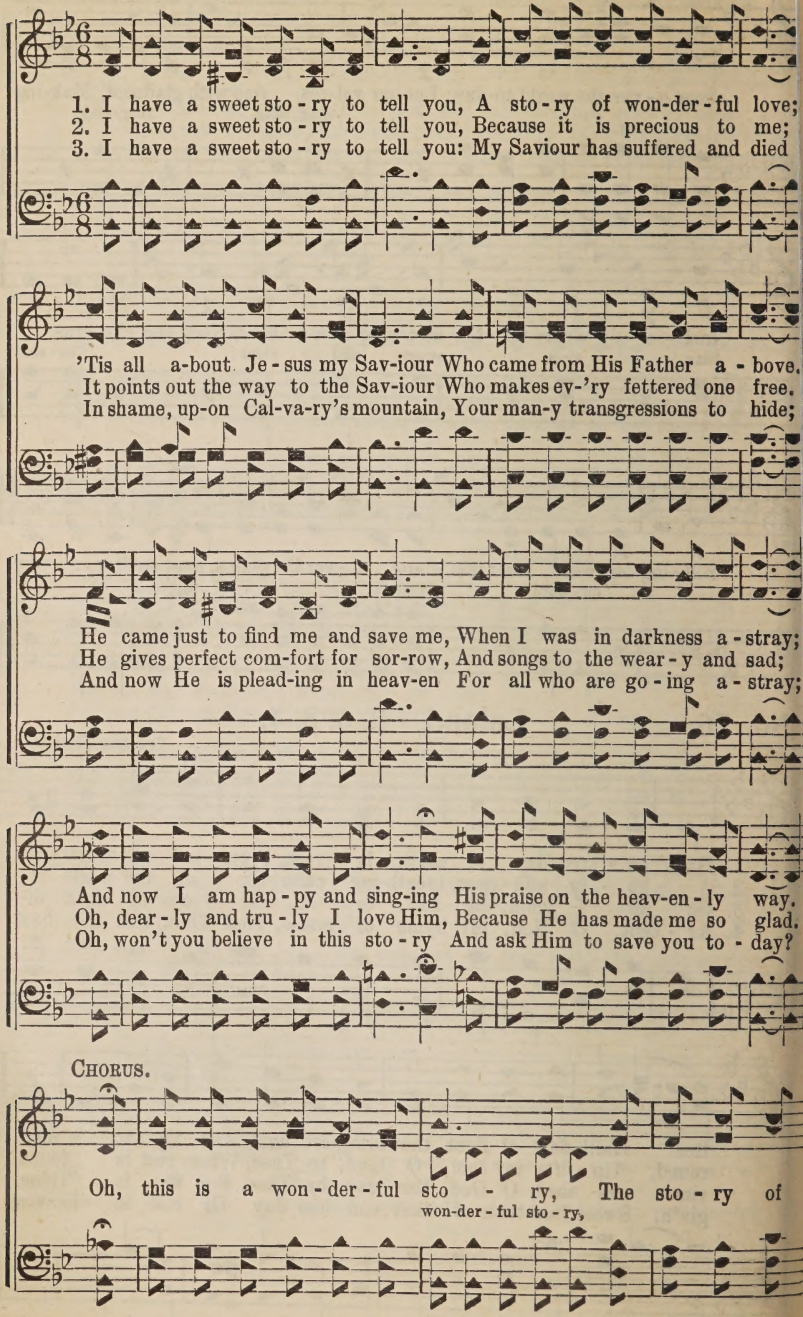
No. 76. Leland. 8. 6. 8. 4.

Francis Foster.

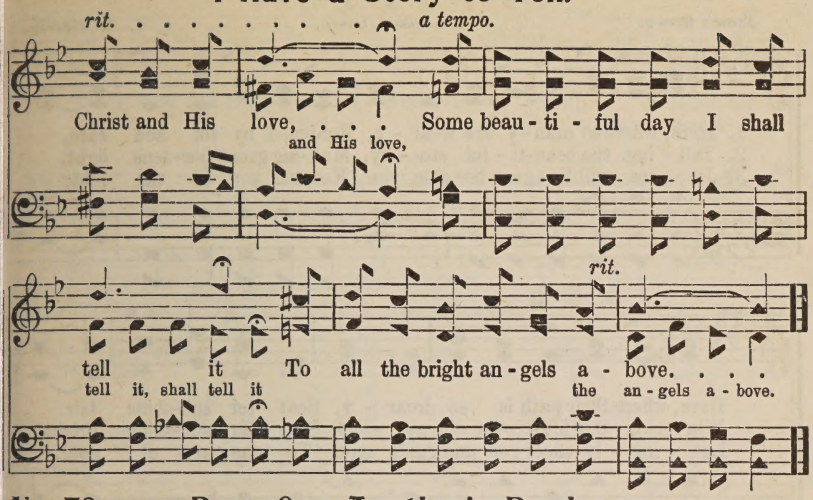
1. Hail! sa - cred day of earth - ly rest, From toil and troub - le
2. A ho - ly still - ness, breath-ing calm On all the world a-
3. On all I think, or say, or do, A ray of light di-
4. Ac - cept, O God, my hymn of praise, That Thou, this day, hast
free: Hail! day of light, that bring-est light And joy to me.
round, Up - lifts my soul, O God, to Thee, Where rest is found.
vine Is shed, O God, this day by Thee, For is Thine.
giv'n, Sweet fore-taste of that end - less day Of rest in heaven.

No. 77. I Have a Story to Tell.

James Rowe. CONTROLLED BY COBB AND TAYLOR. W. A. Taylor.

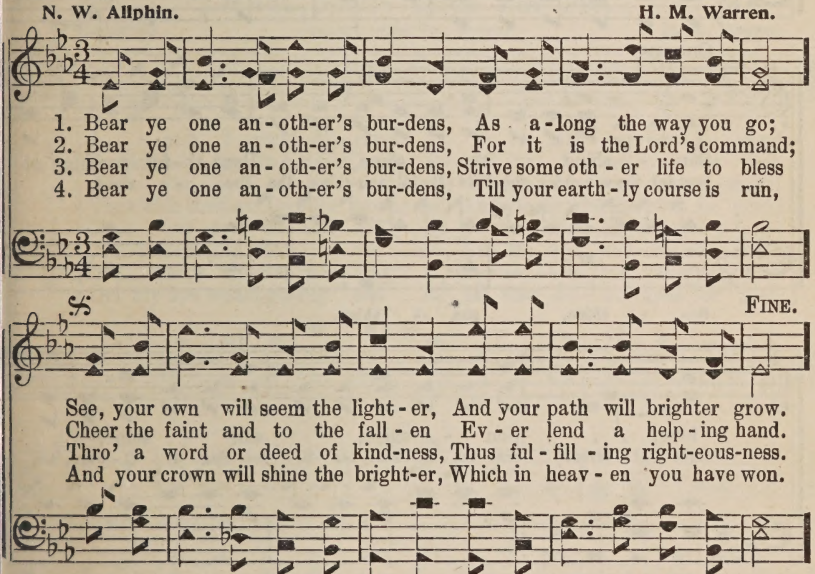

1. I have a sweet sto - ry to tell you, A sto - ry of won-der - ful love;
2. I have a sweet sto - ry to tell you, Because it is precious to me;
3. I have a sweet sto - ry to tell you: My Saviour has suffered and died
'Tis all a-bout Je - sus my Sav-iour Who came from His Father a - bove.
It points out the way to the Sav-iour Who makes ev-'ry fettered one free.
In shame, up-on Cal-va-ry's mountain, Your man-y transgressions to hide;
He came just to find me and save me, When I was in darkness a - stray;
He gives perfect com-fort for sor-row, And songs to the wear - y and sad;
And now He is plead-ing in heav-en For all who are go - ing a - stray;
And now I am hap - py and sing-ing His praise on the heav-en - ly way.
Oh, dear - ly and tru - ly I love Him, Because He has made me so glad.
Oh, won't you believe in this sto - ry And ask Him to save you to - day?
CHORUS.
Oh, this is a won - der - ful sto - ry, The sto - ry of
won-der - ful sto - ry,

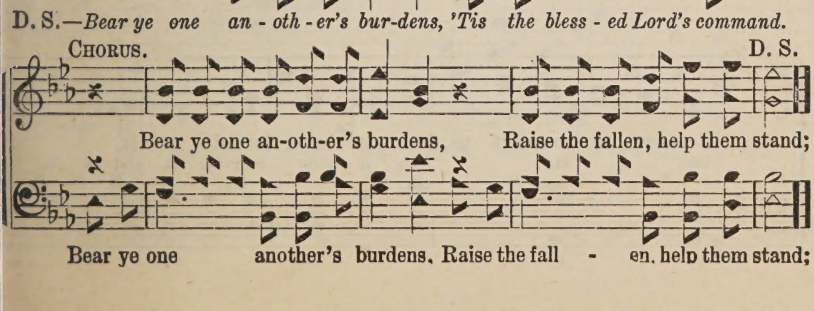
I Have a Story to Tell.


rit.
a tempo.
Christ and His love, . . . Some beau - ti - ful day I shall
and His love,
rit.
tell it To all the bright an - gels a - bove. . . .
tell it, shall tell it
the an - gels a - bove.

No. 78. Bear One Another's Burdens.

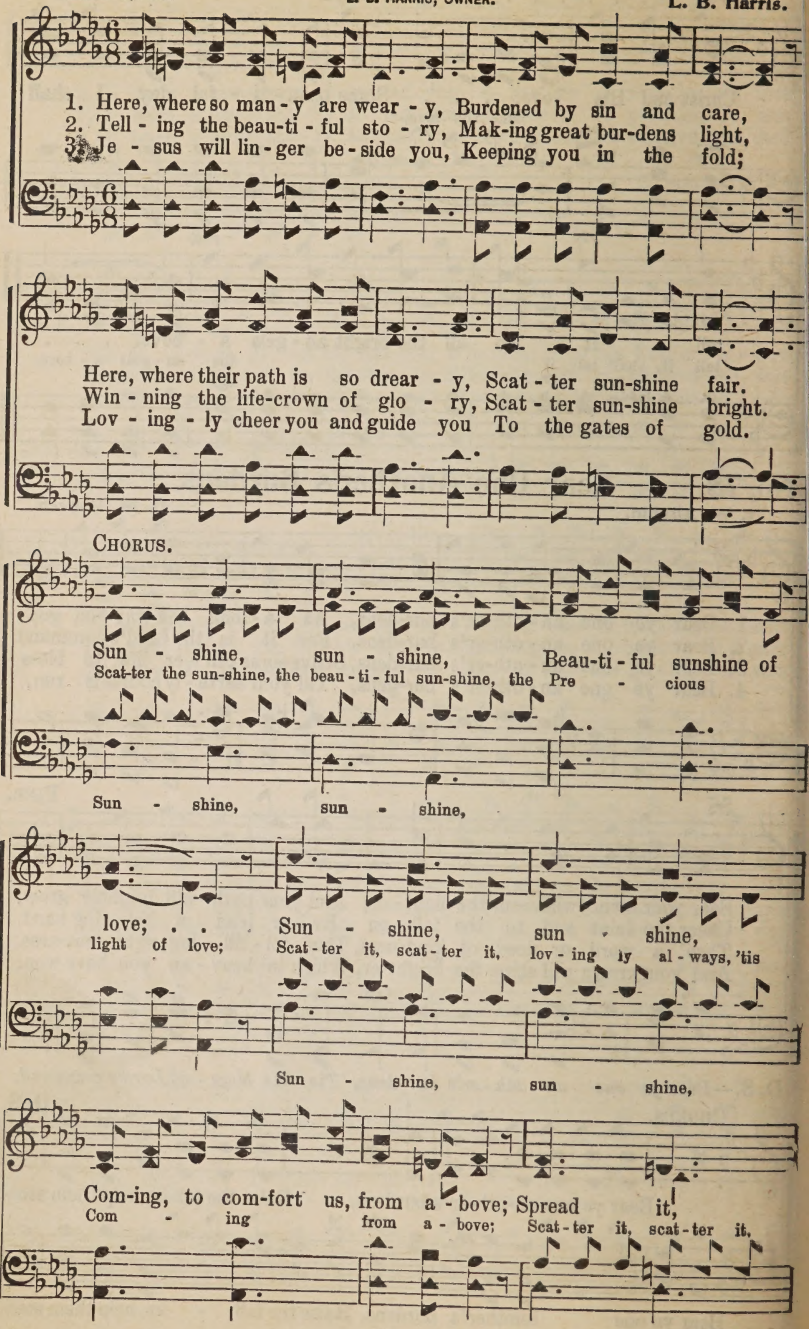
N. W. Allphin. H. M. Warren.


1. Bear ye one an - oth-er's bur-dens, As a-long the way you go;
2. Bear ye one an - oth-er's bur-dens, For it is the Lord's command;
3. Bear ye one an - oth-er's bur-dens, Strive some oth - er life to bless
4. Bear ye one an - oth-er's bur-dens, Till your earth - ly course is run,
FINE.
See, your own will seem the light - er, And your path will brighter grow.
Cheer the faint and to the fall - en Ev - er lend a help - ing hand.
Thro' a word or deed of kind-ness, Thus ful - fill - ing right-eous-ness.
And your crown will shine the bright-er, Which in heav - en you have won.
D. S.—Bear ye one an - oth - er's bur-dens, 'Tis the bless - ed Lord's command.


CHORUS.
D. S.
Bear ye one an-oth-er's burdens, Raise the fallen, help them stand;
Bear ye one another's burdens, Raise the fall - en, help them stand;

No. 79. Sunshine of Love.

James Rowe. L. B. HARRIS, OWNER. L. B. Harris.


1. Here, where so man - y are wear - y, Burdened by sin and care,
2. Tell - ing the beau-ti - ful sto - ry, Mak-ing great bur-dens light,
3. Je - sus will lin - ger be - side you, Keeping you in the fold;
Here, where their path is so drear - y, Scat - ter sun-shine fair.
Win - ning the life-crown of glo - ry, Scat - ter sun-shine bright.
Lov - ing - ly cheer you and guide you To the gates of gold.
CHORUS.
Sun - shine, sun - shine, Beau-ti - ful sunshine of
Scat-ter the sun-shine, the beau - ti - ful sun-shine, the Pre - cious
Sun - shine, sun - shine,
love; . . Sun - shine, sun - shine,
light of love; Scat - ter it, scat - ter it, lov - ing ly al - ways, 'tis
Sun - shine, sun - shine,
Com-ing, to com-fort us, from a - bove; Spread it,
Com - ing from a - bove; Scat - ter it, scat - ter it,

Sunshine of Love.

all the day long, Prais-ing the heav-en-ly Dove; . . Scat-ter the
Praise the Ho-ly Dove; Spread
glo-ri-ous sun - shine, Sun - shine of love . .
the glo-ri-ous sun-shine, Sun-shine of love, sun-shine of love.

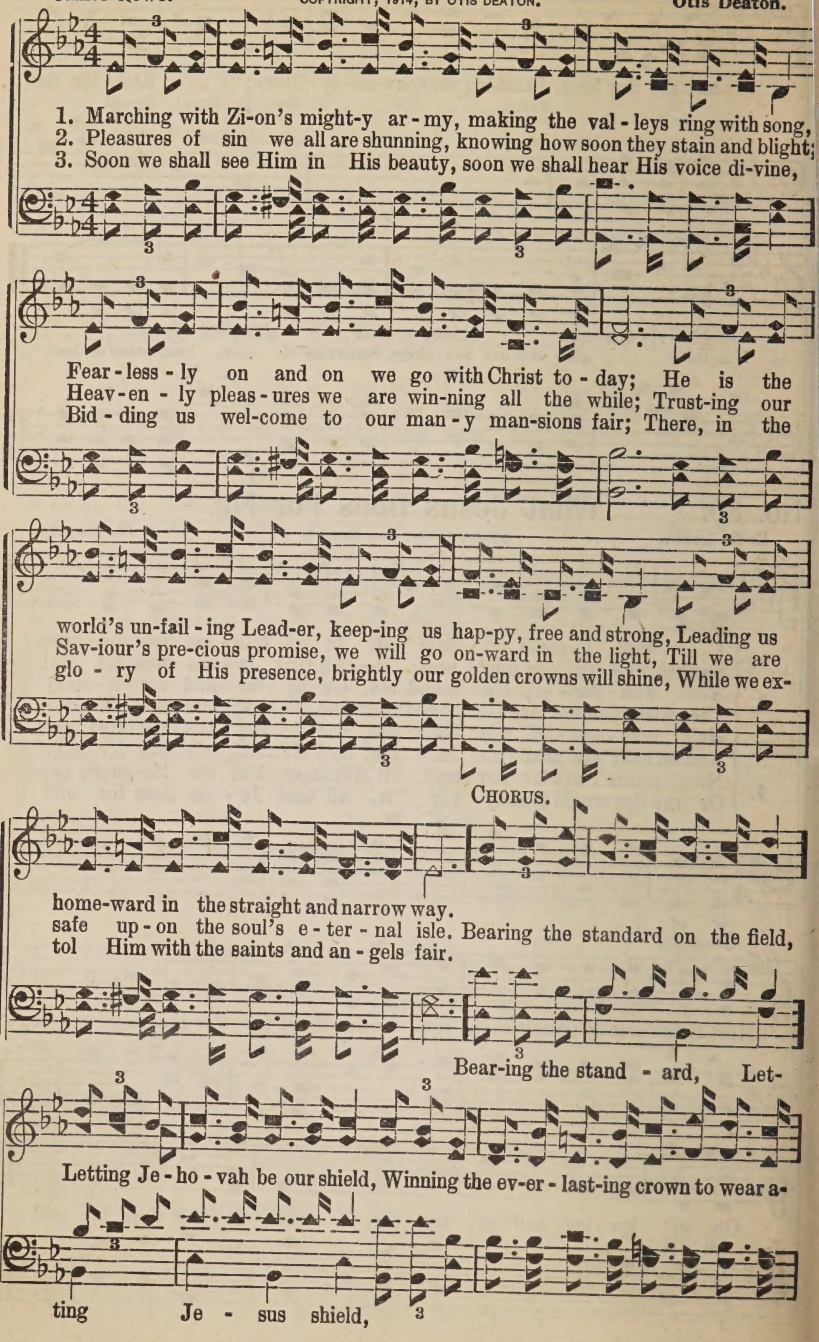
No. 80. What Jesus Does For Me.

E. R. Latta. QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS. J. M. Hagan.

1. I wish I could de-clare it, In its fath-om-less de-gree;
So that ev-'ry one might hear it— All that Je-sus does for me!
2. A wan-der-er, He found me, Go-ing far and far a-stray!
Then with chains of love He bound me, And He taught me how to pray!
3. He's com-fort-ed and led me, Since I did His dear cross take;
And on heav'nly man-na fed me, And He will not me for-sake!
4. No words can e'er por-tray it, What-so-e'er the lan-guage be;
Or my lips would glad-ly say it, All that Je-sus does for me!
CHORUS.
More than earth-ly friends could ren - der What-so-e'er the serv-ice be;
Oh, so lov-ing, and so ten-der, Is what Je-sus does for me!

No. 81. Bearing the Standard.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY OTIS DEATON. Otis Deaton.


1. Marching with Zi-on's might-y ar-my, making the val-leys ring with song,
2. Pleasures of sin we all are shunning, knowing how soon they stain and blight;
3. Soon we shall see Him in His beauty, soon we shall hear His voice di-vine,
Fear-less-ly on and on we go with Christ to-day; He is the
Heav-en-ly pleas-ures we are win-ning all the while; Trust-ing our
Bid-ding us wel-come to our man-y man-sions fair; There, in the
world's un-fail-ing Lead-er, keep-ing us hap-py, free and strong, Leading us
Sav-iour's pre-cious promise, we will go on-ward in the light, Till we are
glo-ry of His presence, brightly our golden crowns will shine, While we ex-
CHORUS.
home-ward in the straight and narrow way.
safe up-on the soul's e-ter-nal isle. Bearing the standard on the field,
tol Him with the saints and an-gels fair.
Bear-ing the stand-ard, Let-
Letting Je-ho-vah be our shield, Winning the ev-er-last-ing crown to wear a-
ting Je-sus shield,

Bearing the Standard.

bove; Up the steeps of light we go, Let-ting our
to wear a-bove; steeps we go,
hap-py car-ols flow, All praising our Redeemer's mighty love. (might-y love.)

No. 82. When We All Get Home.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO., OWNERS. **W. Grady Stewart.**

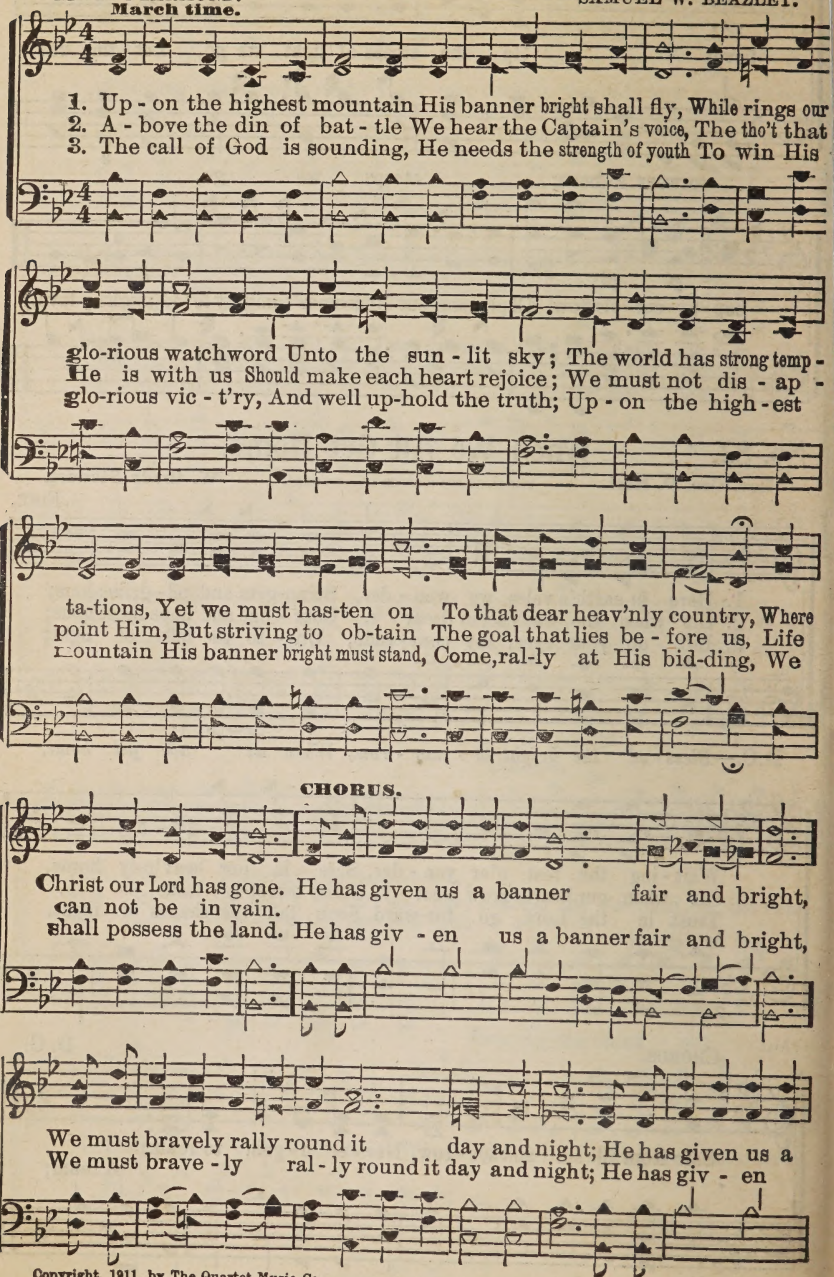
FINE.
1. Here in earth's vales we wan-der, Stran-gers and pil-grims lone;
2. Oft when the ways seem drear-y, Cour-age and hope most gone;
3. Lift up your eyes, my com-rade, Un-to the hills of light;
D.C.—*Bless-ed the bright to-mor-row, When we all get home.*
Wait-ing the rest o'er yon-der, Safe in our heav'n-ly home.
Oft when our hearts grow wear-y, Christ sweet-ly leads us on.
Trust in the Lord, go for-ward, Soon fall the shades of night.
CHORUS. D. C.
Safe from all sin and sor-row, Nev-er a-gain to roam;
to roam;

No. 83. He Has Given Us a Banner.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."—Ps. 60: 4.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

March time.


1. Up - on the highest mountain His banner bright shall fly, While rings our glo-rious watchword Unto the sun - lit sky; The world has strong temp - ta-tions, Yet we must has-ten on To that dear heav'nly country, Where
2. A - bove the din of bat - tle We hear the Captain's voice, The tho't that He is with us Should make each heart rejoice; We must not dis - ap - point Him, But striving to ob-tain The goal that lies be - fore us, Life
3. The call of God is sounding, He needs the strength of youth To win His glo-rious vic - t'ry, And well up-hold the truth; Up - on the high - est mountain His banner bright must stand, Come, ral-ly at His bid-ding, We
CHORUS.
Christ our Lord has gone. He has given us a banner fair and bright, can not be in vain.
shall possess the land. He has giv - en us a banner fair and bright,
We must bravely rally round it day and night; He has given us a
We must brave - ly ral - ly round it day and night; He has giv - en

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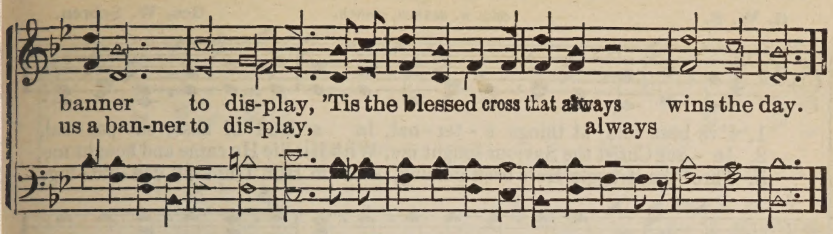
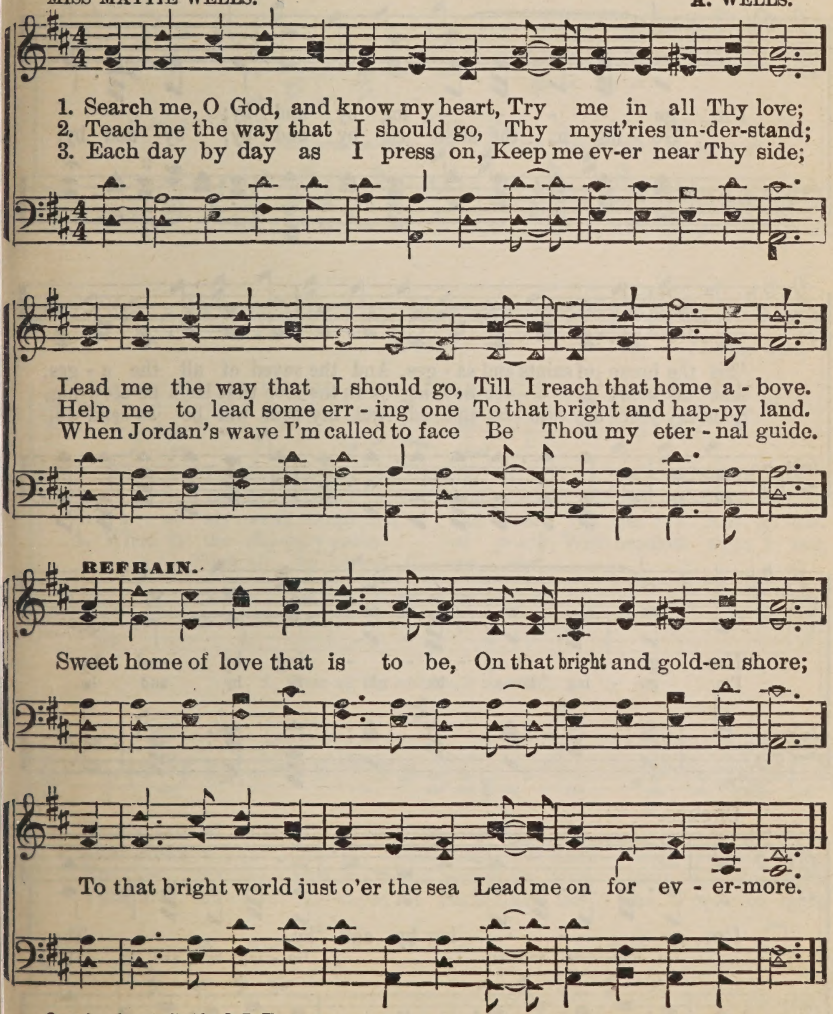
He Has Given Us a Banner. Concluded.



No. 84. Submission.

MISS MATTIE WELLS. A. WELLS.


1. Search me, O God, and know my heart, Try me in all Thy love;
2. Teach me the way that I should go, Thy myst'ries un-der-stand;
3. Each day by day as I press on, Keep me ev-er near Thy side;
Lead me the way that I should go, Till I reach that home a - bove.
Help me to lead some err - ing one To that bright and hap-py land.
When Jordan's wave I'm called to face Be Thou my eter - nal guide.
REFRAIN.
Sweet home of love that is to be, On that bright and gold-en shore;
To that bright world just o'er the sea Lead me on for ev - er-more.

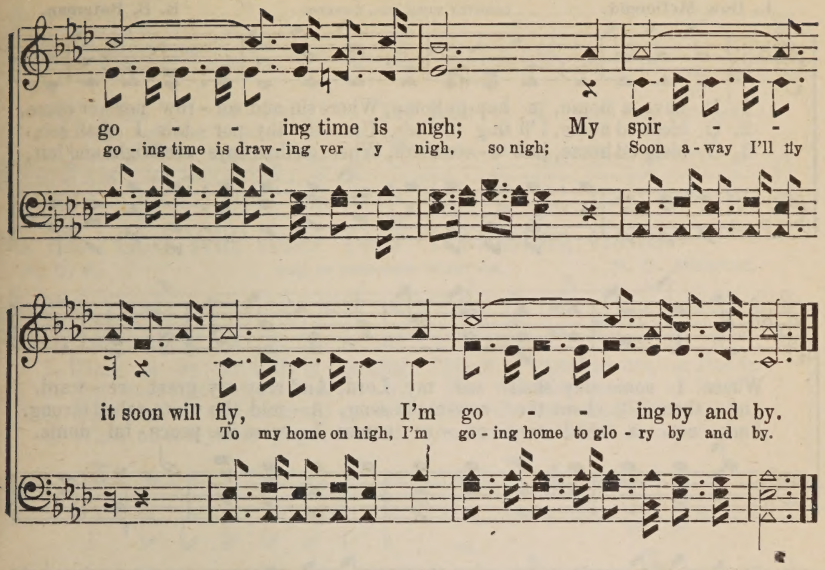
Owned and controlled by J. E. Thomas.

No. 85. I'm Going By and By.

G. W. S. GEO. W. BEBREN, OWNER. Geo. W. Sebren.

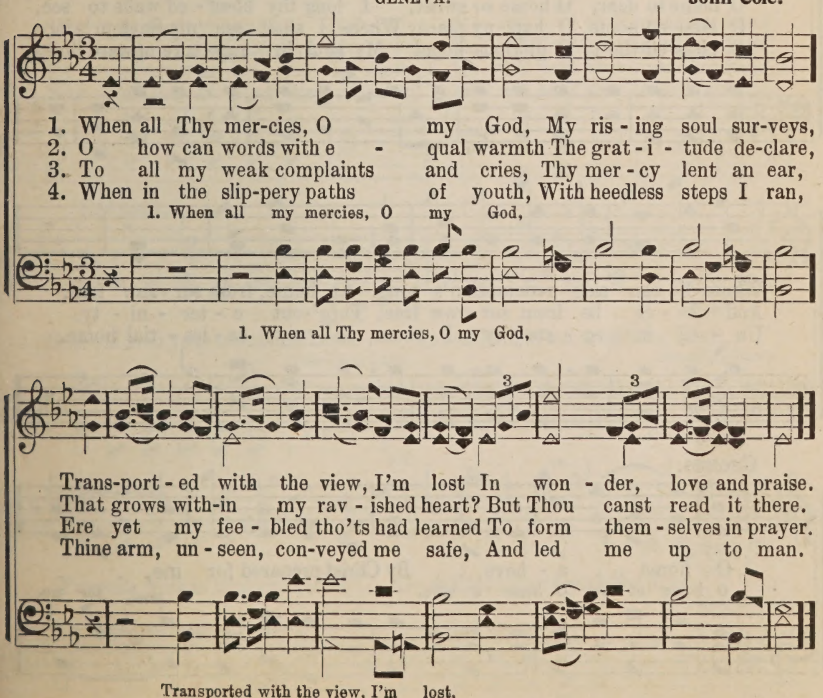
1. I've been told of things e - ter - nal, In a land of bliss, su - per - nal,
2. Je - sus Christ the Saviour sought me, With His life He came and bought me,
3. Thro' the struggle He's been guiding, And in Him I'm still con - fid - ing,
I'm go - - - - - ing by and by;
Go - ing in the bless - ed by and by, by and by;
'Tis the home of saints and sa - ges, And the saved of all the a - ges,
And my heart is o - ver-flow-ing With the love that He's be-stow-ing,
Soon my jour - ney will be end - ed, And my soul will be as-cend-ed,
I'm go - - - - - ing by and by.
I'm go - ing home to glo ry by and by.
CHORUS.
I'm go - - - ing by and by, The
Go - ing by and by, Go - ing by and by, The

I'm Going By and By.


go - - ing time is nigh; My spir - -
go - ing time is draw - ing ver - y nigh, so nigh; Soon a - way I'll fly
it soon will fly, I'm go - - ing by and by.
To my home on high, I'm go - ing home to glo - ry by and by.

No. 86. When All Thy Mercies, O My God.

GENEVA. John Cole.


1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur-veys,
2. O how can words with e - qual warmth The grat - i - tude de-clare,
3. To all my weak complaints and cries, Thy mer - cy lent an ear,
4. When in the slip-pery paths of youth, With heedless steps I ran,
1. When all my mercies, O my God,
1. When all Thy mercies, O my God,
Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.
That grows with-in my rav - ished heart? But Thou canst read it there.
Ere yet my fee - bled tho'ts had learned To form them - selves in prayer.
Thine arm, un - seen, con-veyed me safe, And led me up to man.
Transported with the view, I'm lost,

No. 87. I Have a Home.

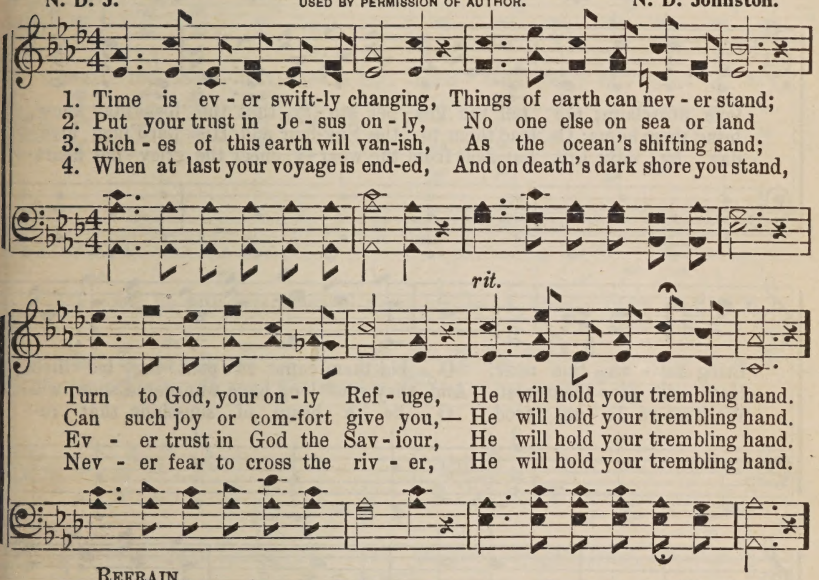
L. Dow McDonald. QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS. B. B. Bateman.

1. I have a home, a hap-py home, Where sin and sor - row nev - er come,
2. O bless-ed home, I'll sing of thee, Un - til thy por - tals I shall see,
3. O bless-ed home, just o - ver there, Where endless days are bright and fair,
Where I some day shall see my Lord, And reap my great re - ward.
And then I'll chant the new-made song, A - mid the white-robed throng.
And not a shad - ow ev - er comes A - cross its peace - ful dome.
O home so dear, O home so sweet, I long thy bless - ed walls to see,
O bless-ed home, O hap - py place, Where I shall see my Saviour's face,
O bless-ed tho't, O glorious hope! My soul in rap - ture upward floats,
Where I can sing redemption's song, At home, from sor - row free.
And ev - er be from sor - row free, Thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.
Un - til in ec - sta - sy I roam, In my ce - les - tial home.
CHORUS.
O home . . a - bove, . . . By Christ prepared for me, . .
O home of love, O home a - bove, for me,

I Have a Home.

No. 88. God Will Hold Your Trembling Hand.

N. D. J. USED BY PERMISSION OF AUTHOR. N. D. Johnston.


1. Time is ev - er swift-ly changing, Things of earth can nev - er stand;
2. Put your trust in Je - sus on - ly, No one else on sea or land
3. Rich - es of this earth will van-ish, As the ocean's shifting sand;
4. When at last your voyage is end-ed, And on death's dark shore you stand,
rit.
Turn to God, your on - ly Ref - uge, He will hold your trembling hand.
Can such joy or com-fort give you,— He will hold your trembling hand.
Ev - er trust in God the Sav - iour, He will hold your trembling hand.
Nev - er fear to cross the riv - er, He will hold your trembling hand.

REFRAIN.

God will hold your trembling hand, God will hold your trembling hand;
trembling hand, trembling hand;
rit.
Put your trust in Him completely, He will hold your trembling hand.
trembling hand.

No. 89. Bear the Message.

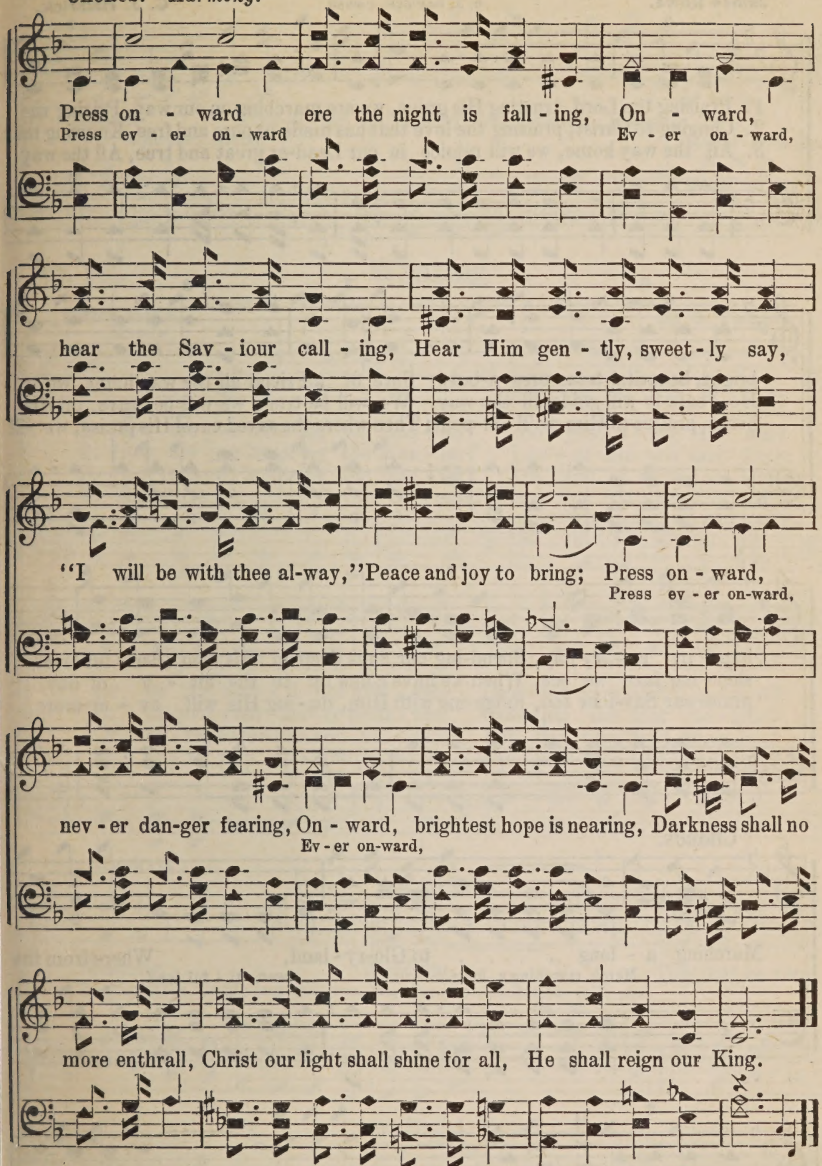
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Samuel W. Beazley.

Unison.

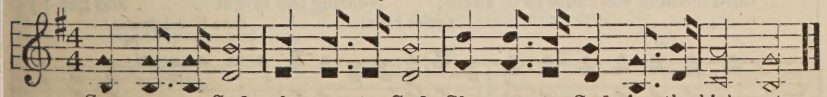
1. Go tell to souls be-night-ed, of the Lord who came, Speak His name-
2. In lands be-yond the roll-ing of the o-cean foam, Wand'rers roam-
3. Go bear the joy-ful mes-sage ev-'ry-where you may, Work and pray-
love pro-claim; Go tell the gos-pel sto-ry, that the lost may know,
bring them home; O lead them to the Sav-iour and His pard'ning love—
day by day; Lift bur-dens from the wear-y, cheer the griev-ing heart—
Bring sal-va-tion near. O bid them come re-pent-ing, bid them
He will give them rest. And they who long have wan-dered soon will
Walk where Je-sus trod. O be a beam of sun-shine that re-
come to-day, Help them say, "I o-bey." Bear the bless-ed
learn to see How to be tru-ly free, Liv-ing for the
flects His light, Pure and bright, in the night, Help-ing man-y
Rit. ad lib.
mes-sage, has-ten now to go, Go with love sin-cere.
king-dom of the land a-bove, Safe and glad and blest.
sin-ners choose the "bet-ter part" In the love of God.

Bear the Message.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*


Press on - ward ere the night is fall - ing, On - ward,
Press ev - er on - ward
Ev - er on - ward,
hear the Sav - iour call - ing, Hear Him gen - tly, sweet - ly say,
"I will be with thee al-way," Peace and joy to bring; Press on - ward,
Press ev - er on-ward,
nev - er dan-ger fearing, On - ward, brightest hope is nearing, Darkness shall no
Ev - er on-ward,
more enthrall, Christ our light shall shine for all, He shall reign our King.

No. 90. "Glory to God."



No. 91. Nearing Our Heavenly Home.

James Rowe. C. J. HAMRICK, OWNER. C. J. Hamrick.

1. Praising the Lord, trusting His grace, we are marching on our way, Prizing the
2. Clinging to Christ, praising the love that has made us pure and free, Knowing that
3. All the way home, we will rejoice in our Lead-er great and true, All the way
bright, beautiful treas-ures a-bove; Sure of a Friend all the way home, we are
He safe-ly will guide all the way, We will be true, we will be brave, till His
home, praises to Him we'll out-pour; Then where the saved carol His praise, we will
hap - py ev - 'ry day, Spend-ing our days deep in His won - der - ful love.
shin - ing face we see, When we have come up to the cit - y of day.
praise our Sav-iour too, Reign-ing with Him, do - ing His will ev - er-more.
CHORUS.
Marching a - long . . . . to Glo-ry - land, Where from the
March, marching a - long, beau - ti - ful land,
Lord nothing will cause us to roam; Nearing the bright . . . and hap-py
nev-er roam; beau-ti - ful strand,

Nearing Our Heavenly Home.

No. 92. Wanting.

OWNED AND CONTROLLED BY ALVIS O. THOMAS, FT. WORTH, TEXAS.

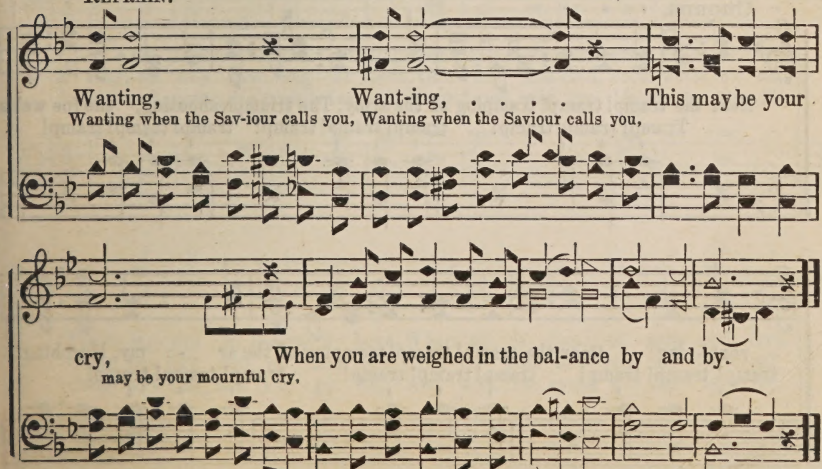
James Rowe. A. O. Thomas.

Slowly.

1. How are you treat-ing the Mas-ter? Do you o-bey His will?
2. How are you treat-ing the Mas-ter? Lov-al are you and kind?
3. How are you treat-ing the Mas-ter? Are you at work for Him?
4. What have you done with your tal-ents? Used for His glory are they?

Or is His beau-ti-ful pres-ence Ceas-ing your soul to thrill?
Or in your rush aft-er pleas-ure, Leav-ing the fold be-hind?
Or be-ing care-less and luke-warm, Let-ting your light grow dim?
Or un-der prof-it-less pleas-ures, Have they been laid a-way?

REFRAIN.


Wanting, Want-ing, ... This may be your
Wanting when the Sav-iour calls you, Wanting when the Saviour calls you,
cry, When you are weighed in the bal-ance by and by.
may be your mournful cry,

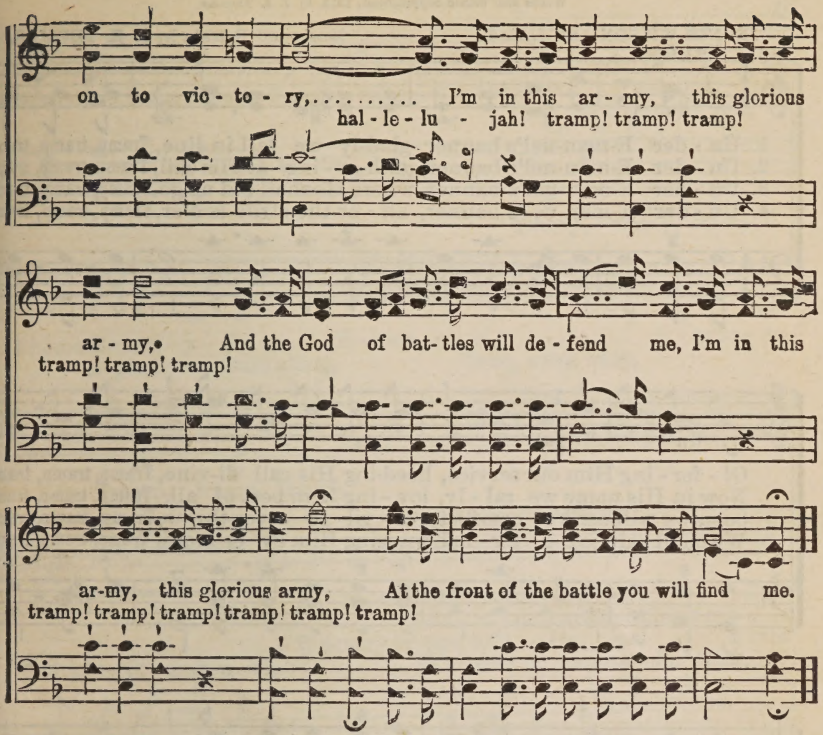
No. 93. At the Battle's Front.

Copyright, 1906, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J.
Used by permission.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

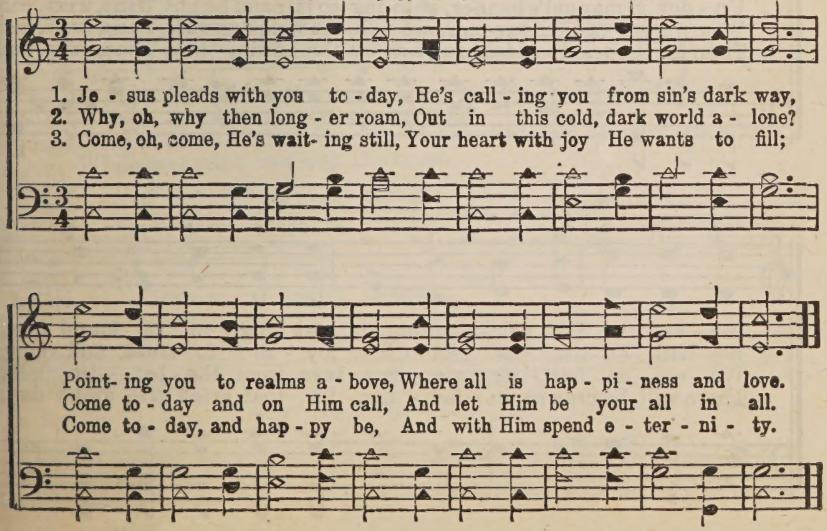
1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar- my of the Lord, Tho' the
2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness un-furl'd, Full sal-
3. Is your name, friend, en-roll'd with the loy - al ones and true? Will you
fight may be long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the ar - mor of God
va - tion proclaim to a sin - ful, dy-ing world; Tho' the darts thick and fast
dare now to stand with the Saviour's faithful few? Will you join with me now
and the Spirit's trust-y sword At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
from the en - e - my be hurl'd, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
and the cov - e-nant re-new, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
CHORUS.
Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the army, The triumph shouting, the foe we're
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!
rout - ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, Marching
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

At the Battle's Front. Concluded.


on to vic - to - ry,..... I'm in this ar - my, this glorious
hal - le - lu - jah! tramp! tramp! tramp!
ar - my,• And the God of bat- tles will de - fend me, I'm in this
tramp! tramp! tramp!
ar-my, this glorious army, At the front of the battle you will find me.
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

No. 94. He's Calling You.

R. C. S. R. C. Stampley, owner. R. COVINGTON STAMPLEY.


1. Je - sus pleads with you to - day, He's call - ing you from sin's dark way,
2. Why, oh, why then long - er roam, Out in this cold, dark world a - lone?
3. Come, oh, come, He's wait- ing still, Your heart with joy He wants to fill;
Point- ing you to realms a - bove, Where all is hap - pi - ness and love.
Come to - day and on Him call, And let Him be your all in all.
Come to - day, and hap - py be, And with Him spend e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 95. Under Emanuel's Banner.

Words and music copyrighted, 1912, by J. E. Thomas.

JENNIE WILSON AND J. E. T. Music and Refrain by J. E. THOMAS.

Not fast.

1. Un - der E-man-uel's banner glad-ly we fall in line, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
2. Un - der E-man-uel's banner, gath-er-ing at His call, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
3. Un - der E-man-uel's banner, where He shall bid us go, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
4. Un - der E-man-uel's banner, aft - er the strife is o'er, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Of - fer - ing Him our service, heed-ing His call di-vine, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Now in His name we ral - ly, lov - ing Him best of all, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Soon we will march to con-flict, e - vil to o-ver-throw, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
We shall gain joy e - ter - nal, praising Him ev - er-more, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Read-y to hear His or-ders, we will His bid-ding do, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Un - der E-manuel's banner, shin-ing so fair and bright, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Wearing sal-va-tion's ar-mor, we will our weapons wield, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Then for the tried and faithful, those who the Lord o - bey, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Ev - er to His com-mand-ments, seek - ing to be found true,
We will en - list as sol - diers, loy - al to truth and right,
Till we as hap - py vic - tors, turn from the bat - tle field,
There will be crowns un - fad - ing, in that great tri - umph day,

Under Emanuel's Banner. Concluded.

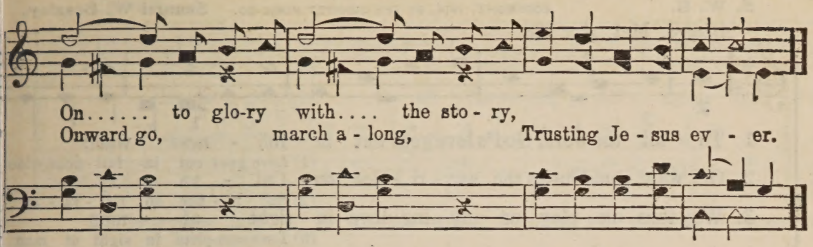
REFRAIN.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. Under the ban - ner of
Under the ban - ner,
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Prince E-man - u - el, E - man - u - el,..... E - man - u -
so gladly we march along,
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
el,..... Ba - ra - ca's are march - ing on, Phi-
Ba - ra - ca's are marching on,.....
We-nev - er can suf - fer loss While
foll'wing E - man-u - el,
We nev - er can suf - fer loss, ...
Tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
lathea's are with the throng, Forward, and conquer ev - 'ry
Phi-la-thea's are with the throng,
marching beneath His cross, Forward, and conquer ev - 'ry
While marching be-neath His cross,
tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp,
foe; Win the vic - to - ry (the vic - to - ry.)

No. 96. Onward With the King.

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1913, by R. M. Morgan. R. M. MORGAN.

1. Oh, the light of love is glow-ing, And our souls with praise o'er-flow-ing,
2. We are sure that Je-sus needs us, That in heav-en's path He leads us;
3. Sure of His un-fail-ing fa-vor, We will fight and nev-er wav-er,
4. We will do His bid-ding sweet-ly, And will trust His love com-plete-ly,
As we march a-long to glo-ry, Mak-ing known the liv-ing sto-ry.
In the fight He'll not for-sake us, But tri-umph-ant He will make us.
Till we reach the gates su-per-nal, And be-hold the land e-ter-nal.
Till the end of life's long sto-ry, Till we wear our crowns of glo-ry.
CHORUS.
On - ward ev-er, doubt - ing nev-er,
Onward go, ev-er on, Mak-ing known the sto-ry,
Ban - ners wav-ing, sin - ners sav-ing,
Banners wave in the sky, Je-sus leads to glo-ry;
He de-fends us, Cour - age lends us,
He de-fends, Courage lends, Harm can reach us nev-er;

Onward With the King. Concluded.



No. 97. On the Shining Way.

L. A. G. Quartet Music Co., owners. L. A. GORDON.

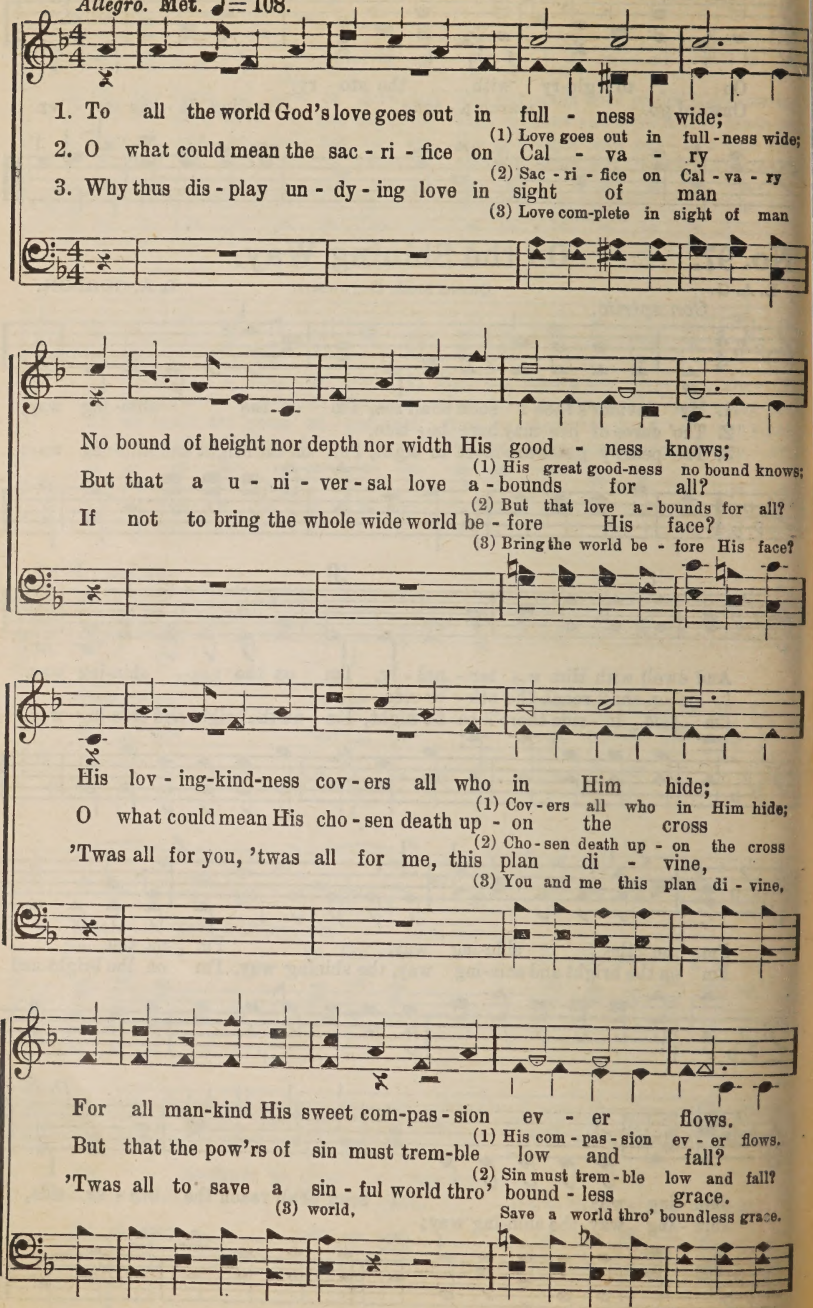
Con spirito.

1. My Saviour's face I soon shall see, I'm on the shin- ing way;
2. Tho' cares of life may here be - tide,
3. The pearl-y gates are most in sight, I'm on the bright and shin- ing way;
f.
FINE.
And dwell with Him e - ter - nal - ly, I'm on the shin-ing way.
I soon shall reach the oth - er side,
I'm told in - side there'll be no night, I'm on the bright and shin-ing way.
I'm on the shin-ing way, I'm on the
I'm on the bright and shin-ing way, the shining way, I'm on the bright and
D. S.
shin - ing way; I soon shall reach the oth - er side,
shin - ing way, the shin-ing way;

No. 98. God's Love Goes Out to All.

S. W. B. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THE QUARTET MUSIC CO. Samuel W. Beazley.

Allegro. Met. ♩= 108.


1. To all the world God's love goes out in full - ness wide;
(1) Love goes out in full - ness wide;
2. O what could mean the sac - ri - fice on Cal - va - ry
(2) Sac - ri - fice on Cal - va - ry
3. Why thus dis - play un - dy - ing love in sight of man
(3) Love com-plete in sight of man
No bound of height nor depth nor width His good - ness knows;
(1) His great good-ness no bound knows;
But that a u - ni - ver - sal love a - bounds for all?
(2) But that love a - bounds for all?
If not to bring the whole wide world be - fore His face?
(3) Bring the world be - fore His face?
His lov - ing-kind-ness cov - ers all who in Him hide;
(1) Cov - ers all who in Him hide;
O what could mean His cho - sen death up - on the cross
(2) Cho - sen death up - on the cross
'Twas all for you, 'twas all for me, this plan di - vine,
(3) You and me this plan di - vine,
For all man-kind His sweet com-pas - sion ev - er flows.
(1) His com - pas - sion ev - er flows.
But that the pow'rs of sin must trem-ble low and fall?
(2) Sin must trem - ble low and fall?
'Twas all to save a sin - ful world thro' bound - less grace.
(3) world, Save a world thro' boundless grace.

God's Love Goes Out to All.

Chorus.
His love goes out to all the world, All may find sweet
His love goes out to all the world, And all who will may find a shelter
rest for the soul; The wideness of His love em-bra-ces Peo-ple in all
for the soul;
"Who - so - ev-er" means the whole wide world.
lands and pla-ces: "Whosoever" means, means the world, the whole, wide world.

No. 99. Lakeside. 7s.

Francis Foster.

1. To Thy tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor-ship there;
2. While the prayers of saints as - cend, God of love, to mine at-tend;
3. While I heark-en to Thy law, Fill my soul with hum - ble awe,
4. While Thy min - is - ters pro-claim Peace and par-don in Thy name,
5. From Thy house when I re - turn, May my heart with - in me burn;
While Thy glo-rious praise is sung, Touch my lips, un - loose my tongue.
Hear me, for Thy Spir - it pleads; Hear, for Je - sus in - ter-cedes.
Till Thy gos - pel bring to me Life and im - mor - tal - i - ty.
Thro' their voice, by faith, may I Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
And at eve-ning let me say, "I have walked with God to - day."

No. 100. I Want to Live Close to Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS.

Rev. W. C. Martin. Carroll King.

1. I have a dear Sav - ior whose arm though un-seen, Has failed a soul
2. I dare not go on in my jour-ney a - lone, For per - ils are
3. My joy is with Je - sus to ev - er a - bide; I ask not for
4. He helps me to live a life He can ap-prove; He fills me with
nev - er in life's changing scene; He bids me on Him, in my
there that to me are un-known; When Je - sus is with me His
wealth nor for hon - or be - side, In Him are the needs of my
grace, and the spir - it of love; Each day brings me near - er to
CHORUS.
weak-ness, to lean,— I want to live close to Him.
strength is my own,— I want to live close to Him. I want to live
soul sat - is - fied,— I want to live close to Him.
heav - en a-bove,— I want to live close to Him.
close to Him,.... To ev - er live close to Him;.... By
to Him,
to Him,
night and by day, All a - long the way I want to live close to Him.

No. 101. Somebody Loves You: 'Tis Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY S. W. BEAZLEY. USED BY PER. ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

Laurene Highfield. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Though you are help - less and lone - ly and poor, Some - bod - y
2. Though you are wea - ry and tri - als come fast, Some - bod - y
3. Though you have grieved him and sad - dened his heart, Some - bod - y
4. Though you are friend - less and dark seems the way, Some - bod - y
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; Tho' bit - ter sor - rows you have to en - dure,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; His strength will com-fort you un - to the last,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; You in his ten - der - ness still have a part,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; There is one friend who for - ev - er will stay,
CHORUS.
Some - bod - y loves you: 'tis Je - sus. Some - bod - y loves you where-
ev - er you are, Though from life's battles you've many a scar, Though in strange
by - ways you've wandered a - far, Some - bod - y loves you: 'tis Je - sus.

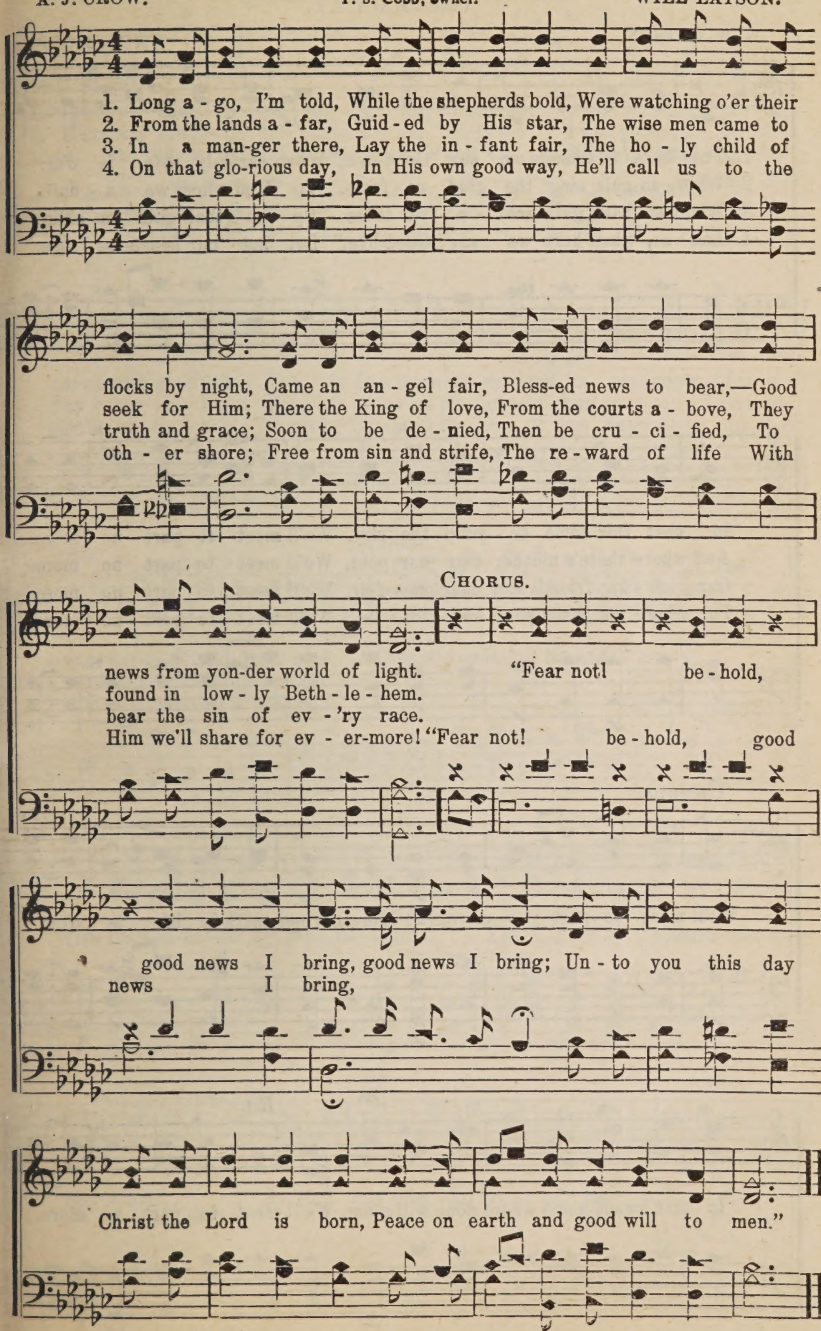
No. 102. Walking With Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. W. A. T., owner. W. A. TAYLOR.

1. Close to the side of my Sav - iour di - vine,
Let - ting Him lead me a - long; Won - der - ful glad - ness and
sun - shine are mine, Al - ways my soul has a song.
2. Life is so pleas - ant when Je - sus is near,
Bright is the light of His smile; Trust - ing com-plete - ly in
Him, I can hear Whis - pers of love all the while.
3. He will up - hold me till heav - en I see,
Keep me His own, by His grace; Then in His pres - ence I
al - ways shall be Bright with the light of His face.
CHORUS.
Walk - ing with Him, Talk - ing with Him, Close to His side,
so sat - is - fied, Walk - ing and talk - ing with Him.

No. 103. Good News.

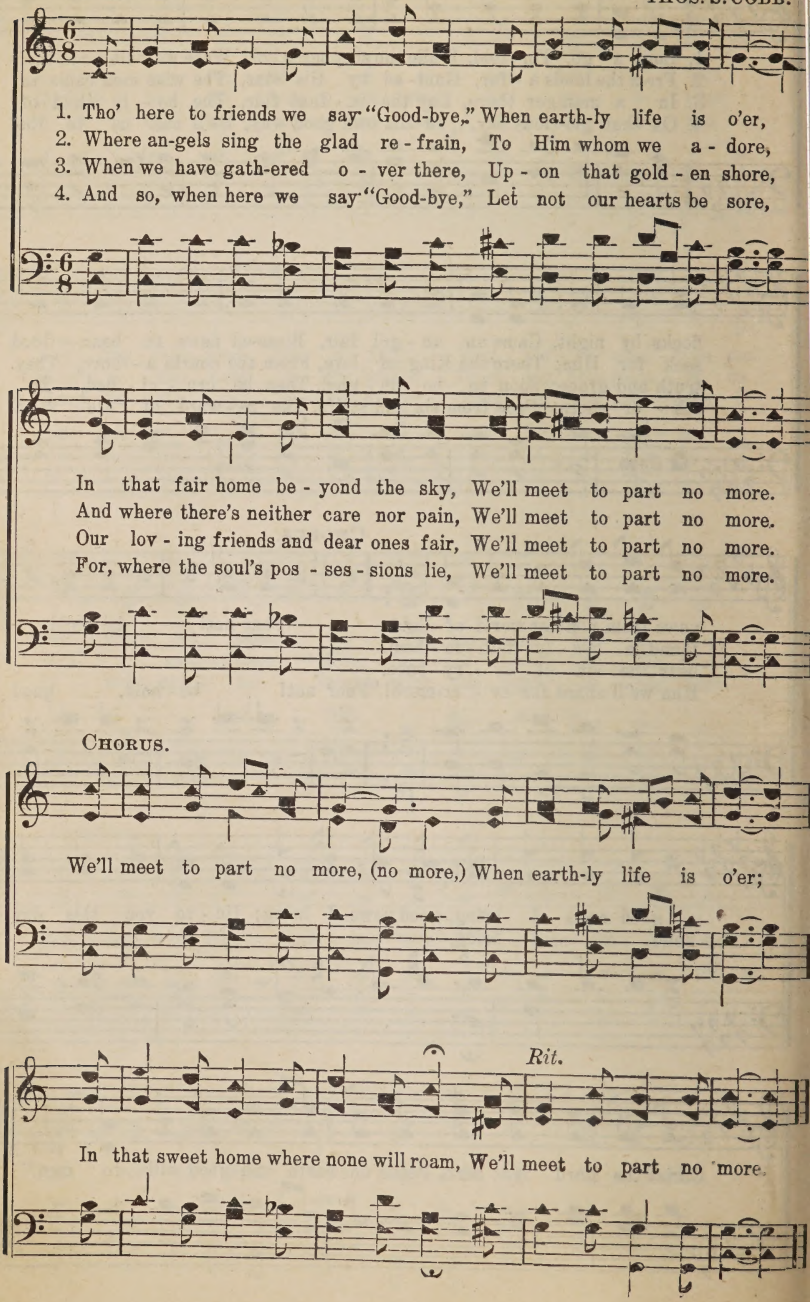
A. J. CROW. T. S. Cobb, owner. WILL LATSON.


1. Long a - go, I'm told, While the shepherds bold, Were watching o'er their
2. From the lands a - far, Guid - ed by His star, The wise men came to
3. In a man-ger there, Lay the in - fant fair, The ho - ly child of
4. On that glo-rious day, In His own good way, He'll call us to the
flocks by night, Came an an - gel fair, Bless-ed news to bear,—Good
seek for Him; There the King of love, From the courts a - bove, They
truth and grace; Soon to be de - nied, Then be cru - ci - fied, To
oth - er shore; Free from sin and strife, The re - ward of life With
CHORUS.
news from yon-der world of light. "Fear not! be - hold,
found in low - ly Beth - le - hem.
bear the sin of ev - 'ry race.
Him we'll share for ev - er-more! "Fear not! be - hold, good
good news I bring, good news I bring; Un - to you this day
news I bring,
Christ the Lord is born, Peace on earth and good will to men."

No. 104. We'll Meet to Part No More.

Controlled by T. S. C.

W. W. LATSON. THOS. S. COBB.


1. Tho' here to friends we say "Good-bye," When earth-ly life is o'er,
2. Where an-gels sing the glad re - frain, To Him whom we a - dore,
3. When we have gath-ered o - ver there, Up - on that gold - en shore,
4. And so, when here we say "Good-bye," Let not our hearts be sore,
In that fair home be - yond the sky, We'll meet to part no more.
And where there's neither care nor pain, We'll meet to part no more.
Our lov - ing friends and dear ones fair, We'll meet to part no more.
For, where the soul's pos - ses - sions lie, We'll meet to part no more.
CHORUS.
We'll meet to part no more, (no more,) When earth-ly life is o'er;
Rit.
In that sweet home where none will roam, We'll meet to part no more.

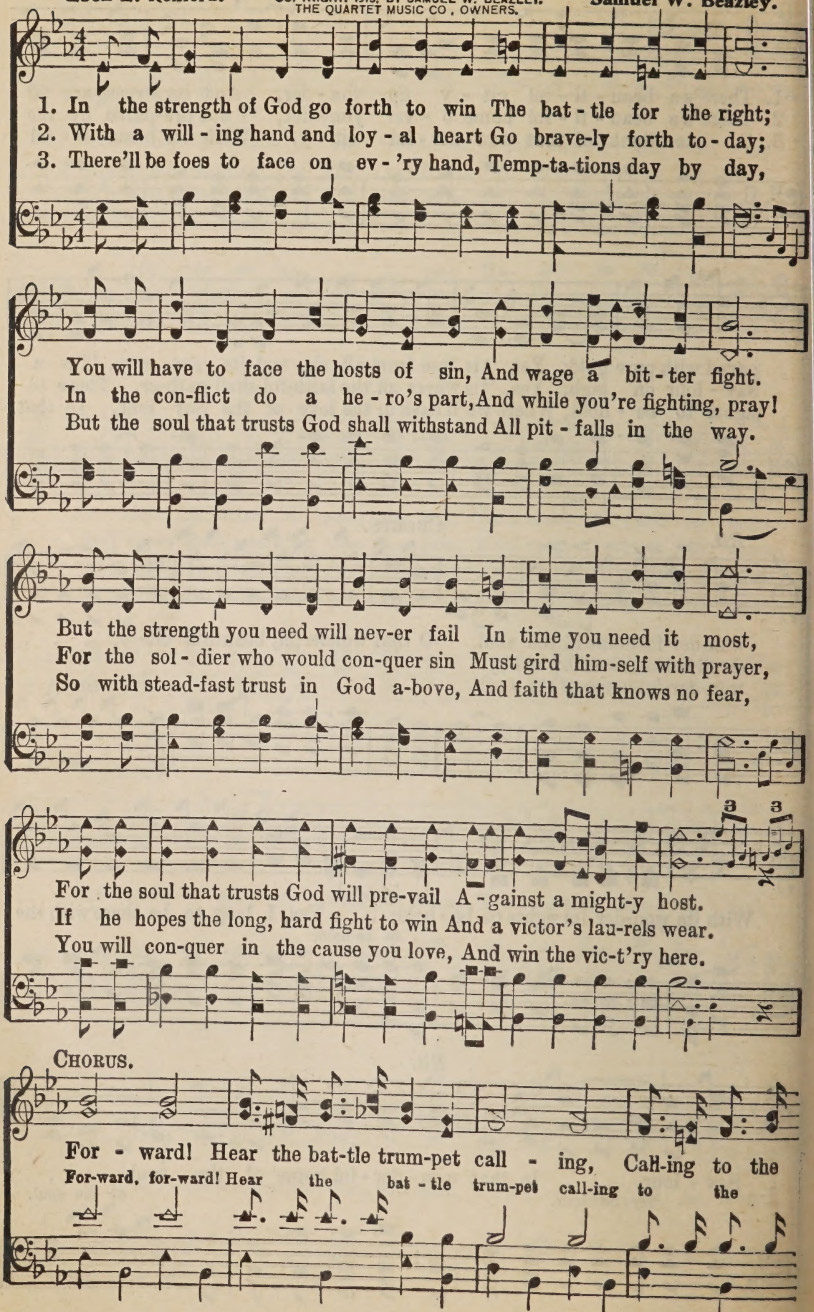
No. 105. 'T is a Wonderful Home of the Soul.

L. F. M. CONTROLLED BY T. S. COBB AND L. F. MARTIN. L. F. Martin.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful cit - y up yon - der, And its streets are all
2. There's a beau - ti - ful home o - ver yon - der, 'T was pre-pared by the
3. O to think of that won - der - ful cit - y, With its beau - ti - ful
paved with pure gold; Yes, 'tis free from all sin and its sor - rows, 'T is a
Sav - iour on high; Yes, 'tis where all the faith-ful shall gath-er, There to
sights to be - hold, Where we'll bask in the love of the Sav - iour, In that
Rit.
CHORUS.
won-der-ful home of the soul. O that wonderful, beautiful cit - y, . . .
dwell in that sweet by and by.
won-der-ful home of the soul!
fair cit - y,
With its won-der-ful sights to be - hold; . . . Yes, I long to be there with the
to be-hold;
Rit.
Sav - iour, . . In that won - der - ful home of the soul. . . .
my Sav-iour, of the soul.

No. 106. On to Victory.

Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS. Samuel W. Beazley.

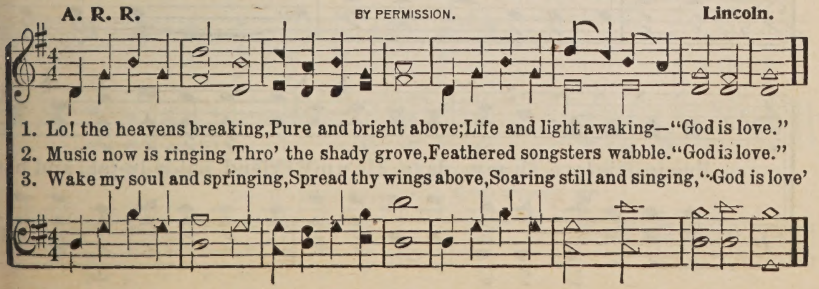

1. In the strength of God go forth to win The bat - tle for the right;
2. With a will - ing hand and loy - al heart Go brave-ly forth to - day;
3. There'll be foes to face on ev - 'ry hand, Temp-ta-tions day by day,
You will have to face the hosts of sin, And wage a bit - ter fight.
In the con-flict do a he - ro's part, And while you're fighting, pray!
But the soul that trusts God shall withstand All pit - falls in the way.
But the strength you need will nev-er fail In time you need it most,
For the sol - dier who would con-quer sin Must gird him-self with prayer,
So with stead-fast trust in God a-bove, And faith that knows no fear,
For the soul that trusts God will pre-vail A - gainst a might-y host.
If he hopes the long, hard fight to win And a victor's lau-rels wear.
You will con-quer in the cause you love, And win the vic-t'ry here.
CHORUS.
For - ward! Hear the bat-tle trum-pet call - ing, Call-ing to the
For-ward, for-ward! Hear the bat - tle trum-pet call-ing to the

On to Victory.

fray; For-ward go men of steel!
fray, then up and for-ward go like val-iant men of steel and wage a
wage a bat-tle fierce and strong to-day, ye sol-diers, For-ward,
bat-tle strong to-day, For-ward, in the
in the front you,re needed, On, on, where the Captain leads,
front you're need-ed, On-ward, on-ward where the Cap-tain leads you,
Fal-ter not, firm-ly stand, On to vic-to-ry.
fal-ter not, O sol-diers, firm-ly stand, Go on and on to vic-to-ry.

No. 107. God is Love.

A. R. R. BY PERMISSION. Lincoln.



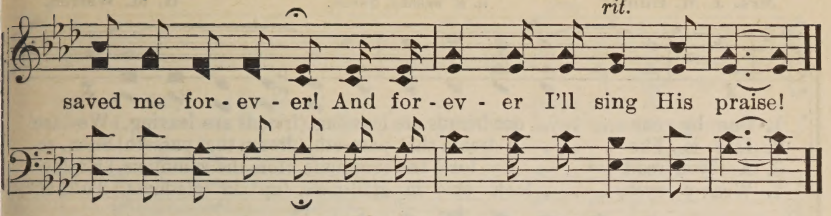
1. Lo! the heavens breaking, Pure and bright above; Life and light awaking—"God is love."
2. Music now is ringing Thro' the shady grove, Feathered songsters wabble. "God is love."
3. Wake my soul and springing, Spread thy wings above, Soaring still and singing, "God is love'

No. 108. He's the Best Friend of All.

Copyright, 1914, by J. E. Thomas.

JAS. ROWE. MILTON PARKER.

1. I am liv - ing with Christ, He is all things to me, From His
2. I will car - ol His love where-so - ev - er I go, I will
3. I am hap - py in Him, to this Friend I will cling, And for -
home to re-deem me He came; He has banished my sin, I am
tell of His soul-sav-ing grace, That the lone and the sad and the
ev - er His goodness pro - claim; Till I meet Him a - bove, ceaseless
hap - py and free; He's the best friend of all, bless His name.
lost ones may know The Re-deem-er who died for the race.
praise I will sing; He's the best Friend of all, bless His name.
CHORUS.
He's the best Friend of all, bless His name, ... I will
bless His name,
live in His love all my days; He's my Friend, hal-le-lu-jah, and has



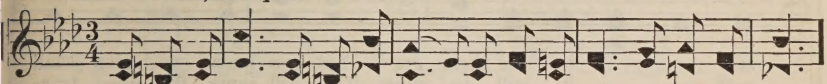
No. 109. Sister Dear I'll Meet You.

Controlled by Quartet Music Co.

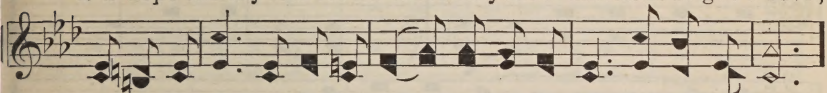
Written in loving remembrance of my sister, Mrs. M. F. Crider, who departed this life Nov. 1, 1909.—F. M. C.

F. M. COPELAND. N. W. ALLPHIN.

DUET. *Slow, with pathos.*

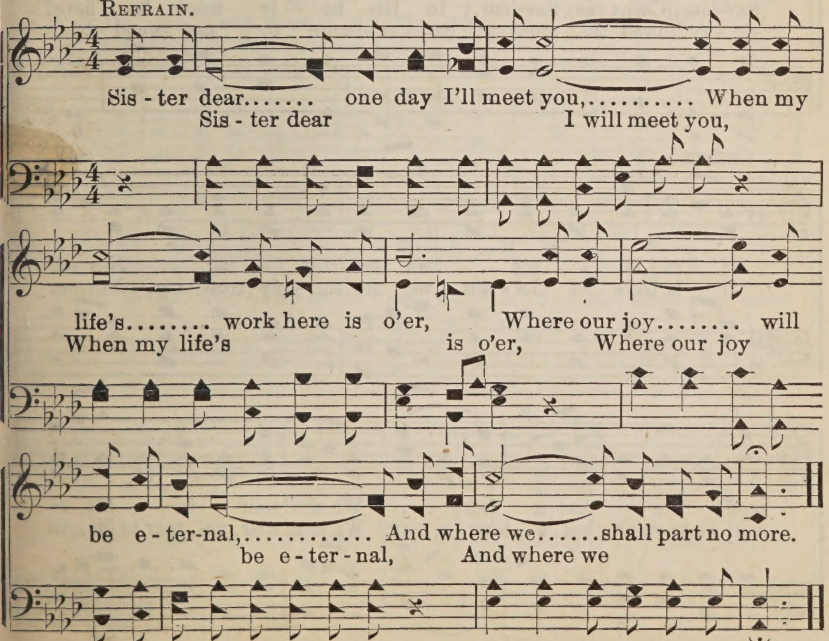


1. My sister dear has passed a-way To that bright sinless world a-bove;
2. She now has crossed the chilly tide In - to the realms of pure de-light,
3. She's resting now within His care With all the happy blood-washed throng,
4. I hope one day to meet her there In yonder mansions bright a-bove;



A Christian life she lived while here; She trusted in the Saviour's love.
And dwells with Christ in heaven's home, Where cometh no more shades of night.
With saints and angels there to dwell, And ev-er praise the Lord in song.
And with her ev-er sing the praise Of Je-sus' great redeeming love.

REFRAIN.


Sis - ter dear..... one day I'll meet you,..... When my
Sis - ter dear I will meet you,
life's..... work here is o'er, Where our joy..... will
When my life's is o'er, Where our joy
be e - ter-nal,..... And where we.....shall part no more.
be e - ter - nal, And where we

No. 110. One By One Our Friends are Leaving.

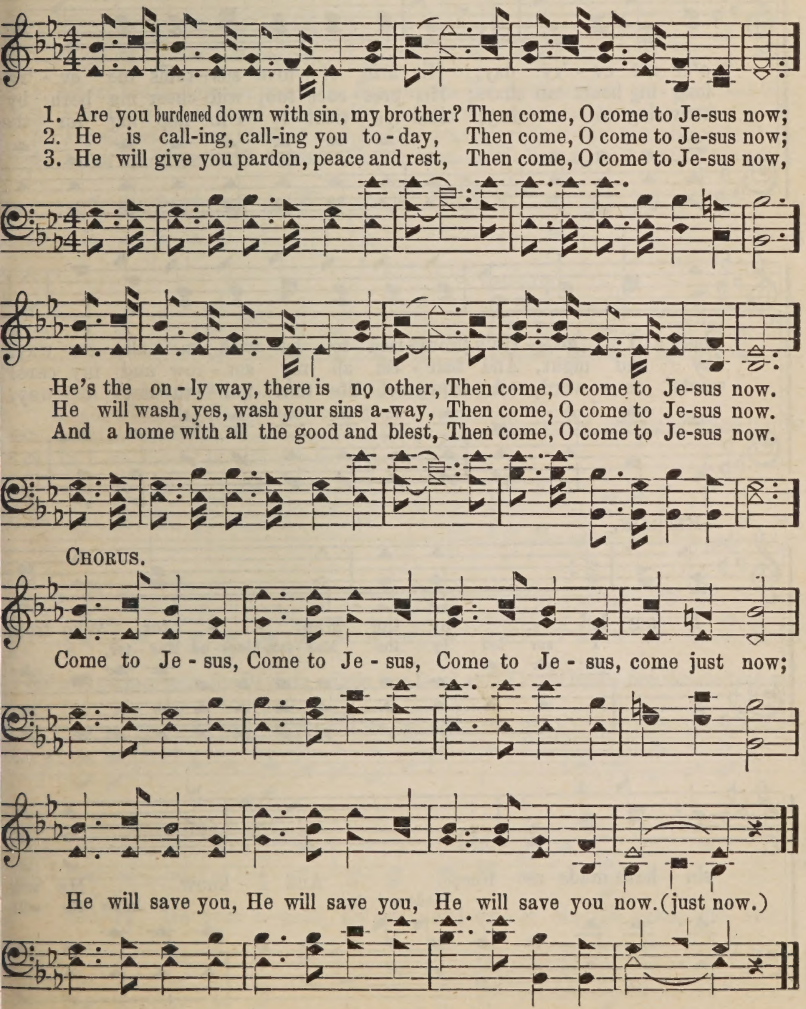
Mrs. J. M. Hunter H. M WARREN, OWNER. H. M. Warren.

1. One by one . . . our friends are leav-ing,(friends are leaving,) We are
2. Life is like . . . a dream that pass-eth,(dream that passeth) Soon, so
3. Are you read - - y for the summons, (for the summons,) Ev-'ry
4. Wear-y eyes, . . . look up in glad-ness, (up in gladness,) To that
sad . . . . to see them go, Yet we know we soon shall
soon . . . . it will be gone; Then will come the great tran-
mor - - tal must re-ceive? Do you walk with Christ the
bless - - ed world on high, Where the saints shall dwell in
fol - low, (soon shall fol-low,)Change must come to all be - low.
si - tion, (great tran - si - tion,) And e - ter - ni - ty will dawn.
Sav-iour,(Christ the Sav-iour,) In His ho - ly word be - lieve?
glo - ry, (dwell in glo - ry,) Nev - er - more to say good - bye.
CHORUS.
If in Je - sus we are trust - ing, Nev - er
If in bless - ed Je - sus we are sim - ply trust - ing, Nev - er
need we feel a fear; . . We shall soar to life e-
need we know or feel a fear; (a fear;) We shall soar, yes, soar to life, to

One By One Our Friends Are Leaving.

No. 111. Come to Jesus.

E. D. J. CONTROLLED BY QUARTET MUSIC CO. E. D. Jenkins.

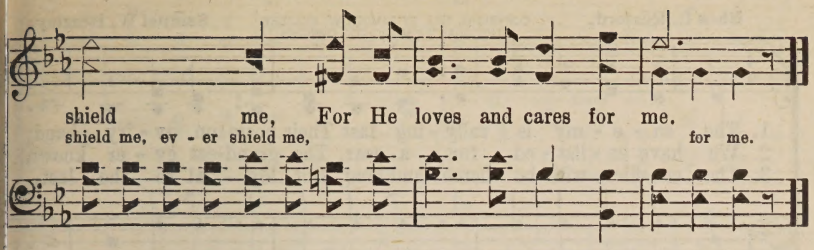

1. Are you burdened down with sin, my brother? Then come, O come to Je-sus now;
2. He is call-ing, call-ing you to-day, Then come, O come to Je-sus now;
3. He will give you pardon, peace and rest, Then come, O come to Je-sus now,
He's the on-ly way, there is no other, Then come, O come to Je-sus now.
He will wash, yes, wash your sins a-way, Then come, O come to Je-sus now.
And a home with all the good and blest, Then come, O come to Je-sus now.
CHORUS.
Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, come just now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.(just now.)

No. 112. Led By the Master.

N. W. Allphin. QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS. J. H. May.

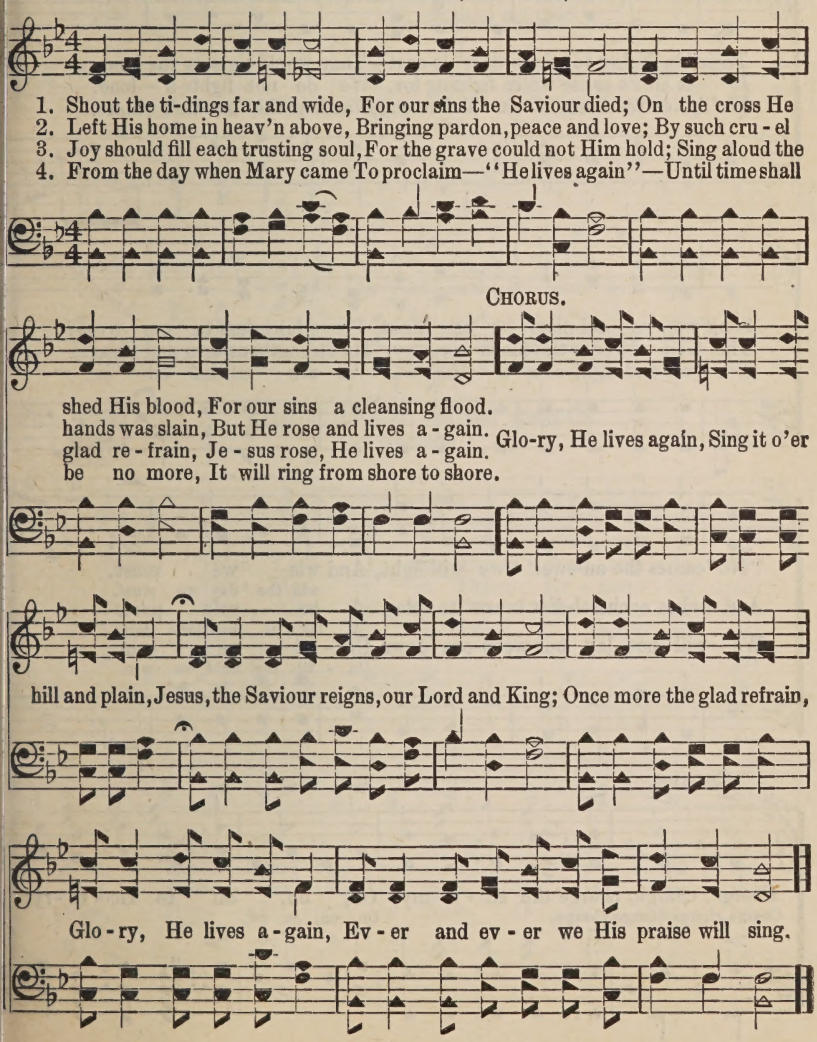
1. The Mas-ter gen-tly leads thro' this vale be-low, In love He watch-e
2. I know He'll ev-er lead me in-to paths of right, Where wondrous peace
3. I'm fol-low-ing the coun-sel of my bless-ed Lord, His will I'm ev-e
o'er me ev-'ry day; His arm of love sus-tains me ev-'ry-
long-ing heart can share; His pres-ence too, will cheer me both by
striv-ing to o-bey; And pa-tient-ly I'm hop-ing for the
where I go,— He's prom-ised to be with me all the way.
day and night, And ban-ish all my sor-row and my care.
saints' re-ward,— A crown of life that fad-eth not a-way.
REFRAIN.
I am led by the Mas-ter, Who from
I am led by the Mas-ter, bless-ed Mas-ter,
sin hath made me free; And I know He will
made me free; I know He will

Led By the Master.



No. 113. "He is Risen."

N. D. J. USED BY PERMISSION N. D. JOHNSTON, JACKSONVILLE, TEX. N. D. Johnston.


1. Shout the ti-dings far and wide, For our sins the Saviour died; On the cross He
2. Left His home in heav'n above, Bringing pardon, peace and love; By such cru - el
3. Joy should fill each trusting soul, For the grave could not Him hold; Sing aloud the
4. From the day when Mary came To proclaim—"He lives again"—Until time shall
CHORUS.
shed His blood, For our sins a cleansing flood.
hands was slain, But He rose and lives a - gain. Glo-ry, He lives again, Sing it o'er
glad re - frain, Je - sus rose, He lives a - gain.
be no more, It will ring from shore to shore.
hill and plain, Jesus, the Saviour reigns, our Lord and King; Once more the glad refrain,
Glo - ry, He lives a - gain, Ev - er and ev - er we His praise will sing.

No. 114. Charge the Enemy.

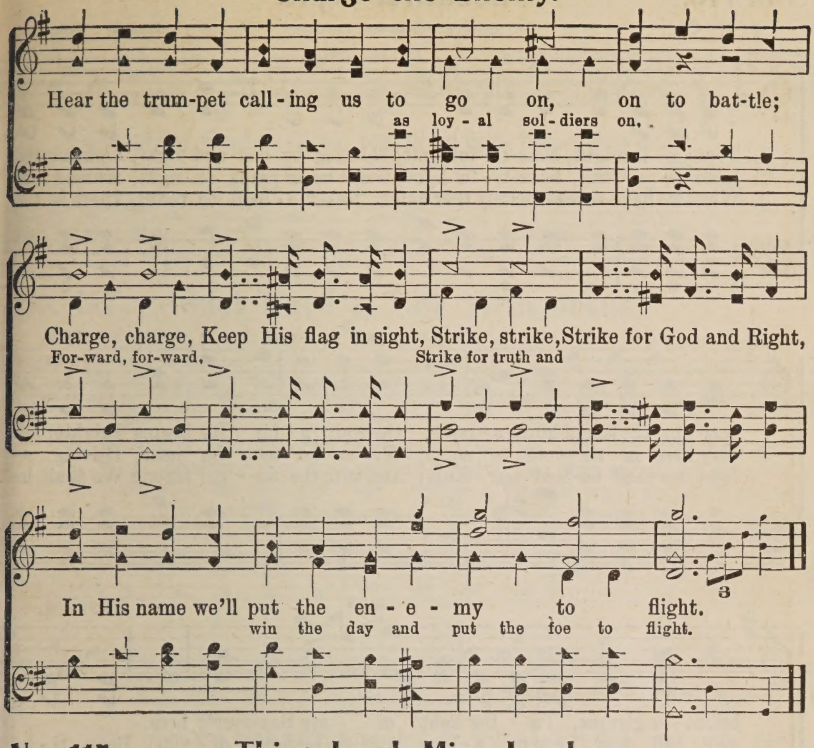
Eben E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. The en - e - my is rally - ing fast Their hosts on ev - 'ry hand;
2. We have en - list - ed for a war, The grand-est ev - er known;
3. The con-flict will be fierce and long, But, loy - al to the last,
Their black flag to the breeze is cast—They would possess the land.
It is God's cause we're fighting for, We do not fight a - lone.
We'll face the hosts of sin and wrong, Nor fear the bat-tle's blast.
Shall we, as sol-diers for the Right, Prove faith-less to our trust?
The God of bat - tles leads the way, He strengthens arm and heart;
For just and right-eous is the war We are en-list - ed in;
"No" comes the an-swer' "we will fight, And win we must.
And makes each sol-dier brave to play A win the day we must. he - ro's part.
We will not lay our weap-ons down A loy - al war-rior's part. Un - til we win. Un - til the fight we win.
CHORUS.
Charge, charge, charge the en - e - my, On, on, on to vic - to - ry;
Charge, charge, charge, charge, On, on, on, on,

Charge the Enemy.


Hear the trum-pet call-ing us to go on, on to bat-tle;
as loy-al sol-diers on.
Charge, charge, Keep His flag in sight, Strike, strike, Strike for God and Right,
For-ward, for-ward, Strike for truth and
In His name we'll put the en-e-my to flight.
win the day and put the foe to flight.

No. 115. Thine Lord, Mine Lord.

Bonar. BY PERMISSION. Yleen.

Slow.

1. Thine, Thine, Lord I am Thine, Send help to me;
2. Thine, Thine, Mer-cy is Thine, Re-mem-ber me;
3. Thine, Thine, All light is Thine, Shine now on me;
4. Thine, Thine, True life is Thine, O breathe on me;
Mine, Mine, And Thou art mine, De-liv-er me.
Mine, Mine, Great sins are mine, O par-don me.
Mine, Mine, Dark-ness is mine, En-light-en me.
Mine, Mine, All death is mine, O quick-en me.

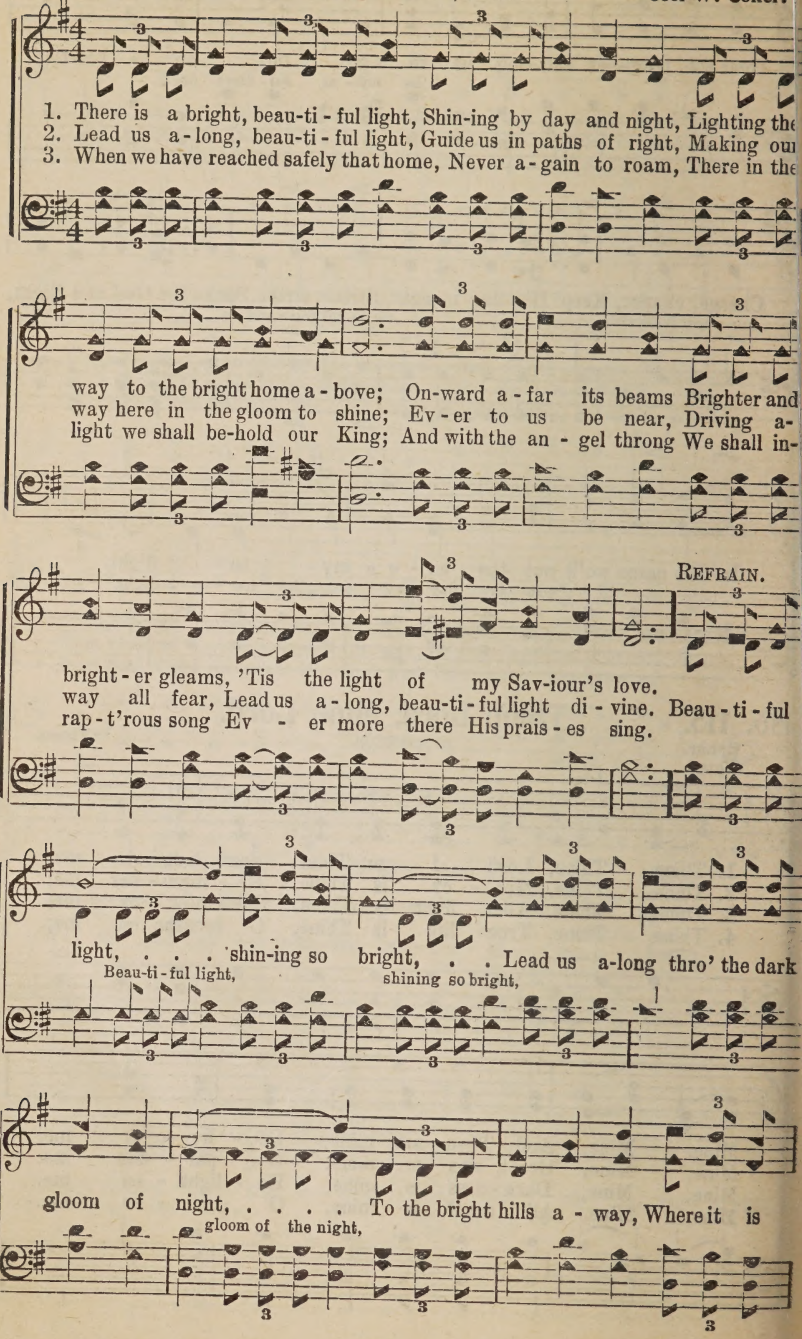
No. 116.

Beautiful Light.

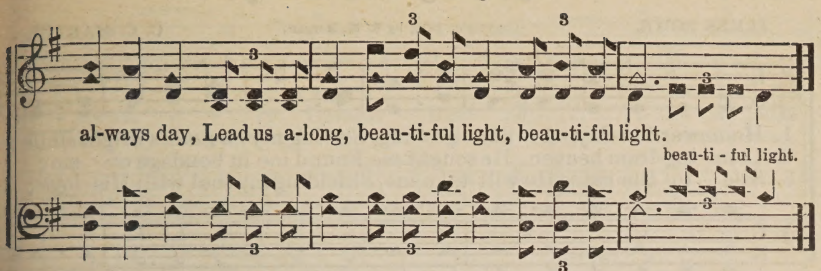
J. W. C.

QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS.

Joel W. Coker.

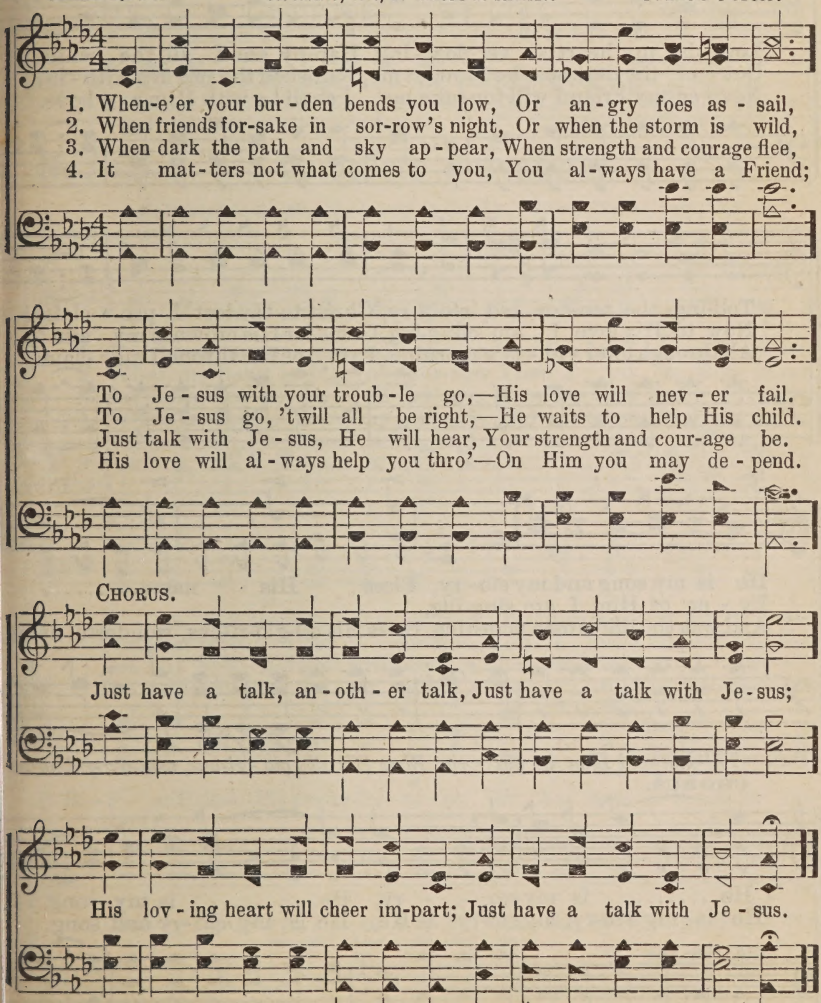

1. There is a bright, beau-ti-ful light, Shin-ing by day and night, Lighting the
2. Lead us a-long, beau-ti-ful light, Guide us in paths of right, Making our
3. When we have reached safely that home, Never a-gain to roam, There in the
way to the bright home a-bove; On-ward a-far its beams Brighter and
way here in the gloom to shine; Ev-er to us be near, Driving a-
light we shall be-hold our King; And with the an-gel throng We shall in-
REFRAIN.
bright-er gleams, 'Tis the light of my Sav-iour's love.
way all fear, Lead us a-long, beau-ti-ful light di-vine. Beau-ti-ful
rap-t'rous song Ev-er more there His prais-es sing.
light, . . . shin-ing so bright, . . Lead us a-long thro' the dark
Beau-ti-ful light,
shining so bright,
gloom of night, ... To the bright hills a-way, Where it is
gloom of the night,

Beautiful Light.



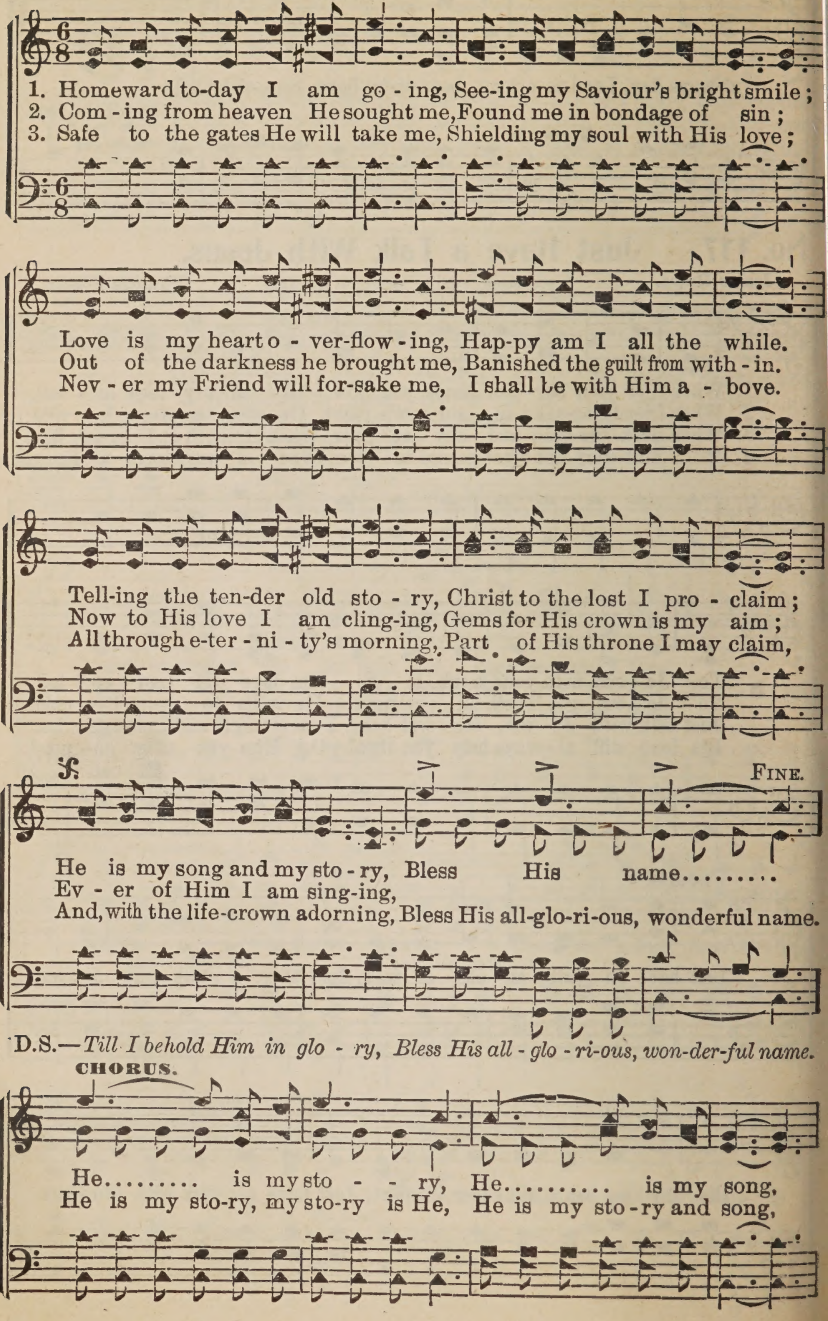
No. 117. Just Have a Talk With Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Francis Foster.

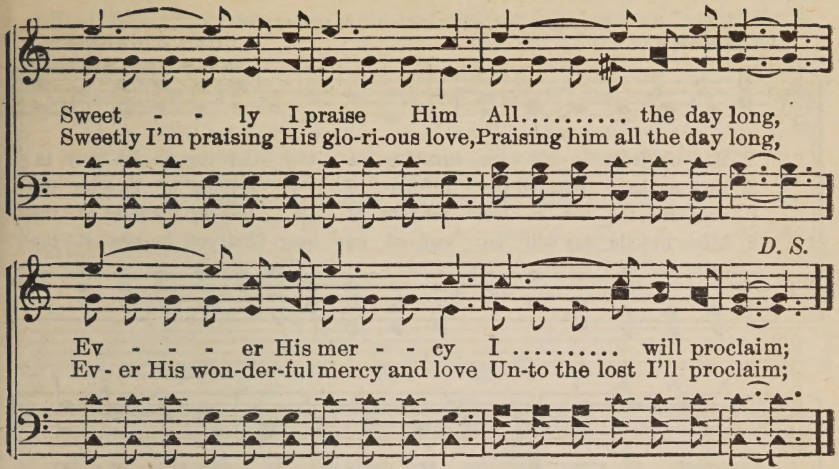

1. When-e'er your bur - den bends you low, Or an - gry foes as - sail,
2. When friends for-sake in sor-row's night, Or when the storm is wild,
3. When dark the path and sky ap - pear, When strength and courage flee,
4. It mat-ters not what comes to you, You al-ways have a Friend;
To Je - sus with your troub - le go,—His love will nev - er fail.
To Je - sus go, 'twill all be right,—He waits to help His child.
Just talk with Je - sus, He will hear, Your strength and cour-age be.
His love will al - ways help you thro'—On Him you may de - pend.
CHORUS.
Just have a talk, an - oth - er talk, Just have a talk with Je - sus;
His lov - ing heart will cheer im-part; Just have a talk with Je - sus.

No. 118 My Song and Story.

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1913, by R. M. Morgan. C. C. MARTIN.


1. Homeward to-day I am go - ing, See-ing my Saviour's bright smile;
2. Com - ing from heaven He sought me, Found me in bondage of sin;
3. Safe to the gates He will take me, Shielding my soul with His love;
Love is my heart o - ver-flow - ing, Hap-py am I all the while.
Out of the darkness he brought me, Banished the guilt from with - in.
Nev - er my Friend will for-sake me, I shall be with Him a - bove.
Tell-ing the ten-der old sto - ry, Christ to the lost I pro - claim;
Now to His love I am cling-ing, Gems for His crown is my aim;
All through e-ter - ni - ty's morning, Part of His throne I may claim,
FINE.
He is my song and my sto - ry, Bless His name.....
Ev - er of Him I am sing-ing,
And, with the life-crown adorning, Bless His all-glo-ri-ous, wonderful name.
D.S.—Till I behold Him in glo - ry, Bless His all - glo - ri-ous, won-der-ful name.
CHORUS.
He..... is my sto - - ry, He..... is my song,
He is my sto-ry, my sto-ry is He, He is my sto - ry and song,

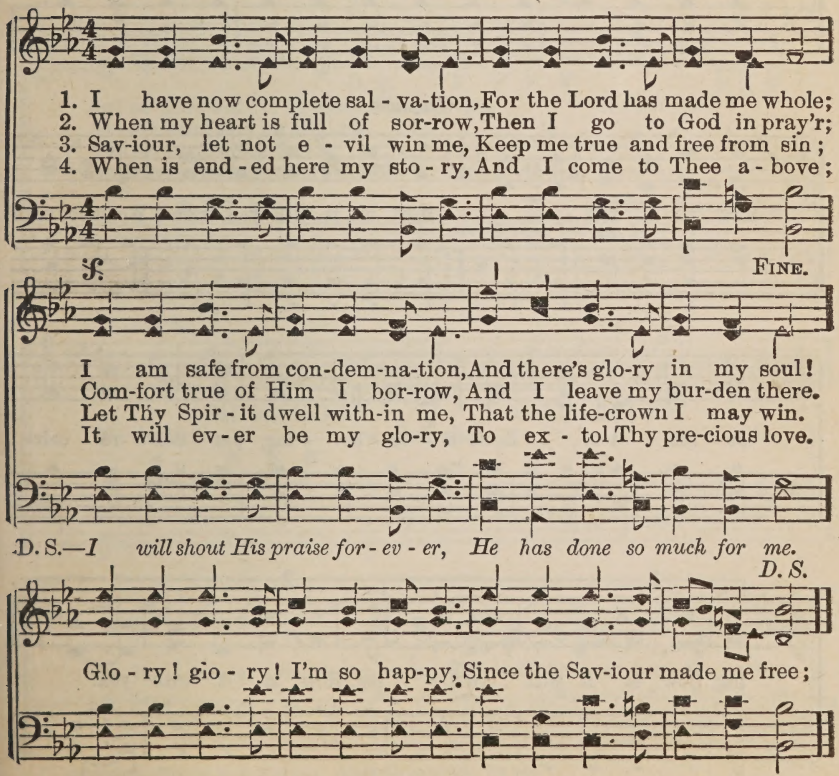
My Song and Story. Concluded.


Sweet - - ly I praise Him All..... the day long,
Sweetly I'm praising His glo-ri-ous love, Praising him all the day long,
D. S.
Ev - - - - er His mer - - cy I ..... will proclaim;
Ev - er His won-der-ful mercy and love Un-to the lost I'll proclaim;

No. 119. Complete Salvation.

Dedicated to the singing school at the "Y," Bivins, Texas, July, 1912.

THOS. W. GHOLSON. Copyright, 1913, by R. M. Morgan. R. M. MORGAN.


1. I have now complete sal - va-tion, For the Lord has made me whole;
2. When my heart is full of sor-row, Then I go to God in pray'r;
3. Sav-iour, let not e - vil win me, Keep me true and free from sin;
4. When is end-ed here my sto - ry, And I come to Thee a - bove;
Fine.
I am safe from con-dem-na-tion, And there's glo-ry in my soul!
Com-fort true of Him I bor-row, And I leave my bur-den there.
Let Thy Spir - it dwell with-in me, That the life-crown I may win.
It will ev-er be my glo-ry, To ex - tol Thy pre-cious love.
D. S.—I will shout His praise for - ev - er, He has done so much for me.
D. S.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! I'm so hap-py, Since the Sav-iour made me free;

No. 120. How is it With You?

Copyright, 1913, words and music, by Quartet Music Co.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ma - ny from e - vil are turn-ing a - way, Car-ing no lon-ger in
2. Ma - ny have entered the ref-uge of love, Hoping to en - ter the
3. Free from the hor - ri - ble fet-ters of sin, Having the light of the
4. Life's lit - tle day will be end-ed ere long; Shall you be one of the
dark-ness to stray; Ma - ny are com-ing to Je - sus to - day,
king-dom a - bove, Un - der the wings of the heav - en - ly Dove,
Spir - it with - in, Ma - ny are start-ing the life-crown to win,
glo - ri - fied throng, When the re-deemed ones be - gin the new song?
CHORUS.
How is it with you? How is it with you, friend? Won't you take
Je - sus too? Souls are be - liev - ing, par - don re - ceiv-
1
ing, How is it with you?
2
ing, How is it with you?

No. 121. Hallelujah! We Shall Rise.

"But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen."—1 Cor. 15: 12.

Words and Music by J. E. THOMAS.

1. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, When the trump of God shall sound,
2. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, What a meet-ing it will be,
3. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, Bless-ed tho't it is to me,
4. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, We shall meet Him in the air,
We shall rise, we shall rise! Then the saints will come re - joic-ing,
When our fa - thers and our mothers,
I shall see my bless-ed Sav-iour,
Hal - le - lu - jah! And be car - ried up to glo - ry,
f.
D. S.
And no tears will e'er be found, We shall rise, we shall rise!
And our loved ones we shall see,
Who so free-ly died for me,
To our home so bright and fair, Hal - le - lu - jah!
D. S.—Hallelujah! in that morning we shall rise.
Chorus.
Hal - le - lu - jah! A-men! We shall rise!
We shall rise, we shall rise! Hal - le - lu - jah!
D. S.
In the res - ur - rec-tion morn-ing, When death's pris - on bars are brok-en,

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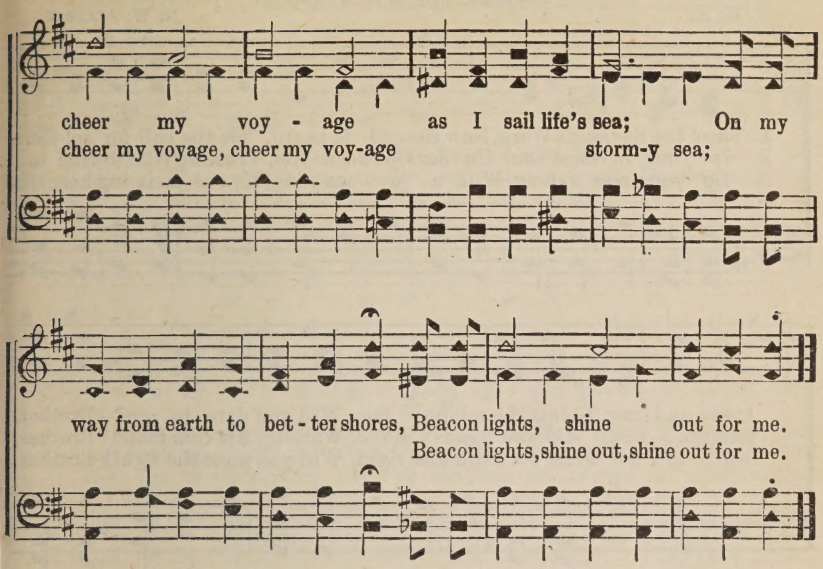
No. 122. Shine for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., FT. WORTH, TEXAS.

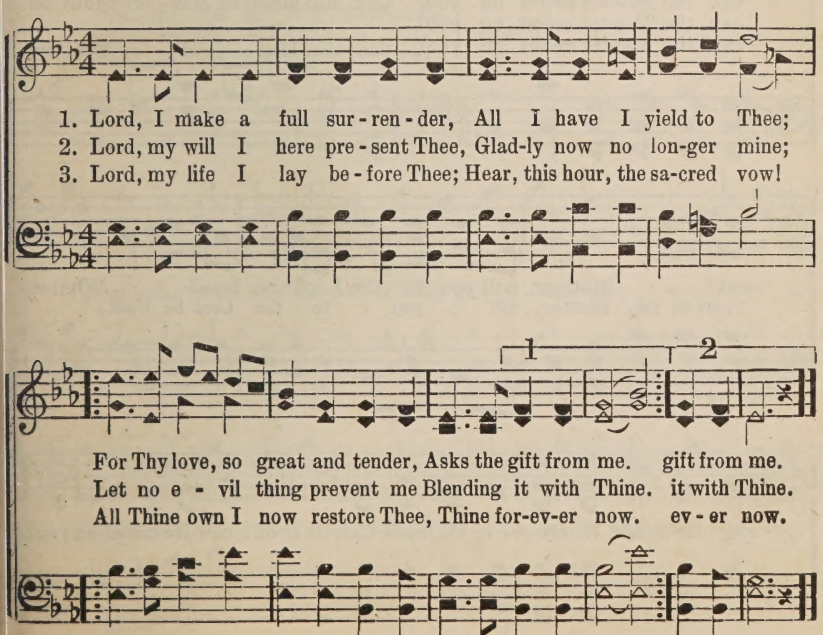
S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Bea - con lights on the shore, Guide my barque safe - ly o'er, Shine for
2. When the hard, shift - ing gale Doth my frail barque as - sail,
3. When the waves roar and skip And would swal-low my ship,
me, shine for me; When the dark set-tles down
When my cour - age is small
Shine for me, shine for me; When my barque wrestles long
Shine out bright-ly a-round; Shine for me, shine for me.
Shine out bright o - ver all,
With the sea rag-ing strong, Shine for me, shine for me.
CHORUS. Faster.
Bea-con lights a - long the rug-ged shores of time,
Bea-con lights a-long the shores, a-long the rug-ged shores, the shores of time,
Cast out your beams to guide my barque to a fair-er clime, And
Cast out your beams, cast out your beams to

Shine for Me.


cheer my voy - age as I sail life's sea; On my
cheer my voyage, cheer my voy-age storm-y sea;
way from earth to bet - ter shores, Beacon lights, shine out for me.
Beacon lights, shine out, shine out for me.

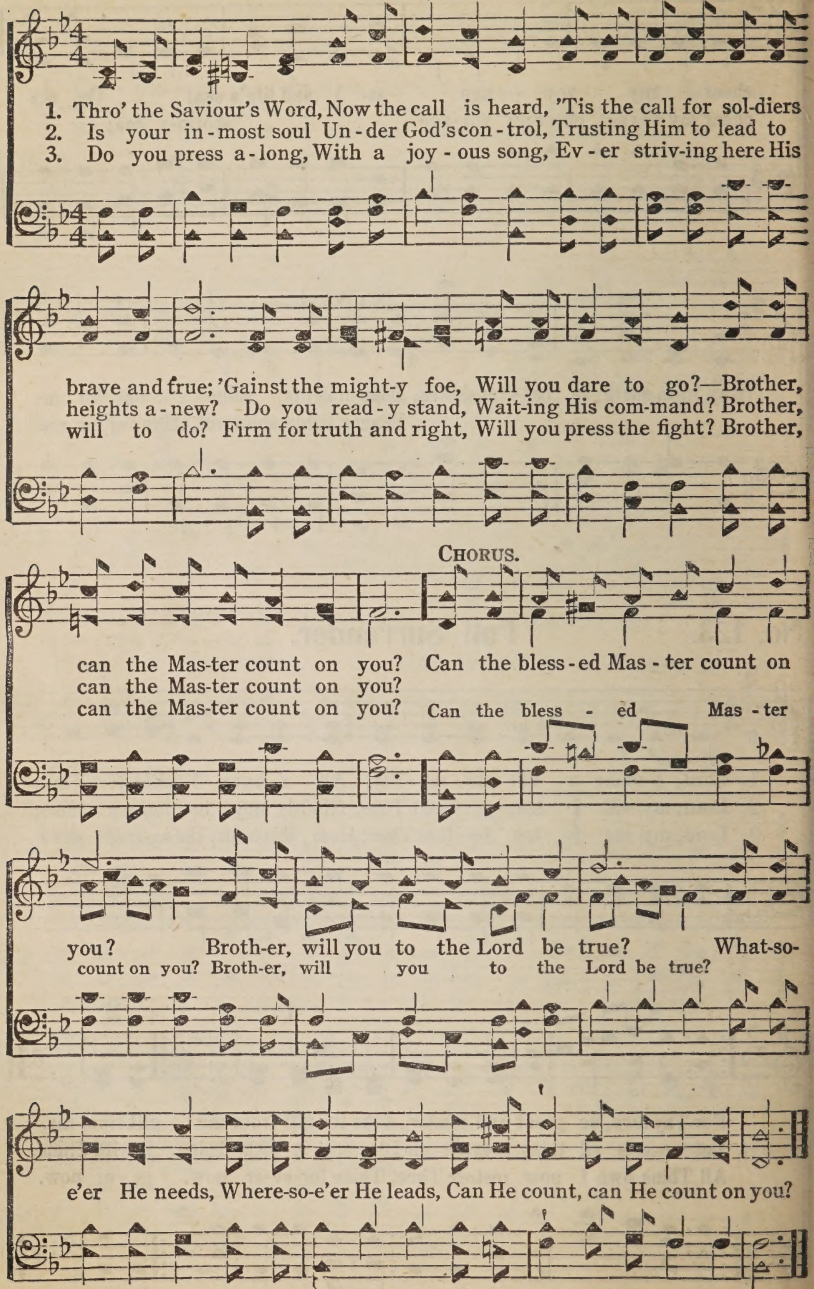
No. 123. Full Surrender.


1. Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, All I have I yield to Thee;
2. Lord, my will I here pre - sent Thee, Glad-ly now no lon-ger mine;
3. Lord, my life I lay be - fore Thee; Hear, this hour, the sa-cred vow!
1
2
For Thy love, so great and tender, Asks the gift from me. gift from me.
Let no e - vil thing prevent me Blending it with Thine. it with Thine.
All Thine own I now restore Thee, Thine for-ev-er now. ev - er now.

No. 124. Can the Master Count on You?

Copyright, 1913, by N. W. Allphin.

N. W. A. N. W. ALLPHIN.


1. Thro' the Saviour's Word, Now the call is heard, 'Tis the call for sol-diers
2. Is your in-most soul Un-der God's con-trol, Trusting Him to lead to
3. Do you press a-long, With a joy-ous song, Ev-er striv-ing here His
brave and true; 'Gainst the might-y foe, Will you dare to go?—Brother,
heights a-new? Do you read-y stand, Wait-ing His com-mand? Brother,
will to do? Firm for truth and right, Will you press the fight? Brother,
CHORUS.
can the Mas-ter count on you? Can the bless-ed Mas-ter count on
can the Mas-ter count on you?
can the Mas-ter count on you? Can the bless-ed Mas-ter
you? Broth-er, will you to the Lord be true? What-so-
count on you? Broth-er, will you to the Lord be true?
e'er He needs, Where-so-e'er He leads, Can He count, can He count on you?

No. 125. What Shall I Do To Be Saved?

Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.—Romans 6: 4.

J. W. F. 1914. CONTROLLED, BY THE AUTHOR AND THE QUARTET MUSIC CO. J. W. Ferrill.

1. There's on - ly one way to that beau - ti - ful land, The way of sal-
2. Be bur - ied with Je - sus in bap - tism's death, Be cleansed of the
3. O why will you pon - der, dear sin - ner, and wait? He's will - ing to
va - tion is plain; Be - lieve on the Lord and re - pent of thy sins, Con-
world and its strife; As Je - sus was raised from the dead, we are told We
save you to - day; Step out on the prom-ise, ac-cept of His love, And
CHORUS.
fess - ing the Sav-iour's dear name.
rise in a new - ness of life. Then add vir - tue, knowledge and
walk in the Sav-iour's own way.
temp'rance to faith, With patience and god - li - ness, too; Add broth-er - ly
kind-ness and char - i - ty still, Then ev - er be faith - ful and true.

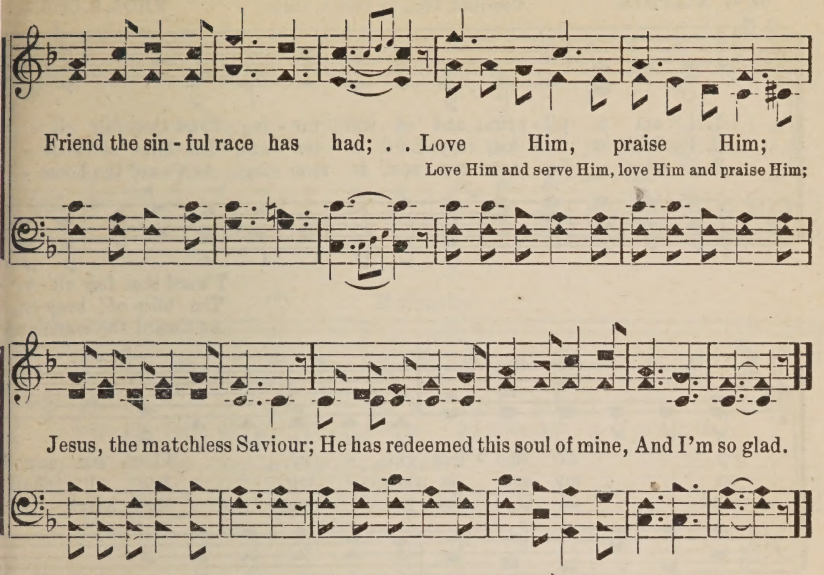
No. 126. I Am So Glad.

JAMES ROWE. J. E. THOMAS.

1. I am so glad sal - va-tion's free to all who will re-ceive it,
2. I am so glad that I can tell to wayward souls the sto - ry,
3. I am so glad that all my heart to Je - sus I have giv - en,
Glad that the news was bro't to me when I was lost and sad;
Glad that by grace from day to day a help - er I may be;
Glad that at ev - en-tide my soul true sheaves to Him may bring;
Praise His dear name, I can pro-claim that tru - ly I be-lieve it,
Finding de-light in serv - ice true, my soul is win - ning glo - ry,
I will be true un - til with all the hap-py throng in heav - en,
REFRAIN.
For I am now His child, I know, and I'm so glad. Glo - ry,
Glo - ry for Him who gave His life to res - cue me.
Sweeter and nobler praise I give to Christ, my King. Glory to Je-sus,
hon - - or be to His name for - ev - er, Nev-er a great - er
glo-ry and hon - or,

Copyright, 1912, words and music by J. E. Thomas.

I Am So Glad.


Friend the sin - ful race has had; . . Love Him, praise Him;
Love Him and serve Him, love Him and praise Him;
Jesus, the matchless Saviour; He has redeemed this soul of mine, And I'm so glad.

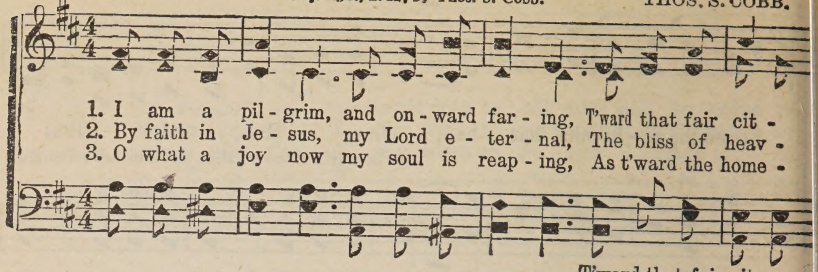
No. 127. Clarendon. 7. 7. 7. 5.

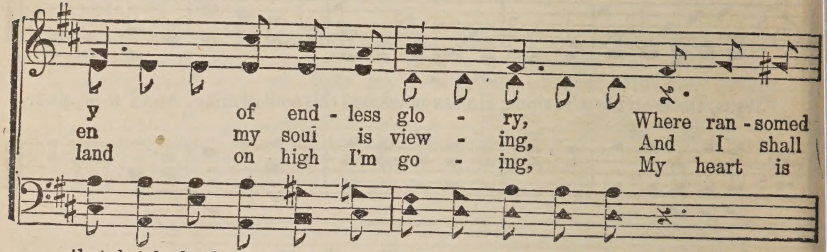
Carroll King.

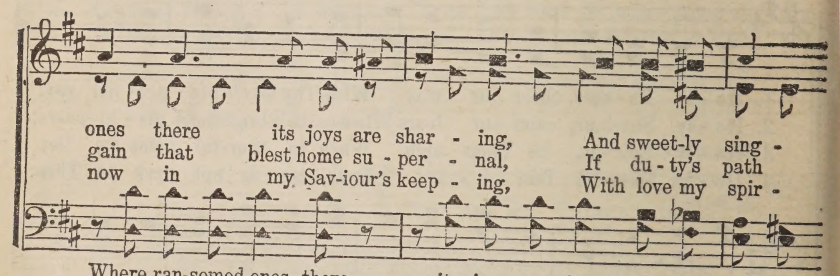
1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray:
2. Ho - ly Sav-iour, calm our fears When earth's brightness dis - ap-pears:
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, be Thou nigh When in mor-tal pains we lie;
4. Ho - ly, bless - ed Trin - i - ty, Dark-ness is not dark to Thee:
Grant us ev - 'ry clos - ing day Light at eve - ning-time.
Grant us in our la - ter years Light at eve - ning-time.
Grant us, as we come to die, Light at eve - ning-time.
Those Thou keep - est al - ways see Light at eve - ning-time.

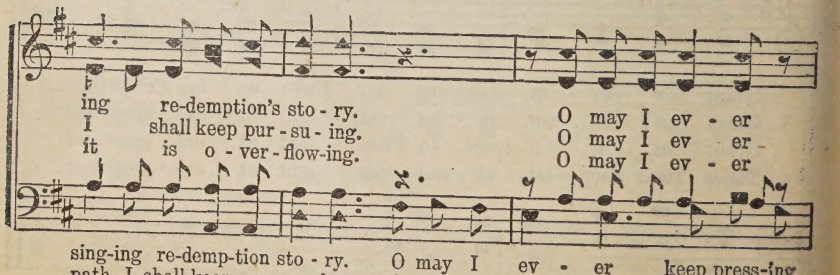
No. 128. I'm a Pilgrim.

N. W. ALLPHIN. Copyright, 1912, by Thos. S. Cobb. THOS. S. COBB.


1. I am a pil - grim, and on - ward far - ing, T'ward that fair cit -
2. By faith in Je - sus, my Lord e - ter - nal, The bliss of heav -
3. O what a joy now my soul is reap - ing, As t'ward the home -
T'ward that fair cit - y,
The bliss of heav-en,
As t'ward the homeland


y of end - less glo - ry, Where ran - somed
en my soul is view - ing, And I shall
land on high I'm go - ing, My heart is
that bright land of end - less glo - ry o - ver there,
won - drous bliss my soul is view - ing, day by day,
of the soul on high I'm go - ing, praise the Lord;


ones there its joys are shar - ing, And sweet-ly sing -
gain that blest home su - per - nal, If du - ty's path
now in my Sav-iour's keep - ing, With love my spir -
Where ran-somed ones there its joys are shar - ing, And sweet- ly
And I shall gain that blest home su - per - nal, If du - ty's
My heart is now in my Sav-iour's keep - ing, With lov - ing

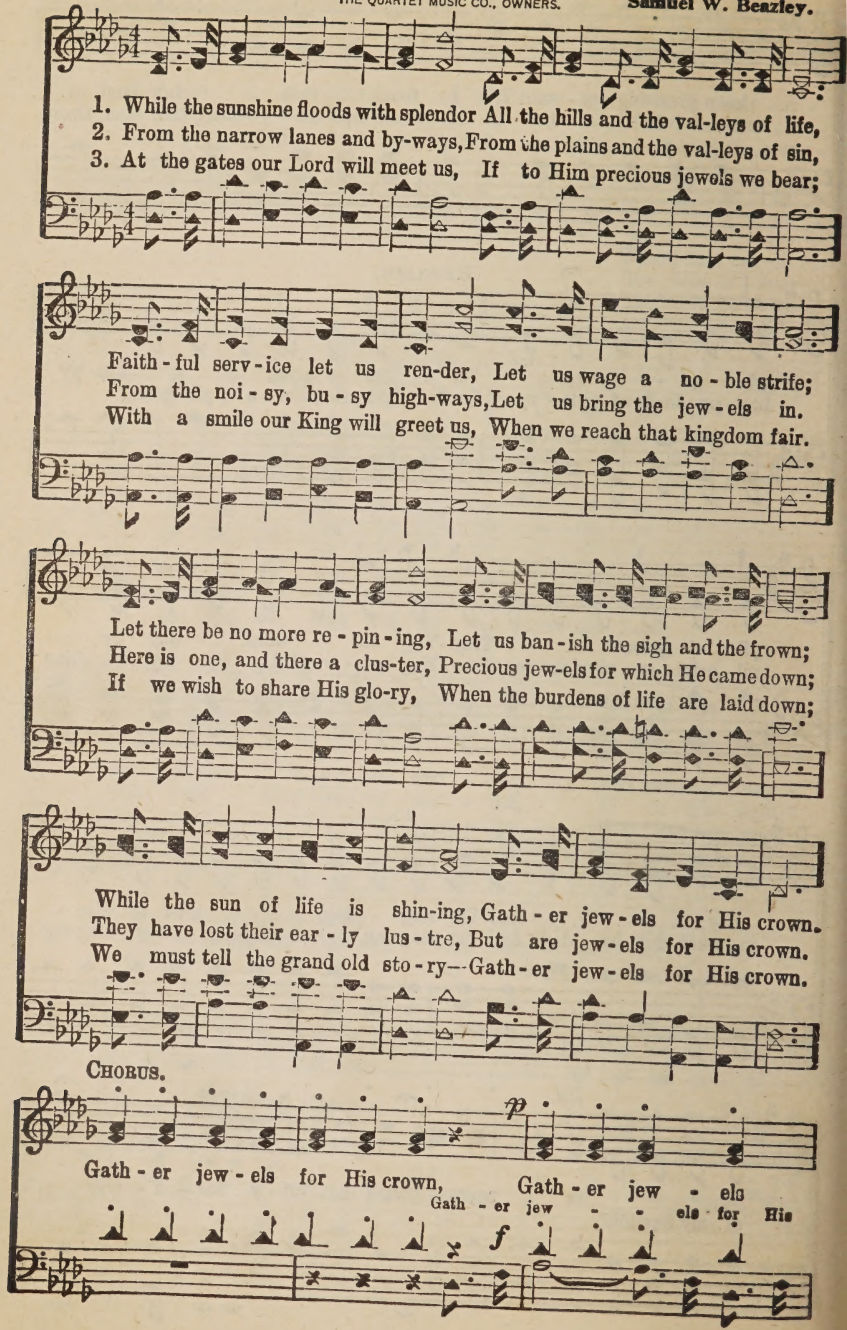

ing re-demption's sto - ry.
I shall keep pur - su - ing.
it is o - ver - flow-ing.
O may I ev - er
O may I ev - er
O may I ev - er
sing-ing re-demp-tion sto - ry. O may I ev - er keep press-ing
path I shall keep pur- su - ing. O may I ev - er keep press-ing
spir - it is o - ver-flow-ing. O may I ev - er keep press-ing

I'm a Pilgrim. Concluded.

keep press-ing on-ward Till I reach that fair land of
on - ward Un - til I reach that cit - y fair, that land, that
REFRAIN.
glo - ry. I'm a pil - grim, hap- py
hap-py land of glo - ry. I'm a pil-grim, I'm a pil - grim,
pil - grim, Trav-'ling on - ward day by
pil - grim on my jour-ney, Trav-'ling on - ward day by day, trav-'ling
day;..... And I'm sing - ing, glad - ly sing -
on-ward day by day; And I'm sing-ing, ev - er sing-ing, glad-ly sing-ing
Rit.
ing, As I trav - el t'ward that cit - y far - a - way.
of my Sav-iour,

No. 129. Jewels for His Crown.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY BEAZLEY & VAUGHAN. THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. While the sunshine floods with splendor All the hills and the val-leys of life,
2. From the narrow lanes and by-ways, From the plains and the val-leys of sin,
3. At the gates our Lord will meet us, If to Him precious jewels we bear;
Faith-ful serv-ice let us ren-der, Let us wage a no-ble strife;
From the noi-sy, bu-sy high-ways, Let us bring the jew-els in.
With a smile our King will greet us, When we reach that kingdom fair.
Let there be no more re-pin-ing, Let us ban-ish the sigh and the frown;
Here is one, and there a clus-ter, Precious jew-els for which He came down;
If we wish to share His glo-ry, When the burdens of life are laid down;
While the sun of life is shin-ing, Gath-er jew-els for His crown.
They have lost their ear-ly lus-tre, But are jew-els for His crown.
We must tell the grand old sto-ry—Gath-er jew-els for His crown.
CHORUS.
Gath-er jew-els for His crown, Gath-er jew-els
Gath-er jew-els for His
p
f

Jewels for His Crown.

for His crown, Nev - er mind the temp-ter's frown;
crown. Nev - er mind the tempt-er's frown; While with
While with day the earth is bright, Let us work with
day the earth is bright, Let us work with all our
all our might. Soon will e - ven - tide be here,
might. Soon will e - - ven - tide be here, Night will
f
Night will roll the cur-tain down; If we wish to prove our love For our
roll the cur-tain down;
Sav - ior dear a-bove, Let us gath-er jew - els for His crown.
for His crown.

No. 130. O Weep No More.

Words arr. by Geo. Knolten and James Rowe.

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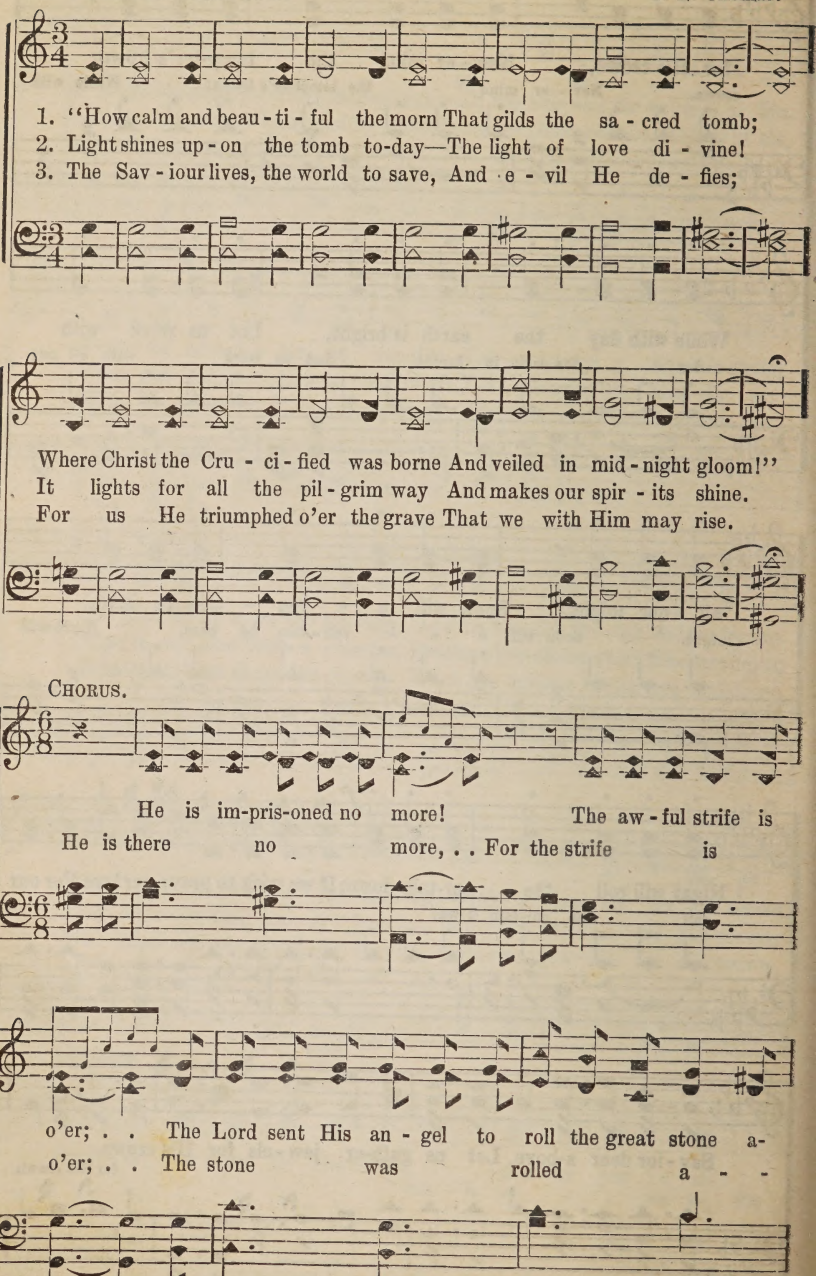
Music arr. by J. E. Thomas.


1. "How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That gilds the sa - cred tomb;
2. Light shines up - on the tomb to-day—The light of love di - vine!
3. The Sav - iour lives, the world to save, And e - vil He de - fies;
Where Christ the Cru - ci - fied was borne And veiled in mid - night gloom!"
It lights for all the pil - grim way And makes our spir - its shine.
For us He triumphed o'er the grave That we with Him may rise.
Chorus.
He is im-pris-oned no more! The aw - ful strife is
He is there no more, . . For the strife is
o'er; . . The Lord sent His an - gel to roll the great stone a-
o'er; . . The stone was rolled a - -

O Weep No More.

way! (away!) Free is the Might-y One now! . .
way! . . Free is Je - sus now! . . Glo-ry
Glo-ry is gild-ing His brow! . . Christ is tri-um-phant, the
gilds His brow! For the might - y Son of
With joyful expression.
glo-ri-ous Saviour has won the fray! "O weep no more, tho'
God has won the fray! "O weep no more, tho'
He was slain, The Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain; The
He was slain, The Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain; The
Lord is ris'n . . . He lives . . . a - gain!"
Lord is ris'n, is ris'n in - deed, He lives, He lives a - gain!"

No. 131. When Love Shines In.

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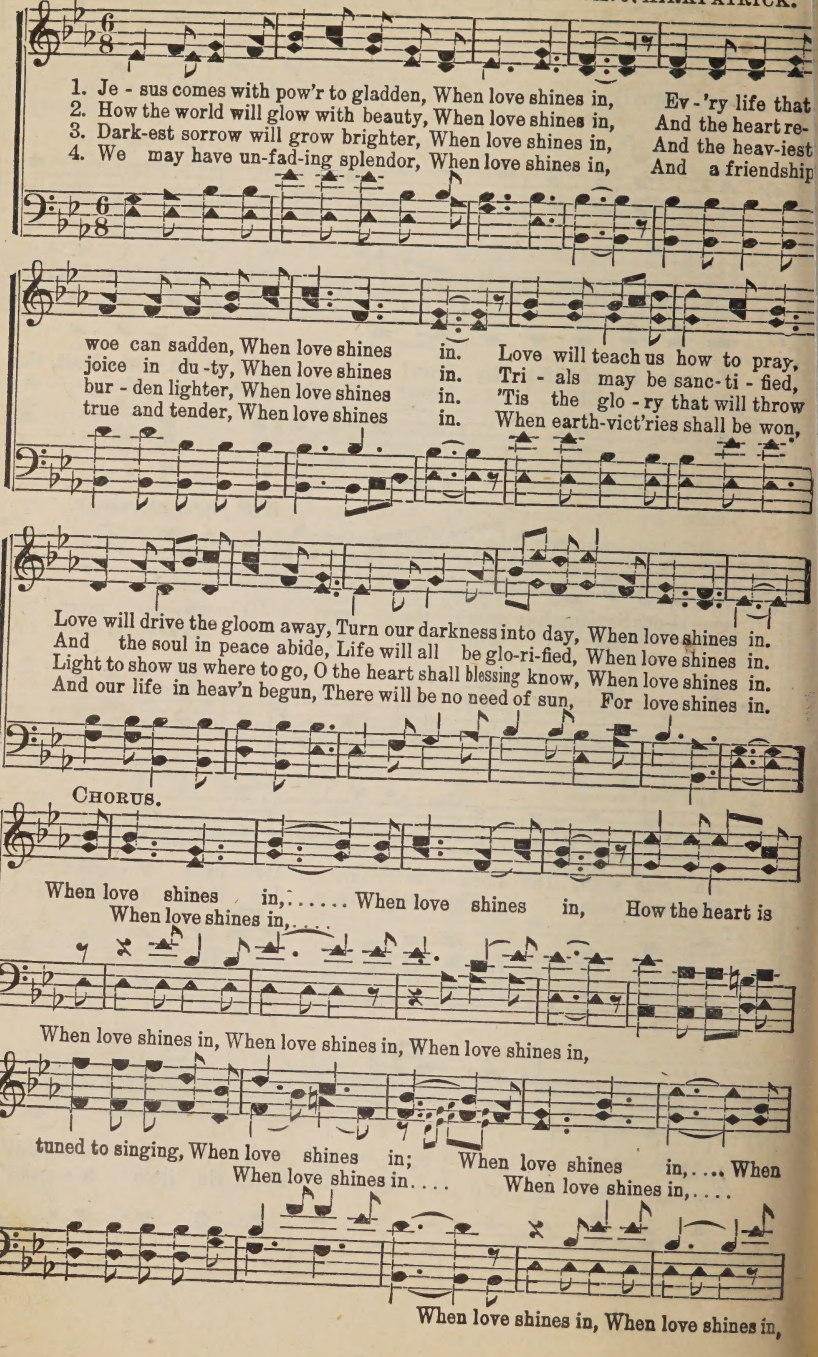
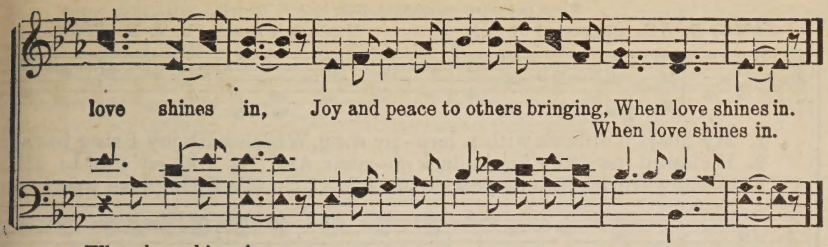
MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

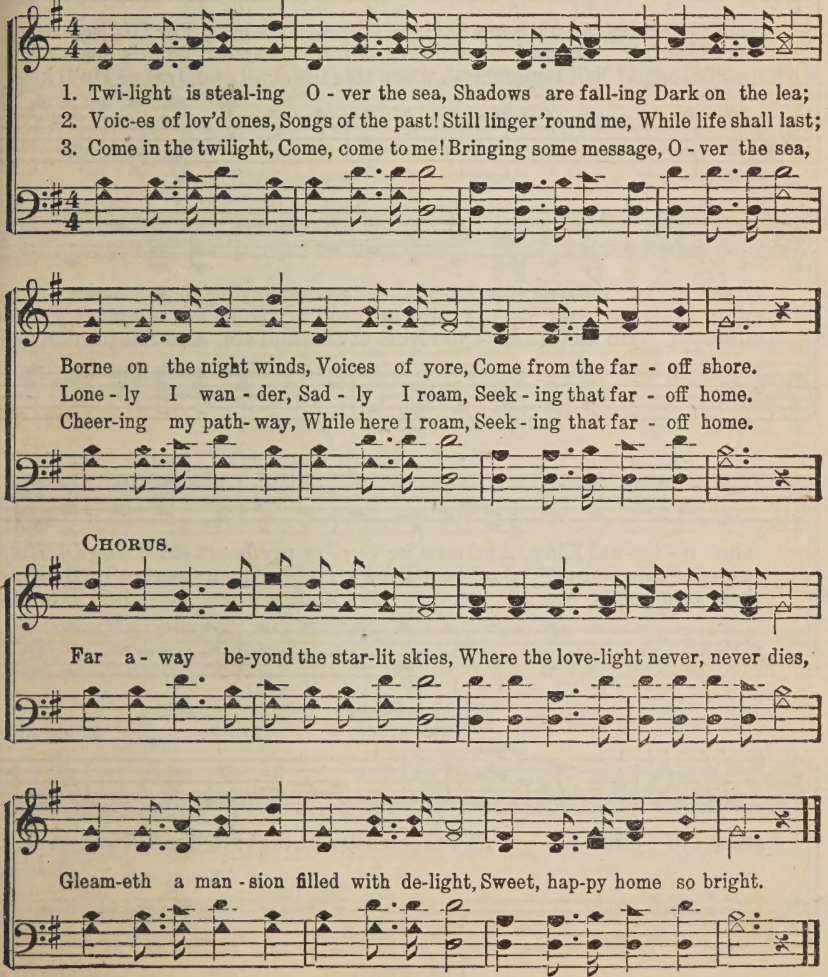

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav-iest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship
woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du-ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc-ti - fied,
bur - den lighter, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and tender, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go, O the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.
CHORUS.
When love shines in,..... When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in,....
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,
tuned to singing, When love shines in; When love shines in,.... When
When love shines in.... When love shines in,....
When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In. Concluded.



No. 132. Twilight is Stealing.

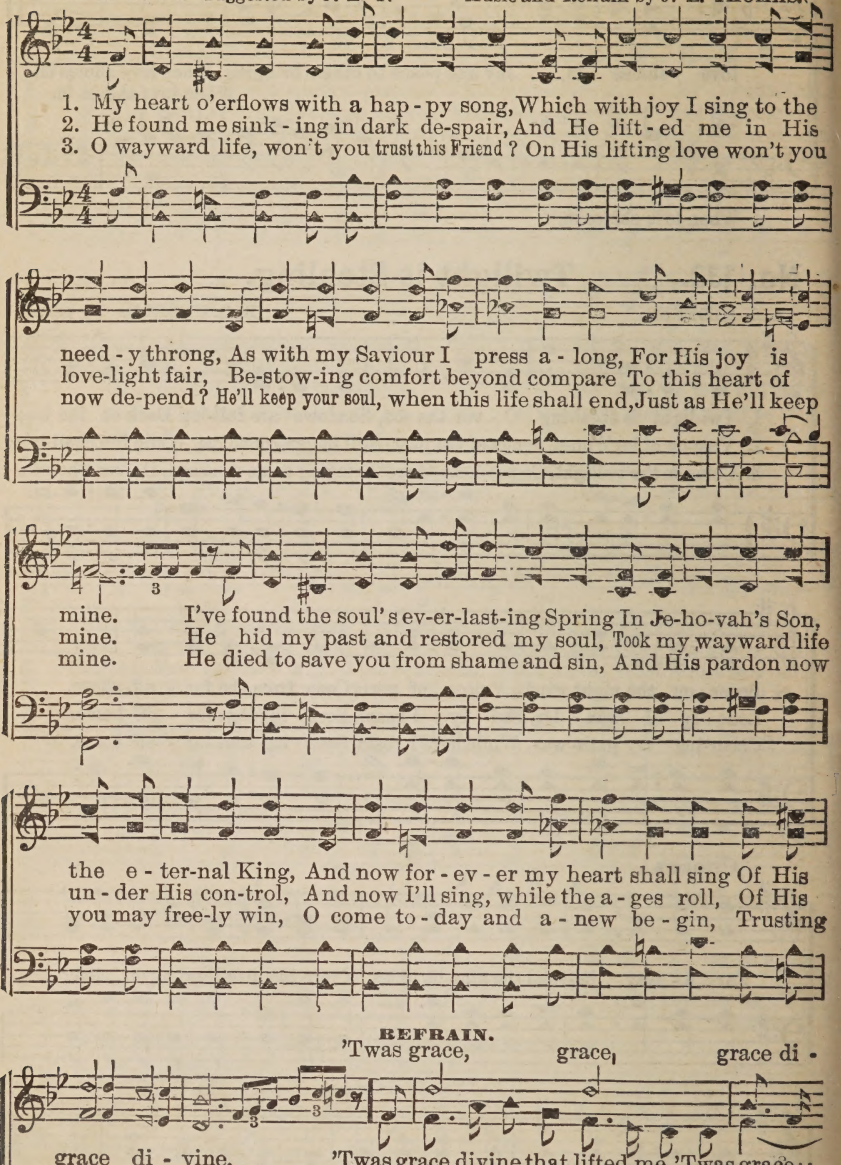
A. S. KIEFFER. B. C. UNSELD. By per.


1. Twi-light is steal-ing O - ver the sea, Shadows are fall-ing Dark on the lea;
2. Voic-es of lov'd ones, Songs of the past! Still linger 'round me, While life shall last;
3. Come in the twilight, Come, come to me! Bringing some message, O - ver the sea,
Borne on the night winds, Voices of yore, Come from the far - off shore.
Lone - ly I wan - der, Sad - ly I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.
Cheer-ing my path-way, While here I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.
CHORUS.
Far a - way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light never, never dies,
Gleam-eth a man - sion filled with de-light, Sweet, hap-py home so bright.

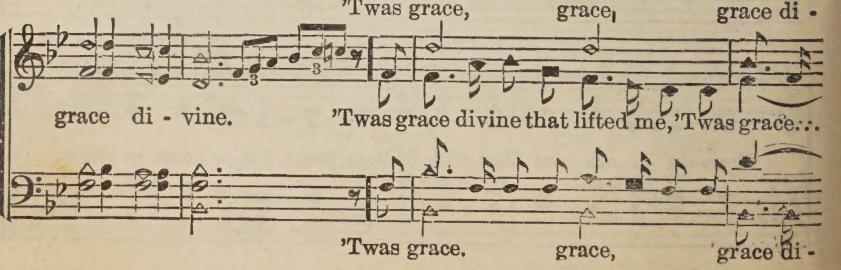
No. 133. 'Twas Grace Divine That Lifted Me.

Words and music copyrighted, 1913, by J. E. Thomas.

JAMES ROWE. Suggested by J. E. T. Music and Refrain by J. E. THOMAS.


1. My heart o'erflows with a hap - py song, Which with joy I sing to the
2. He found me sink - ing in dark de-spair, And He lift - ed me in His
3. O wayward life, won't you trust this Friend? On His lifting love won't you
need - y throng, As with my Saviour I press a - long, For His joy is
love-light fair, Be-stow-ing comfort beyond compare To this heart of
now de-pend? He'll keep your soul, when this life shall end, Just as He'll keep
mine. I've found the soul's ev-er-last-ing Spring In Je-ho-vah's Son,
mine. He hid my past and restored my soul, Took my wayward life
mine. He died to save you from shame and sin, And His pardon now
the e - ter-nal King, And now for - ev - er my heart shall sing Of His
un - der His con-trol, And now I'll sing, while the a - ges roll, Of His
you may free-ly win, O come to - day and a - new be - gin, Trusting

REFRAIN.

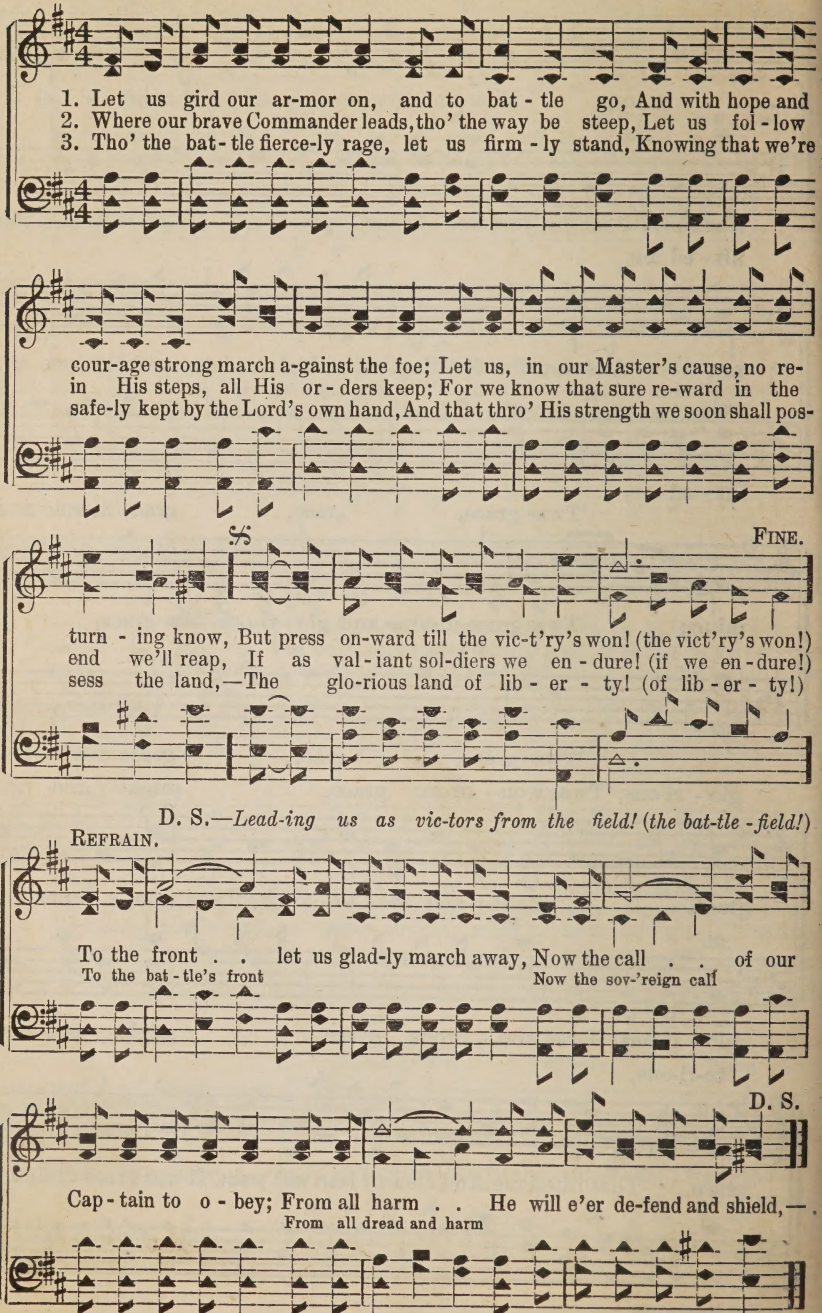


'Twas Grace Divine That Lifted Me. Concluded.

vine that lift-ed me, 'Twas won - drous grace, grace di-vine that
..... grace, Wondrous grace so rich and free, that lift - ed
vine that lift-ed me, 'Twas won - drous grace, grace di-vine that
lift - ed me,
me, And now I'm liv - ing on a higher plain, And His love is
lift - ed me,
'Twas grace, grace, grace di-vine and
mine; 'Twas grace di-vine and glo - ri-ous, 'Twas grace,
'Twas grace, grace, grace di-vine and
glo - ri-ous, 'Twas won - drous grace, might-y and vic -
grace, might-y and vic - to - ri-ous, 'Twas won - drous
glo - ri-ous, 'Twas won - drous grace, might-y and vic -
to-ri-ous,
grace That lifted me, And filled my heart with praise, It was grace divine.
to-ri-ous,

No. 134. Onward to Battle.

N. W. Allphin.[1] CONTROLLED BY THE AUTHOR. J. M. Greer.


1. Let us gird our ar-mor on, and to bat - tle go, And with hope and
2. Where our brave Commander leads, tho' the way be steep, Let us fol - low
3. Tho' the bat - tle fierce-ly rage, let us firm - ly stand, Knowing that we're
cour-age strong march a-gainst the foe; Let us, in our Master's cause, no re-
in His steps, all His or - ders keep; For we know that sure re-ward in the
safe-ly kept by the Lord's own hand, And that thro' His strength we soon shall pos-
FINE.
turn - ing know, But press on-ward till the vic-t'ry's won! (the vict'ry's won!)
end we'll reap, If as val - iant sol-diers we en - dure! (if we en - dure!)
sess the land,—The glo-rious land of lib - er - ty! (of lib - er - ty!)
D. S.—*Lead-ing us as vic-tors from the field!* (*the bat-tle - field!*)
REFRAIN.
To the front . . let us glad-ly march away, Now the call . . of our
To the bat - tle's front
Now the sov-'reign call
D. S.
Cap - tain to o - bey; From all harm . . He will e'er de-fend and shield,—
From all dread and harm

No. 135. The Great Day of Judgment.

J. G. W. OWNED BY QUARTET MUSIC CO. J. G. Wilson.

Not too fast.

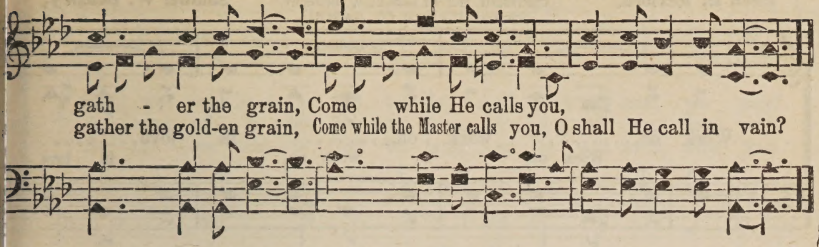
1. In the great day of judgment, when the dead shall arise, We'll be gathered to-
2. On that great day of judgment, when the Saviour shall call All the na - tions to
3. Then, dear brother, be read - y, for soon He may call You to an- swer the
geth-er far up in the skies; Then the books will be o-pened and
answer for their deeds great and small, 'Twill be those who were faithful, serv-ing
summons that comes un - to all; Be ye read - y to meet Him, be
FINE.
Je - sus will claim All those who are faith-ful and trust - ed in Him.
God here in love, That He'll be pleased to place there at His right hand a - bove.
trust - ing His love, Then a home He will give you in that cit - y a - bove.
D. S.—*Then be read - y to meet Him and you shall be free.*
CHORUS.
The just and un-right-eous to-geth - er shall stand, Anx-ious - ly wait-ing to
D. S.
hear the command; En - ter in or de - part ye, oh, which will it be?

No. 136. The Golden Harvest.

JAS. B. FRANKLIN. RICHARD M. MORGAN.

1. Lo! the gold-en har-vest, waving o'er the plain; Hear the call fo
2. See, the grain is wast-ing, la-b'rers are but few, Will-ing hands ar
3. When the reaping's o-ver in this world be-low, Great will be the
reap-ers, o'er and o'er a-gain! Rouse, O rouse, ye i-dlers, haste, O
need-ed, there's so much to do! Bring in-to the kingdom sheaves c
joy when singing home we go; Sheaves we here have gathered in our
haste a-way, Out in-to the har-vest, save some sheaves to-day.
gold-en grain, Leave them not to per-ish on the hill and plain.
work of love, We shall find them gar-nered safe in heav'n a-bove.
CHORUS.
Out in the har-vest, reap-ers, a-way, Je-
Out in the gold-en har-vest, reapers, O haste a-way, Je-sus is
sus is call-ing, will you o-bey? In-to the kingdom
call-ing, call-ing, will you the call o-bey? In-to the blessed kingdom

Copyright, 1912, by R. M. Morgan. Owned by Quartet Music Co.



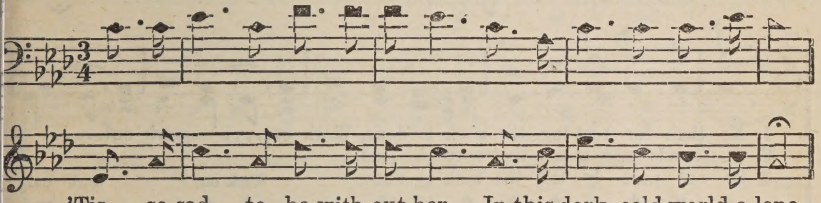
No. 137. Mother's Gone.

In memory of our mother, who departed this life Dec. 6, 1910.—G. H.

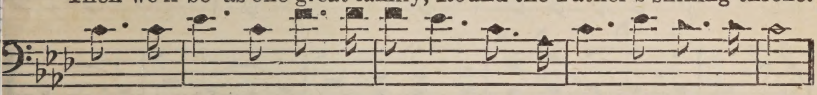
L. A. RODGERS. Music and ref. by GROOVER HOOKER.

Soprano and Tenor Duet to Refrain.

1. Mother's gone, O how we miss her, Since she left our dear old home;
2. She a-waits us o - ver yon-der, On that bright and shin-ing shore,
3. Where there'll be no more sad parting, And no weeping will be known;

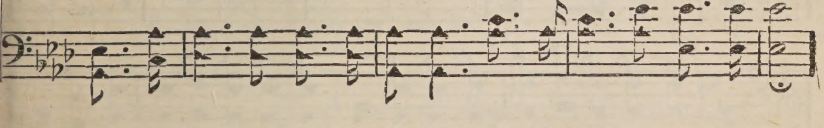


'Tis so sad to be with-out her, In this dark, cold world a-lone.
Where we hope some day to meet her, When our work on earth is o'er.
Then we'll be as one great family, Round the Father's shining throne.

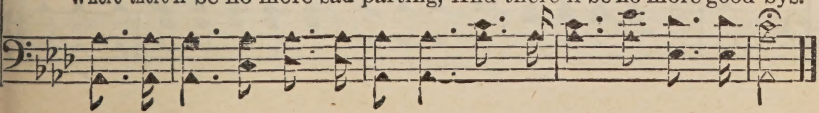


REFRAIN.

She has gone, but we will meet her In that home be-yond the skies,



Where there'll be no more sad parting, And there'll be no more good-bys.

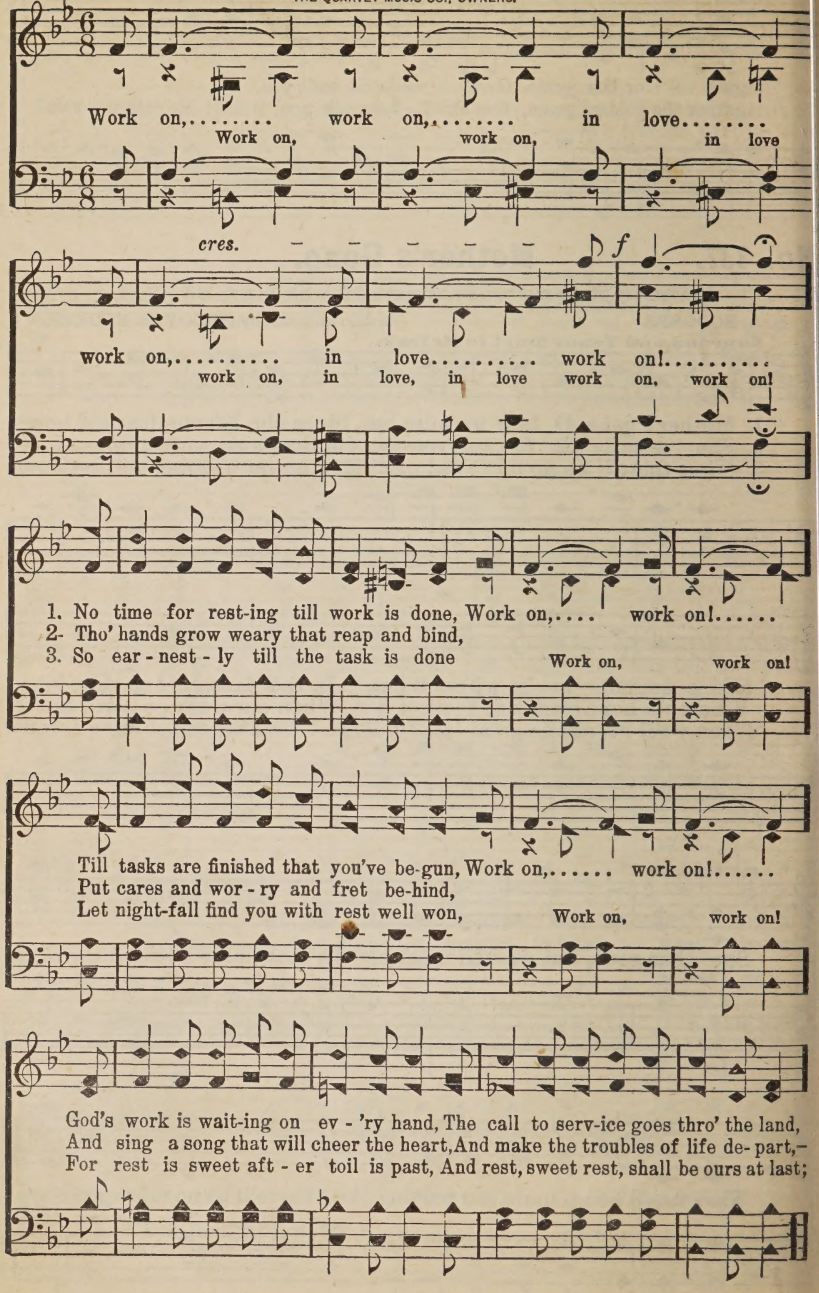


No. 138. Work On.

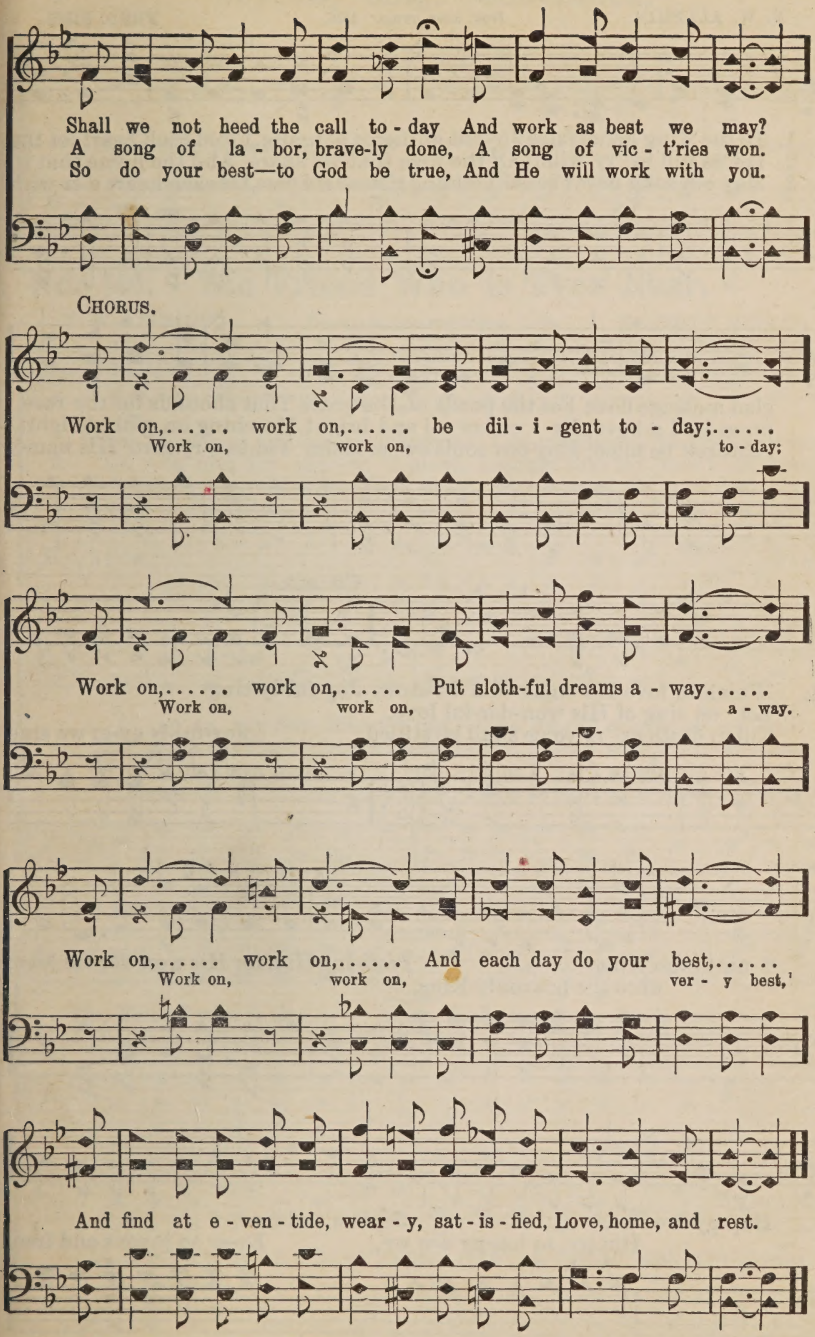
Eben E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS.

Samuel W. Beazley.

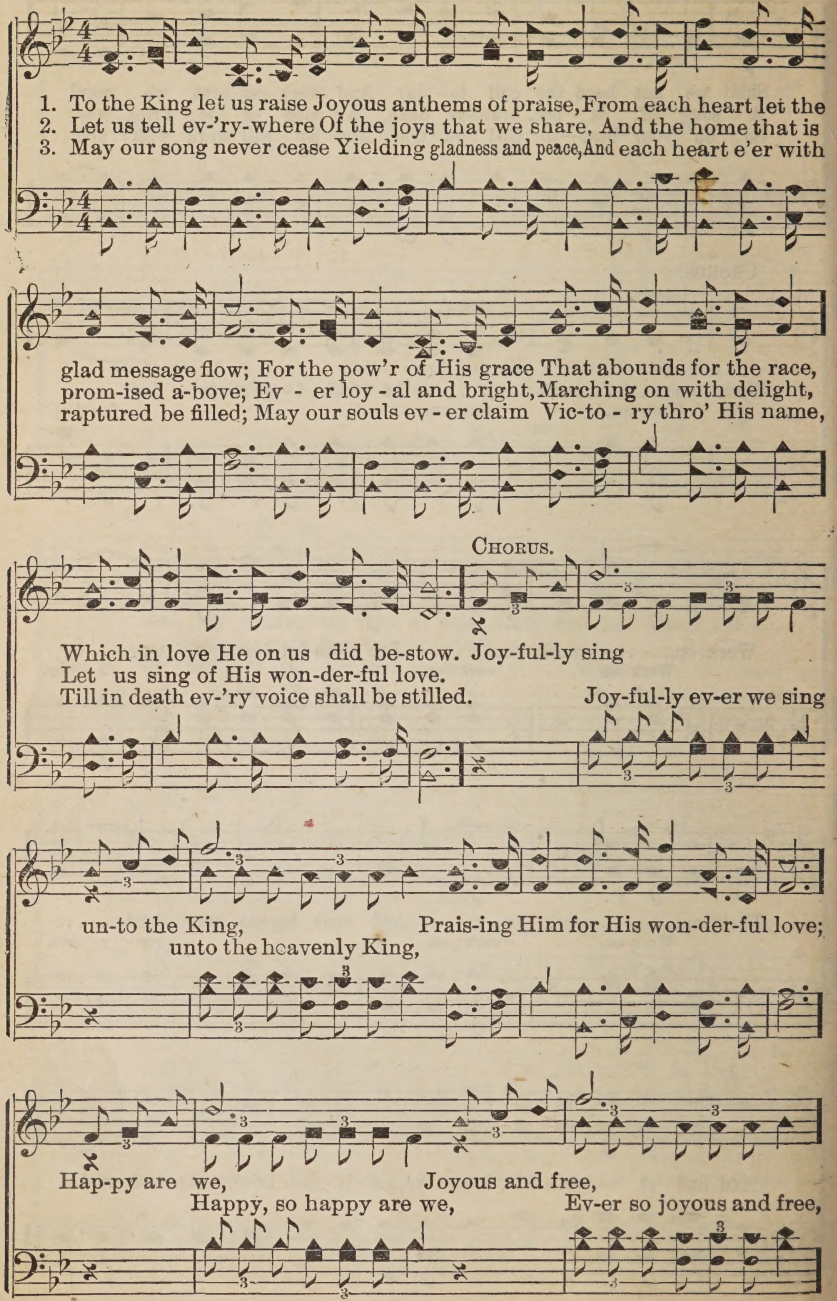

Work on,..... work on,..... in love.....
Work on, work on, in love
cres.
f
work on,..... in love..... work on!.....
work on, in love, in love work on, work on!
1. No time for rest-ing till work is done, Work on,.... work on!.....
2- Tho' hands grow weary that reap and bind,
3. So ear - nest - ly till the task is done
Work on, work on!
Till tasks are finished that you've be-gun, Work on,..... work on!.....
Put cares and wor - ry and fret be-hind,
Let night-fall find you with rest well won,
Work on, work on!
God's work is wait-ing on ev - 'ry hand, The call to serv-ice goes thro' the land,
And sing a song that will cheer the heart, And make the troubles of life de- part,–
For rest is sweet aft - er toil is past, And rest, sweet rest, shall be ours at last;

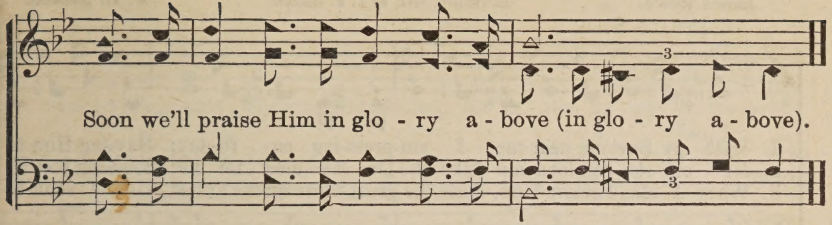
Work On.


Shall we not heed the call to - day And work as best we may?
A song of la - bor, brave-ly done, A song of vic - t'ries won.
So do your best—to God be true, And He will work with you.
CHORUS.
Work on,..... work on,..... be dil - i - gent to - day;.....
Work on, work on, to - day;
Work on,..... work on,..... Put sloth-ful dreams a - way.....
Work on, work on, a - way.
Work on,..... work on,..... And each day do your best,.....
Work on, work on, ver - y best,
And find at e - ven - tide, wear - y, sat - is - fied, Love, home, and rest.

No. 139. Joyfully Sing.

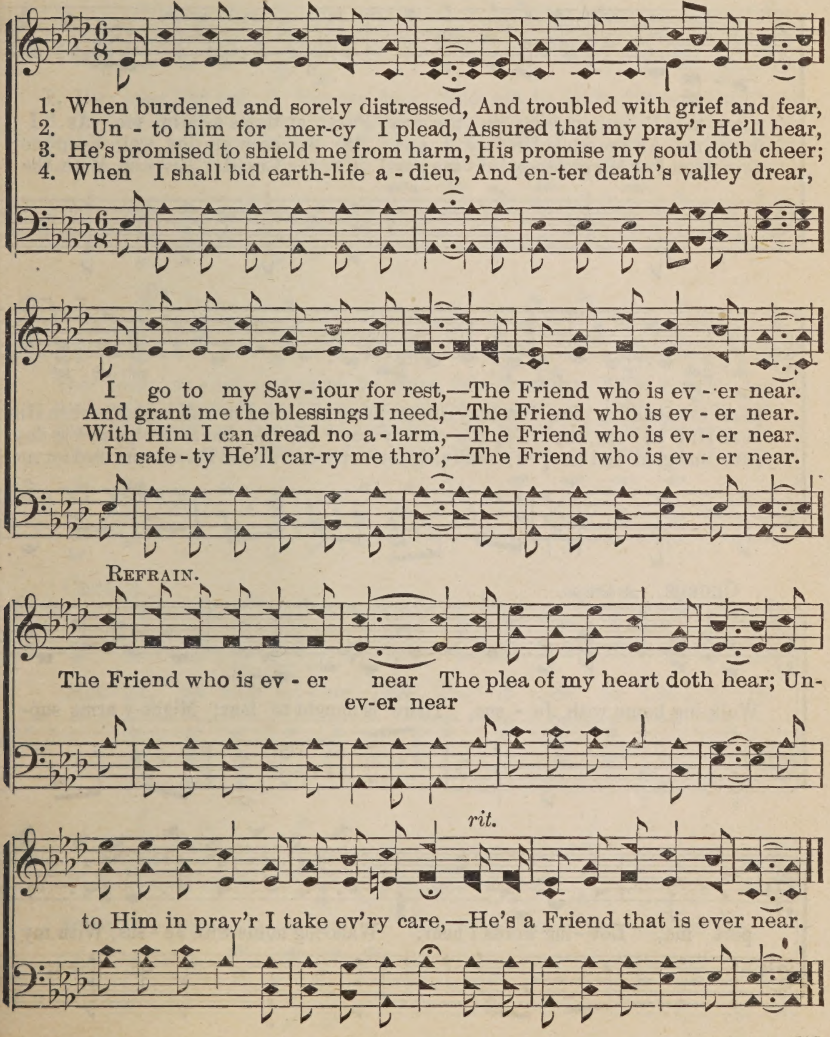
N. W. ALLPHIN. Fred. Sims, owner. 1914. FRED. SIMS.


1. To the King let us raise Joyous anthems of praise, From each heart let the
2. Let us tell ev-'ry-where Of the joys that we share, And the home that is
3. May our song never cease Yielding gladness and peace, And each heart e'er with
glad message flow; For the pow'r of His grace That abounds for the race,
prom-ised a-bove; Ev - er loy - al and bright, Marching on with delight,
raptured be filled; May our souls ev - er claim Vic-to - ry thro' His name,
Chorus.
Which in love He on us did be-stow. Joy-ful-ly sing
Let us sing of His won-der-ful love.
Till in death ev-'ry voice shall be stilled.
Joy-ful-ly ev-er we sing
un-to the King,
Prais-ing Him for His won-der-ful love;
unto the heavenly King,
Hap-py are we,
Joyous and free,
Happy, so happy are we,
Ev-er so joyous and free,



No. 140. The Friend Who Is Ever Near.

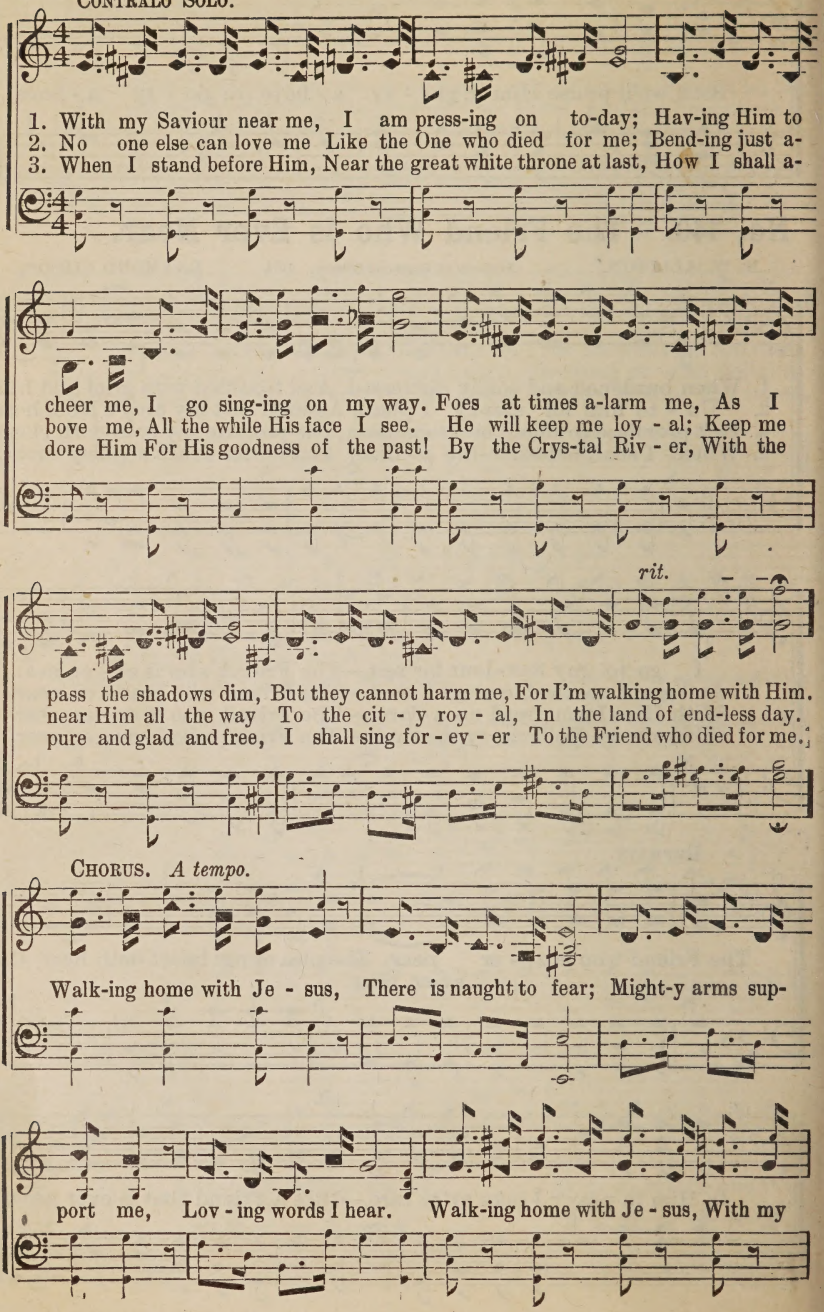
N. W. ALLPHIN. Property of Raymond Gibson. 1914. RAYMOND GIBSON.


1. When burdened and sorely distressed, And troubled with grief and fear,
2. Un - to him for mer-cy I plead, Assured that my pray'r He'll hear,
3. He's promised to shield me from harm, His promise my soul doth cheer;
4. When I shall bid earth-life a - dieu, And en-ter death's valley drear,
I go to my Sav - iour for rest,—The Friend who is ev - er near.
And grant me the blessings I need,—The Friend who is ev - er near.
With Him I can dread no a - larm,—The Friend who is ev - er near.
In safe - ty He'll car-ry me thro',—The Friend who is ev - er near.
Refrain.
The Friend who is ev - er near The plea of my heart doth hear; Un-ev-er near
rit.
to Him in pray'r I take ev'ry care,—He's a Friend that is ever near.

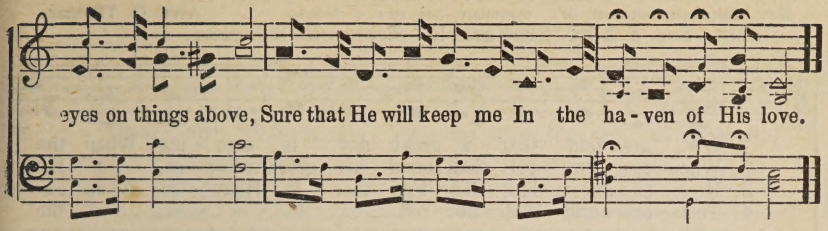
No. 141. Walking Home With Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY A. B. SEBREN. A. B. Sebren.

CONTRALO SOLO.

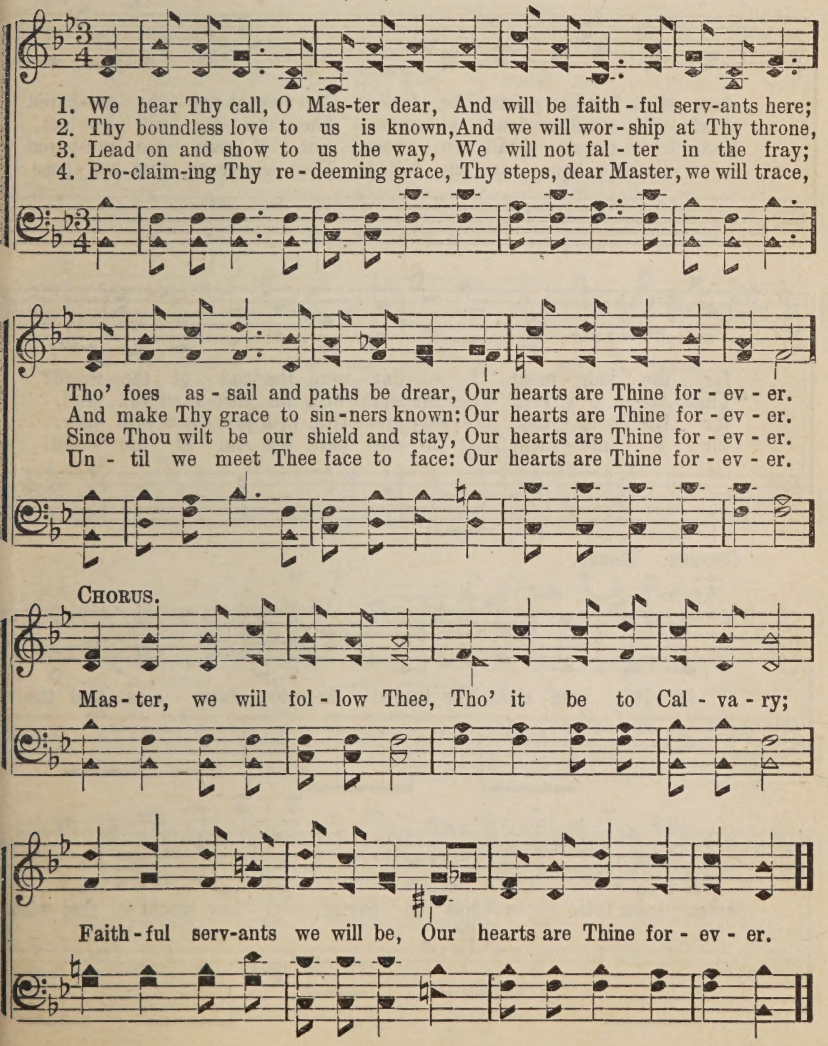

1. With my Saviour near me, I am press-ing on to-day; Hav-ing Him to
2. No one else can love me Like the One who died for me; Bend-ing just a-
3. When I stand before Him, Near the great white throne at last, How I shall a-
cheer me, I go sing-ing on my way. Foes at times a-larm me, As I
bove me, All the while His face I see. He will keep me loy - al; Keep me
dore Him For His goodness of the past! By the Crys-tal Riv - er, With the
rit.
pass the shadows dim, But they cannot harm me, For I'm walking home with Him.
near Him all the way To the cit - y roy - al, In the land of end-less day.
pure and glad and free, I shall sing for - ev - er To the Friend who died for me.
CHORUS. A tempo.
Walk-ing home with Je - sus, There is naught to fear; Might-y arms sup-
port me, Lov - ing words I hear. Walk-ing home with Je - sus, With my

Walking Home With Jesus.



No. 142. Our Hearts Are Thine Forever.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Carroll King.


1. We hear Thy call, O Mas-ter dear, And will be faith - ful serv-ants here;
2. Thy boundless love to us is known, And we will wor - ship at Thy throne,
3. Lead on and show to us the way, We will not fal - ter in the fray;
4. Pro-claim-ing Thy re - deeming grace, Thy steps, dear Master, we will trace,
Tho' foes as - sail and paths be drear, Our hearts are Thine for - ev - er.
And make Thy grace to sin - ners known: Our hearts are Thine for - ev - er.
Since Thou wilt be our shield and stay, Our hearts are Thine for - ev - er.
Un - til we meet Thee face to face: Our hearts are Thine for - ev - er.
CHORUS.
Mas - ter, we will fol - low Thee, Tho' it be to Cal - va - ry;
Faith - ful serv-ants we will be, Our hearts are Thine for - ev - er.

No. 143. If To-day Were the End of the World.

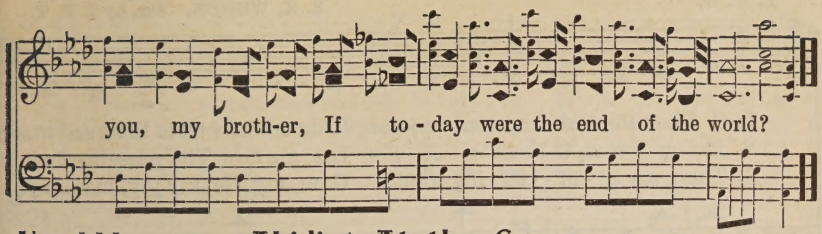
As sung by A. O. Thomas and C. E. Holtzclaw.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY A. O. THOMAS. **Alvis O. Thomas.**

DUET. Sop. & Alto. Good as Solo. *Slowly, with expression.*

1. We are told that a great day is com - ing, When the
2. When the an - gel shall sound his great trump - et, On the
3. No one knows but the Fa - ther in Heav - en, When our
4. This old world shall not roll on for - ev - er, Nor the
stars shall like ban - ners be furled; But would you be pre-pared
clouds will our Sav - iour de - scend; Then the cry will go out,
Lord from the sky shall ap - pear; But if we are pre-pared
moon like a ban - ner un - furled; Then sup - pose, just sup - pose
for the judg - ment If to - day were the end of the world?
"Time is o - ver," Then the world with its tur - moil will end.
for His com - ing, We may greet Him with joy, not with fear.
for a mo - ment That to - day were the end of the world.
CHORUS. *Slower.*
If the sun should be turned in - to dark - ness, And the
stars from their or - bits be hurled, O how would it fare with

If To-day Were the End of the World.



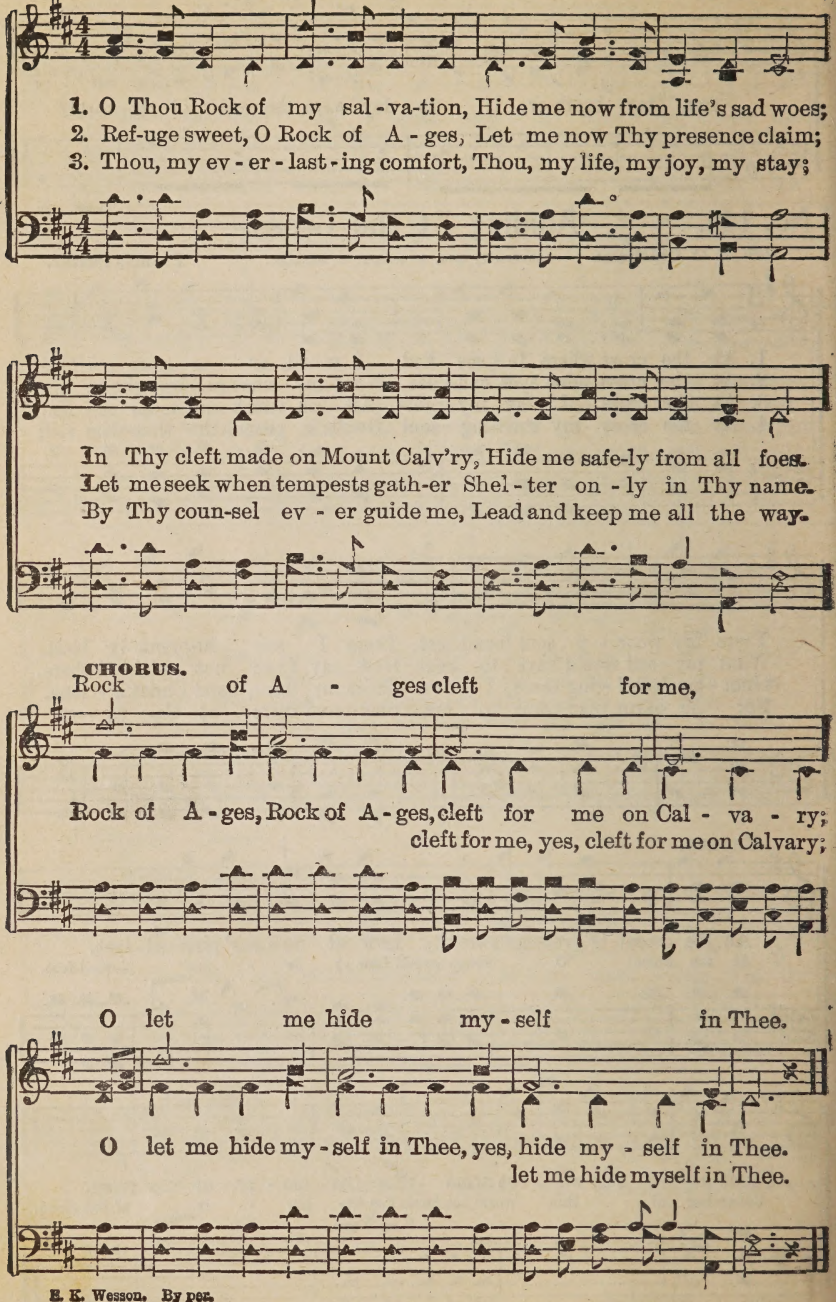
No. 144. Abiding At the Cross.

Rev. T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Francis Foster.**

1. At the cross where Je - sus died I would ev - er - more a - bide;
2. At the cross mine eyes can see What my sins had brought on me,
3. At the cross I lay my pride, All on which my hopes re - lied;
4. At the cross my trust-ing soul Dwells in peace, tho' thun-ders roll;
There my wear - y soul found rest, There I am su-preme-ly blest.
What my - self would have to bear, Had my Lord not suf-fered there.
Hum - bly kneel - ing there, I own Christ my hope, and Christ a - lone.
For no harm can come to me, Shel-tered there at Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
Ah the cross! O ref-uge sweet! Low at Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
At the cross! O refuge sweet! Low at Je - sus' pierced feet,
Count-ing all this world but dross For the glo - ry of the cross.
Count-ing all this world but dross For the glo - ry of the cross.

No. 145 Blessed Rock of Ages.

E. K. W. E. K. WESSON. Arr. by J. E. T.


1. O Thou Rock of my sal - va-tion, Hide me now from life's sad woes;
2. Ref-uge sweet, O Rock of A - ges, Let me now Thy presence claim;
3. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing comfort, Thou, my life, my joy, my stay;
In Thy cleft made on Mount Calv'ry, Hide me safe-ly from all foes.
Let me seek when tempests gath-er Shel - ter on - ly in Thy name.
By Thy coun-sel ev - er guide me, Lead and keep me all the way.
CHORUS.
Rock of A - ges cleft for me,
Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me on Cal - va - ry;
cleft for me, yes, cleft for me on Calvary;
O let me hide my - self in Thee.
O let me hide my - self in Thee, yes, hide my - self in Thee.
let me hide myself in Thee.

E. K. Wesson. By per.

No. 146. Follow the Saviour.

T. A. Beasley. THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS. L. B. Harris.

1. There is a path that lead-eth to glo - ry, It is the path that our
2. This is the path-way trod-den by Je - sus, While He did jour - ney on
3. Won't you be - gin to fol - low the Sav-iour? He has been call - ing for
fa - thers have trod; It is the theme of all sa-cred sto - ry,
earth here be-low; And as we fol - low His hand doth lead us,
you now so long; Come and en - joy the peace that He giv - eth,
CHORUS.
It lead-eth up to God. Fol - low the steps of the Saviour,
He marks the way we go.
As you shall journey home.
Fol - low the steps, yes, the steps of the Sav-iour,
Walk in the path where He lead - eth; He will
Walk in the path, in the path where He lead - eth; Je - sus the Lord will
take you to heav - en When your jour - ney's o'er.
rit.
jour-ney's o'er.

No. 147. Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

MISS OLLIE COOK. THOS. S. COBB.

1. Since Je - sus came in - to my heart, And drove a - way sin's care,
2. Since Je - sus came in - to my heart, He is my dear-est Friend,—
3. Since Je - sus came in - to my heart, I want my friends to know
4. Since Je - sus came in - to my heart, I dare not i - dle stand,
I'm lean - ing on His might - y arm, And sweet - ly rest - ing there.
He helps me in each time of need, And doth His com - fort lend.
That He can cleanse them from their sins, And make them white as snow.
He calls for work- ers—I'll o - bey, And lend a help - ing hand.
CHORUS.
And now..... I'm sing-ing,..... O,.....
And now I am sing-ing and prais-ing His name, Yes, now I am sing-ing and
glo- ry..... hal - - - le - lu - jah,..... Since Je-sus
prais- ing His name, With glad hal- le - lu - jah my soul now can sing,
came in - to my heart, Now..... I'm sing-ing,
my heart, Now I am sing-ing and prais-ing His name, Yes

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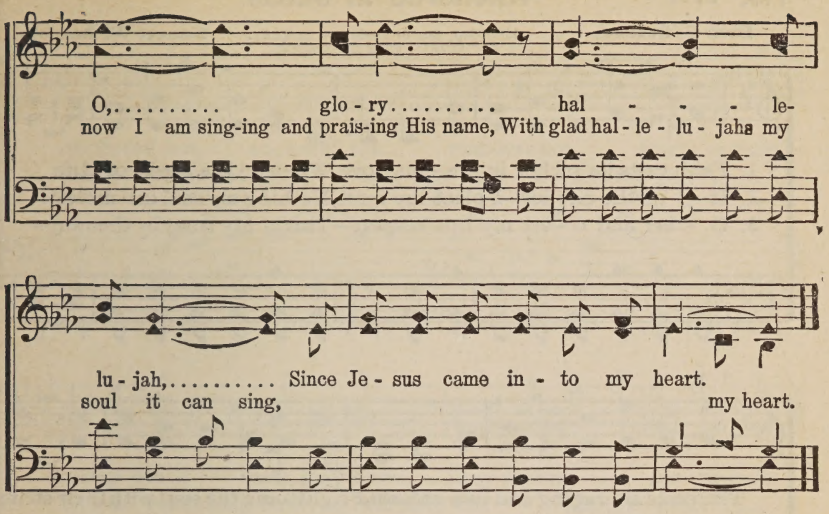
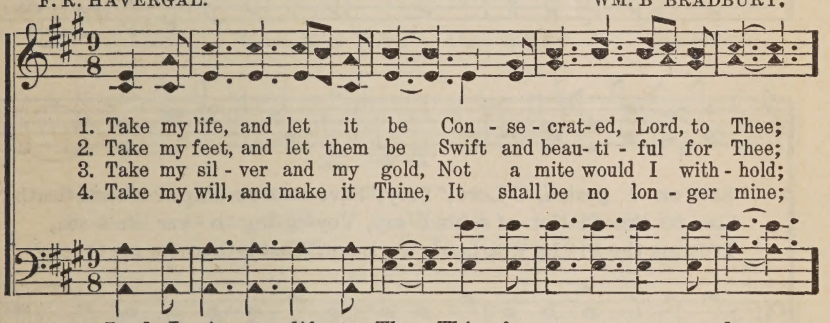
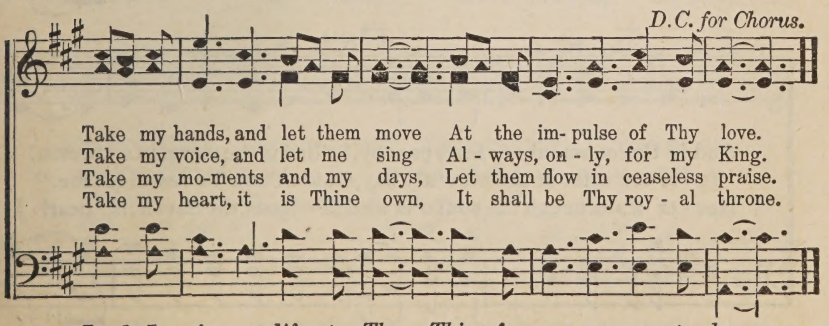

O,..... glo - ry..... hal - - - le-
now I am sing-ing and prais-ing His name, With glad hal - le - lu - jahs my
lu - jah,..... Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.
soul it can sing, my heart.

No. 148. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. HAVERGAL. WM. B BRADBURY.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;
CHO.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be;


D.C. for Chorus.
Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be.

No. 149. Anchored in Jesus.

Eben E. Rexford.

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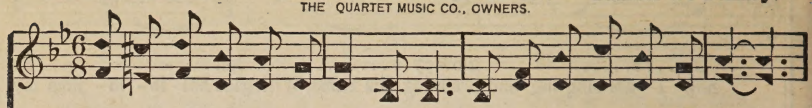
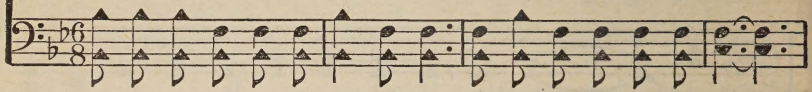
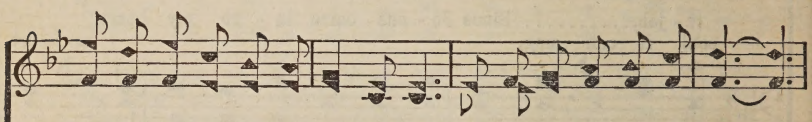
THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS.

Samuel W. Beazley.

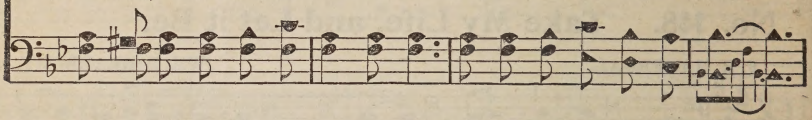


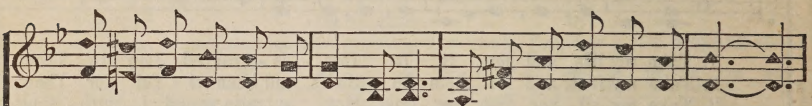
1. Faith casts its anchor in Je - sus' love, When on the ocean of life
2. If in the Sav-ior I place my trust, Nothing my soul can molest;
3. O - ver and o - ver my lips re-peat—This is my song by the way—



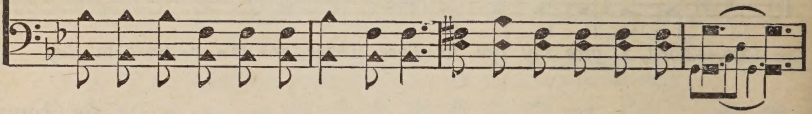


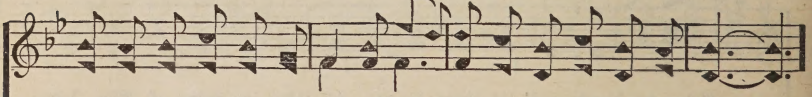
Tempests are raging and storm-winds move, Fright'ning the soul with their strife.
Lean on His promise I sure-ly must, Knowing that He knoweth best.
Trust in the Savior makes life so sweet, That earth is heaven to - day.



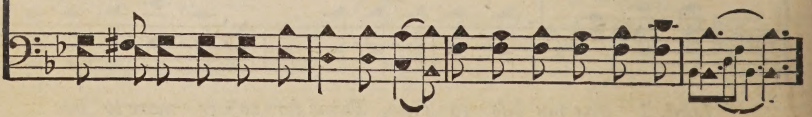


"Save or I perish, O Lord," I cry, "Save me from shipwreck and death,"
So to the Pi - lot of souls I say, Voy-ag-ing o - ver life's sea,
Trusting the Pi - lot who holds the helm, What is there for me to fear?





And in that moment my fears pass by, Stilled is the storm in a breath.
"In - to the calm of the heav'nly bay, Guide Thou the vessel for me."
Nev - er a storm can the soul o'erwhelm—Jesus, the Savior, is near!



Anchored in Jesus.

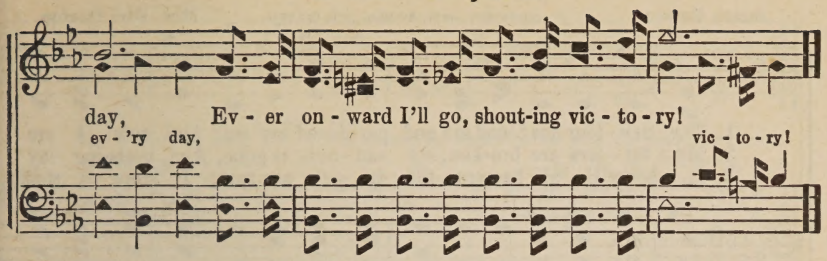
Chorus.
Anchored fast, anchored fast, mat-ters not, storm or gale;
An - chored in Je - sus, what mat - ters the gale?.....
Anchored fast, anchored fast, mat-ters not, storm or gale;
Stormy winds blow, may blow, they cannot, not prevail;
Storm - winds may blow,....but they can - not pre - vail;.....
Stormy winds blow, may blow, they cannot, not prevail,
Safe am I as a child on His breast, on His breast,
Safe..... as a child on the All - Father's breast,
Safe am I as a child on His breast, on His breast,
Anchored there, anchored there, Anchored there, O my soul's at rest.
An - chored in Je - sus my soul..... is at rest.....
Anchored there, anchored there, Anchored there, O my soul's at rest.

150. In His Vineyard.

N. W. A. N. W. Allphin, owner. N. W. ALLPHIN.

1. In the vine-yard of my Mas - ter I will work and pray, Help-ing
2. In the vine-yard of the Mas - ter there is work for all Who will
3. I will sing the bless-ed sto - ry of re - deem-ing grace, Of His
souls who now are lost in sin; To be - hold His of-fered mer - cy
heark - en to His blest com-mand; I would ev - er do His bid - ding,
mer - cy and His love I'll tell; And when here my work is end-ed
and ac - cept to - day, That His gra-cious par-don they may win.
yes, o - bey His call, Ev - er serv-ing Him with heart and hand.
I shall see His face, And for - ev - er in His pres-ence dwell!
REFRAIN.
I will work,... yes, I will pray, Lauding Him who on the tree
I will work, yes, I will pray,
Shed His blood to make me free, I will work..... yes, ev - 'ry
I will work, yes,

In His Vineyard.



No. 151. I'll Trust in Thee.

H. C. R. H. Clyde Rose.

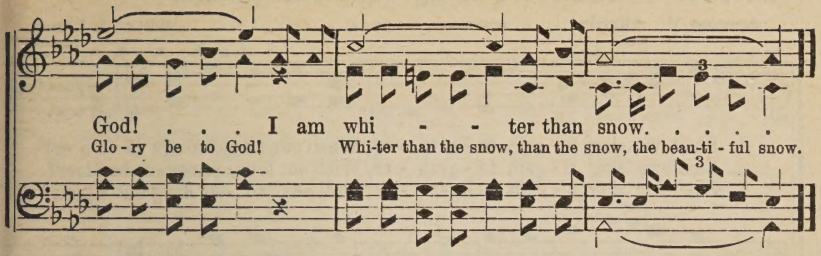
1. When shad-ows o'er my path-way fall, And fond - est hopes have flown,
2. I know, dear Lord, that Thou wilt lead And guide me safe - ly on;
3. I know Thou ev - er lov - est me And know - est all things best;
4. Ere long with an - gels I shall sing Be - yond life's troub-led sea;
O Lord, my strength, my life, my all, I'll trust in Thee a - lone.
Thou wilt sup - ply my ev - 'ry need, And fill my soul with song.
Thro' each com-mand I'll fol - low Thee, Till I am called to rest.
O Lord, my ref - uge and my King, I'll ev - er trust in Thee.
CHORUS.
I will trust, . . Lord, in Thee, . . As did the saints of old,
I will trust, Lord, in Thee,
Un - til death's an - gel calls for me, And heav - en's joys un - fold.

No. 152. I Am Whiter Than Snow.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MRS. OTIS DEATON. Mrs. Otis Deaton.

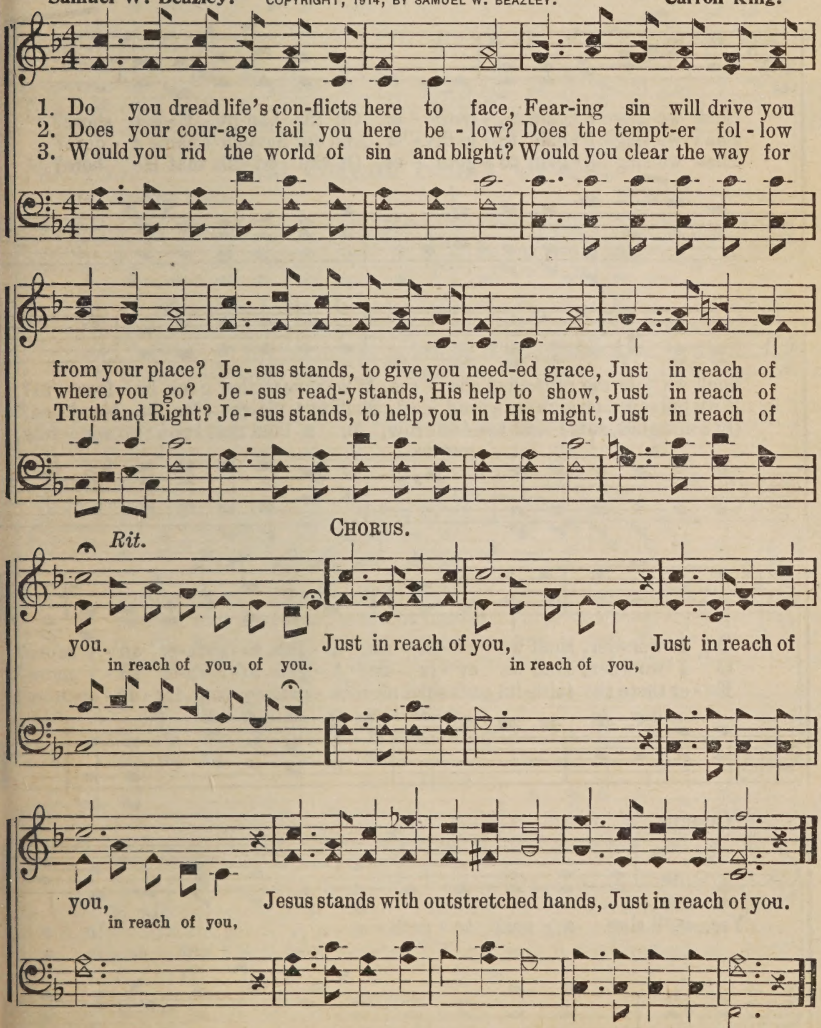
1. The Sav - iour has found me and par-doned my sin, And now I am
2. My fet - ters are bro-ken, my sad - ness is gone, And, prais-ing my
3. I know He will keep me till tri - als are past; I know I shall
try - ing the life-crown to win; No more I shall wan - der in
Sav - iour, with joy I press on; I'm go - ing to heav - en, where
see Him in glo - ry at last; And then, thro' the a - ges of
dark - ness, I know, For, glo - ry to God! I am whi - ter than snow.
an - gels a - dore, To sing of the love of my King ev - er - more.
rap - ture a - bove, My song shall be Christ and His won - der - ful love.
CHORUS.
I'm saved . . . by the blood, . . . I am par - -
Glo - ry, I am saved, washed in Je - sus' blood, Pardoned now I am,
doned, I know; . . . . Give the glo - - - ry to
par-doned, yes, I know; Glo - ry to the Lamb,

I Am Whiter Than Snow.



No. 153. Just in Reach of You.

Samuel W. Beazley. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Carroll King.


1. Do you dread life's con-flicts here to face, Fear-ing sin will drive you
2. Does your cour-age fail you here be - low? Does the tempt-er fol - low
3. Would you rid the world of sin and blight? Would you clear the way for
from your place? Je - sus stands, to give you need-ed grace, Just in reach of
where you go? Je - sus read-y stands, His help to show, Just in reach of
Truth and Right? Je - sus stands, to help you in His might, Just in reach of
CHORUS.
Rit.
you. Just in reach of you, Just in reach of
in reach of you, of you. in reach of you,
you, Jesus stands with outstretched hands, Just in reach of you.
in reach of you,

No. 154. Shall We Sing Again Together?

Newton W. Allphin. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. J. LANEY. Walter J. Laney.

1. Shall we sing a - gain to - geth - er, When our pil-grim-age is o'er?
2. Shall we sing a - gain to - geth - er, With our loved ones gone be - fore?
3. Shall we sing a - gain to - geth - er, Prais-es to our King out - pour?
Shall we sing a - gain to - geth - er, On the hap-py E - den shore?
Shall we sing a - gain to - geth - er, And our Saviour's name a - dore?
Shall we sing a - gain to - geth - er, Of the tri - als that He bore?
Shall we join the ransomed cho - rus, Who have thither gone be - fore us?
With the saved on high as - cend - ed, Shall our voi-ces e'er be blend - ed?
On some glad, some blest to-mor - row, In a land that knows no sor - row,
O I won-der, shall we ev - er sing A - gain to - geth-er an - y more?
O I won-der, shall we ev - er sing A - gain to - geth-er an - y more?
Ev - er there the faith-ful ones shall meet A - gain to sing for - ev - er-more.
CHORUS.
Yes, we'll sing a - gain to - geth - er . . . . . In a
sing to - geth - er In a

Shall We Sing Again Together?

bright - er world on high; If we here are loy - al
bright-er, bright-er world on high, on high;
servants, (loyal servants,) We shall sing a-gain to-geth-er by and by. (by and by.)

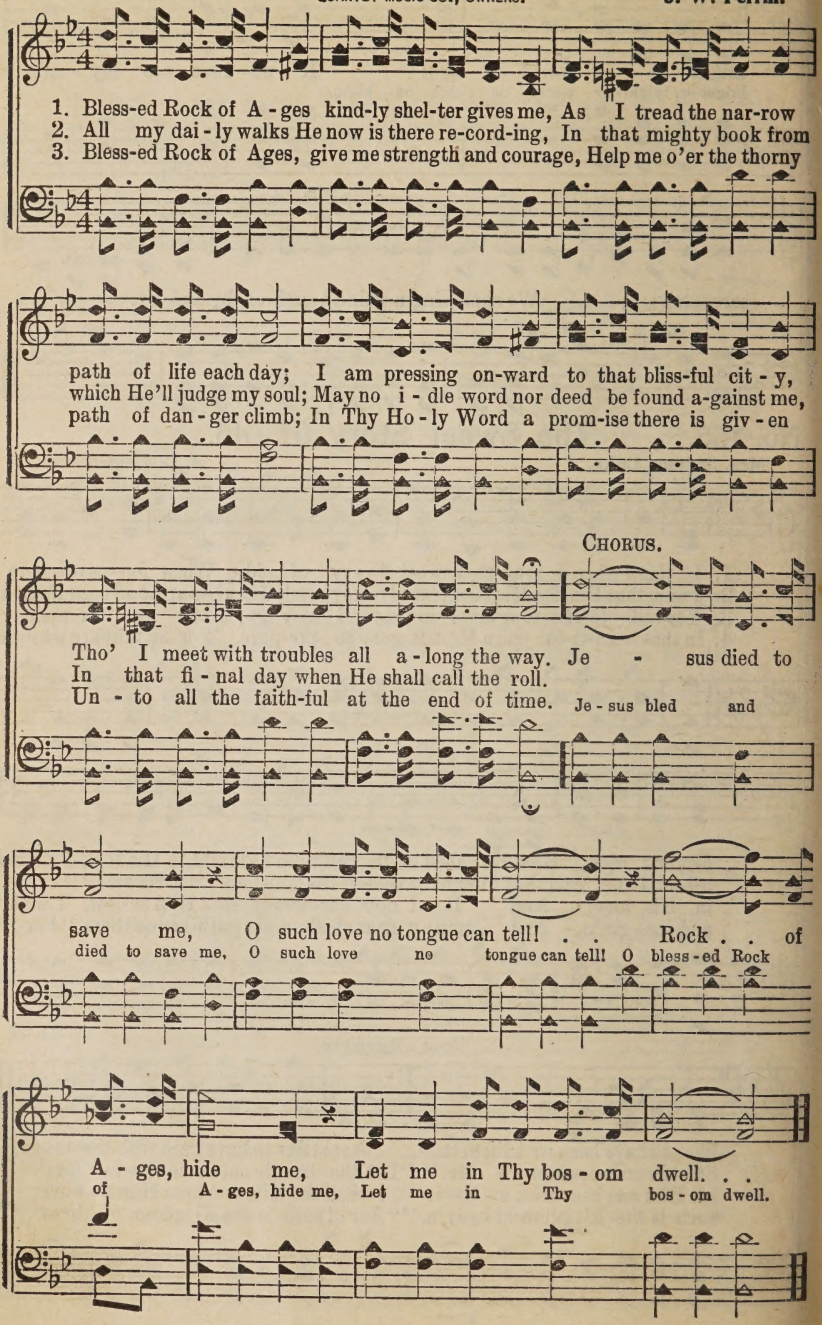
No. 155. The Sweet Story Of Old.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. J. C. Englebrecht.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je-sus was here
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share
4. In that beau-ti-ful place He has gone to pre-pare, For all that are washed
a-mong men, How He called lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should
a-round me; And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the
in His love; And if I now ear-nest-ly seek Him be-low, I shall
and for - giv'n, And man - y dear children are gath-er-ing there, "For of
D. S.
FINE. REFRAIN.
like to have been with them then. I should like to have been with them then;
lit - tle ones come un-to Me." "Let the lit - tle ones come un-to Me;"
see Him and hear Him a - bove. I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove;
such is the Kingdom of heav'n." "For of such is the Kingdom of heav'n;"

No. 156. Rock of Ages, Hide Me.

J. W. F. QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS. J. W. Ferrill.


1. Bless-ed Rock of A - ges kind-ly shel-ter gives me, As I tread the nar-row
2. All my dai - ly walks He now is there re-cord-ing, In that mighty book from
3. Bless-ed Rock of Ages, give me strength and courage, Help me o'er the thorny
path of life each day; I am pressing on-ward to that bliss-ful cit - y,
which He'll judge my soul; May no i - dle word nor deed be found a-gainst me,
path of dan - ger climb; In Thy Ho - ly Word a prom-ise there is giv - en
CHORUS.
Tho' I meet with troubles all a - long the way. Je - sus died to
In that fi - nal day when He shall call the roll.
Un - to all the faith-ful at the end of time. Je - sus bled and
save me, O such love no tongue can tell! . . Rock . . of
died to save me, O such love no tongue can tell! O bless - ed Rock
A - ges, hide me, Let me in Thy bos - om dwell. . .
of A - ges, hide me, Let me in Thy bos - om dwell.

No. 157. Happy in Jesus To-day.

James Rowe. QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS. Ervie Odes Massie.

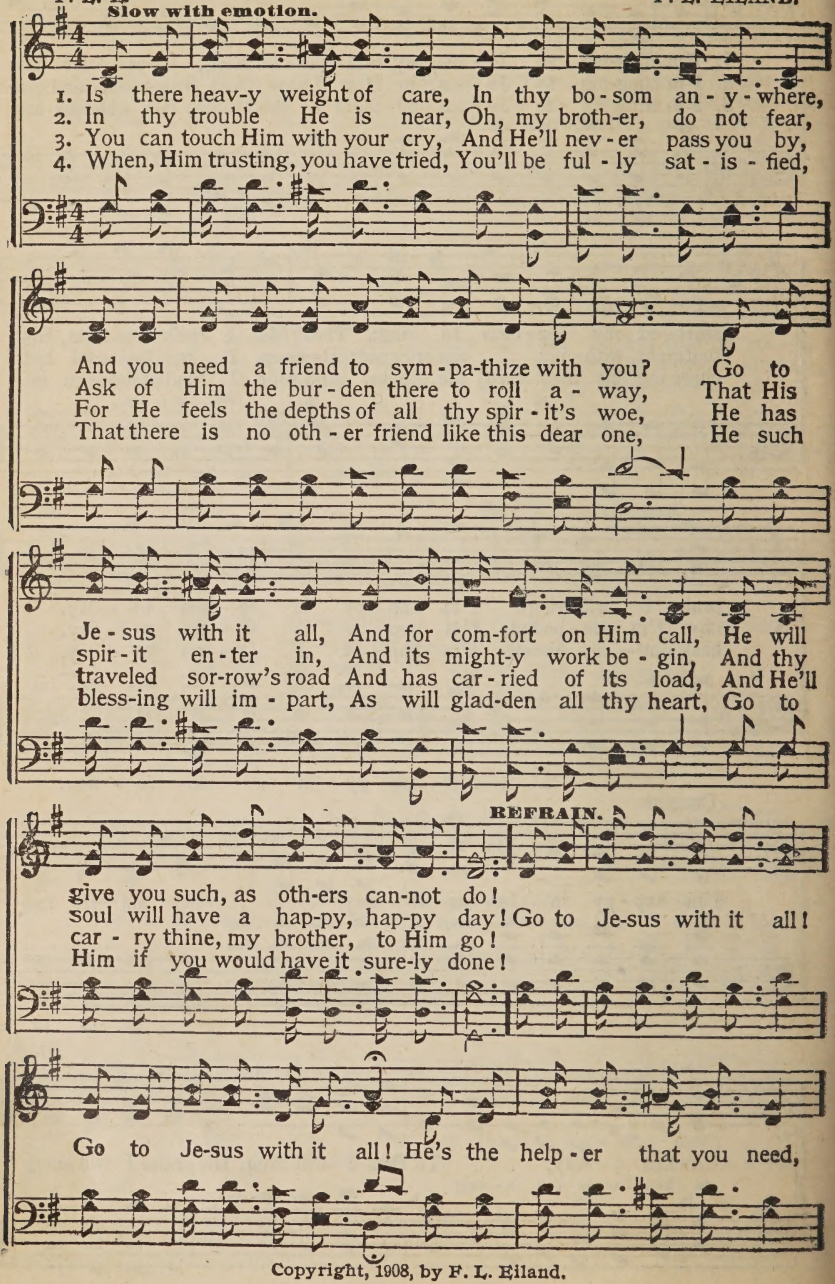
1. I'm cling-ing to Je - sus, my won - der - ful King, Be-cause He has
2. I'm cling-ing to Je - sus; in Him I have found Sweet peace and con-
3. I'm cling-ing to Je - sus, no more I shall roam; His whispers are
start - ed my joy - bells to ring; Thro' life I will love Him, His
tentment, with joy I am crowned; Be-cause I was fet-tered but
cheer-ing my soul thro' the gloom, And soon I shall praise Him in
FINE.
praise I will sing; I'm hap - py in Je - sus to - day.
now I'm un - bound, I'm hap - py in Je - sus to - day.
heav - en— my home! I'm hap - py in Je - sus to - day.
D. S.—I'm hap - py in Je - sus to - day.
CHORUS.
I'm hap - py in Je - sus to - day, . . . My sin He has
Je - sus, in Je - sus to - day,
D. S.
ta - ken a - way; . . To Him I will cling, His praise I will sing;
ta - ken, has ta - ken a - way;

No. 158. GO TO JESUS WITH IT ALL!

Ascribed to my sweet singer friend, A. B. Little.

Let not that powerful voice be hushed, Till all its strength is gone,—
It, for the glory of our God, Lift up, and sing,—sing on!

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.


Slow with emotion.
1. Is there heav-y weight of care, In thy bo-som an-y-where,
2. In thy trouble He is near, Oh, my broth-er, do not fear,
3. You can touch Him with your cry, And He'll nev-er pass you by,
4. When, Him trusting, you have tried, You'll be ful-ly sat-is-fied,
And you need a friend to sym-pa-thize with you? Go to
Ask of Him the bur-den there to roll a-way, That His
For He feels the depths of all thy spir-it's woe, He has
That there is no oth-er friend like this dear one, He such
Je-sus with it all, And for com-fort on Him call, He will
spir-it en-ter in, And its might-y work be-gin, And thy
traveled sor-row's road And has car-ried of its load, And He'll
bless-ing will im-part, As will glad-den all thy heart, Go to
REFRAIN.
give you such, as oth-ers can-not do!
soul will have a hap-py, hap-py day! Go to Je-sus with it all!
car-ry thine, my brother, to Him go!
Him if you would have it sure-ly done!
Go to Je-sus with it all! He's the help-er that you need,

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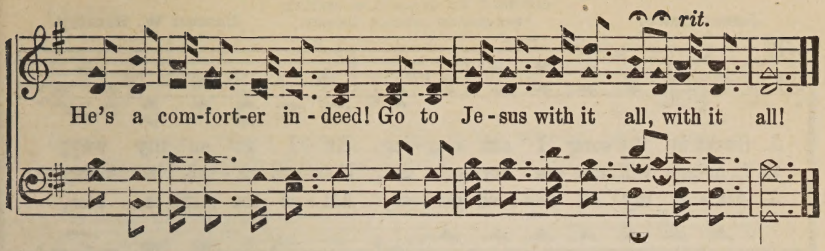
Go To Jesus With It All.



No. 159. Come To-day.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1913, WORDS AND MUSIC, BY QUARTET MUSIC CO. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hark! a-gain the Lord is plead-ing! Come, come to-day;
2. Death may touch you ere the mor-row, Come, come to-day;
3. Turn a-way from e-vil pleas-ures, Come, come to-day;
4. He has giv-en all to win you, Come, come to-day;
Peace and par-don you are need-ing; Come, come to-day.
Christ re-moves both sin and sor-row, Come, come to-day.
Start to win e-ter-nal treas-ures, Come, come to-day.
Let His Spir-it rest with-in you, Come, come to-day.
CHORUS.
Arms of love are now ex-tend-ed, Let your will with His be
blend-ed, Let your wayward life be end-ed, Come, come to-day.

No. 160. Grace Has Done Wonders for Me.

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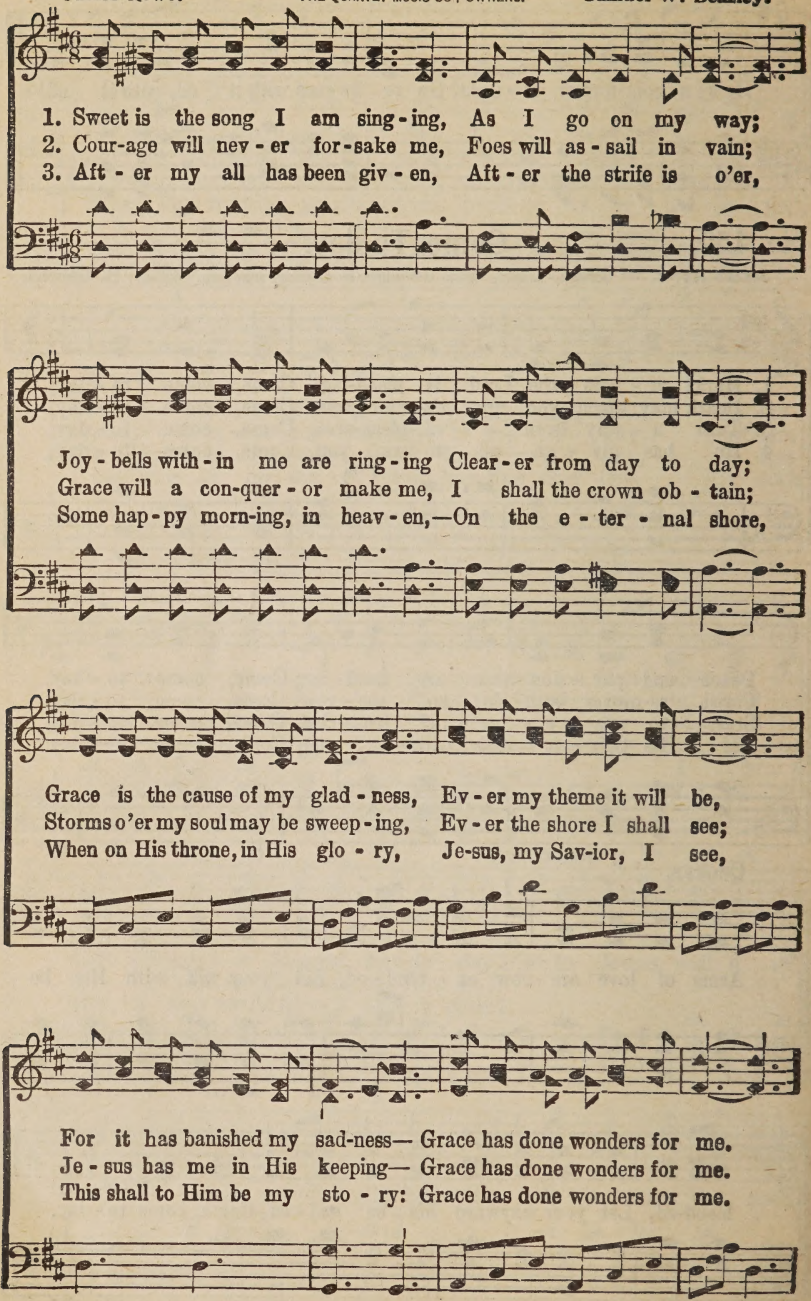
THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS.

James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. Sweet is the song I am sing-ing, As I go on my way;
2. Cour-age will nev-er for-sake me, Foes will as-sail in vain;
3. Aft-er my all has been giv-en, Aft-er the strife is o'er,
Joy-bells with-in me are ring-ing Clear-er from day to day;
Grace will a con-quer-or make me, I shall the crown ob-tain;
Some hap-py morn-ing, in heav-en,—On the e-ter-nal shore,
Grace is the cause of my glad-ness, Ev-er my theme it will be,
Storms o'er my soul may be sweep-ing, Ev-er the shore I shall see;
When on His throne, in His glo-ry, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, I see,
For it has banished my sad-ness— Grace has done wonders for me.
Je-sus has me in His keeping— Grace has done wonders for me.
This shall to Him be my sto-ry: Grace has done wonders for me.

Grace Has Done Wonders for Me.

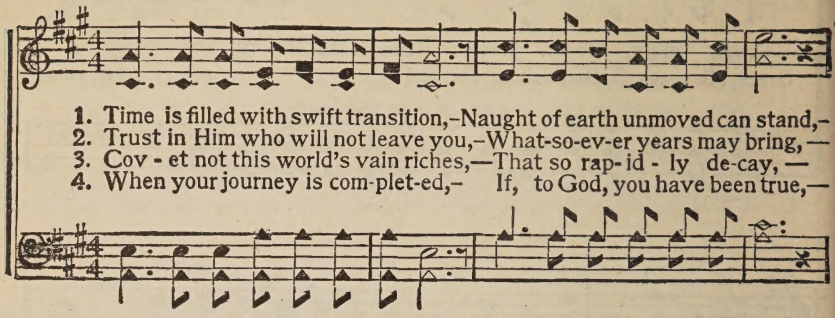
CHORUS.

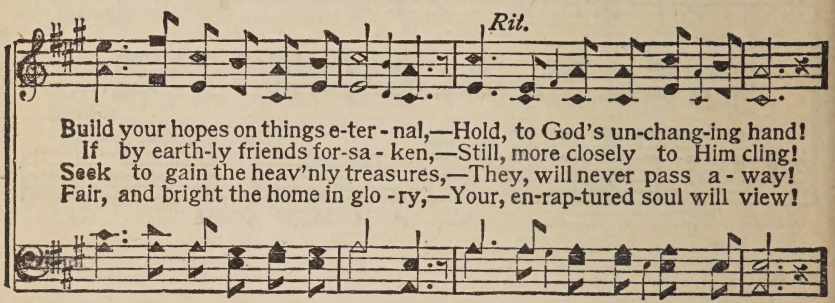
Grace, grace, God's grace, This is my sto-ry and song;....
Grace, His grace, O, God's rich grace, and my song;
Ev - er ring - ing, Cheering my spir-it a - long;....
Ev - er ring-ing, ev - er ringing, Cheering my spir-it a - long,....
a-long;
Grace, grace, God's grace, Ev - er my theme shall be.....
Grace, His grace, O, God's rich grace, this Ev - er my theme shall be,.....
shall be.
Glo - ry to Je - sus for - ev - er, His grace has done wonders for me....
for me.

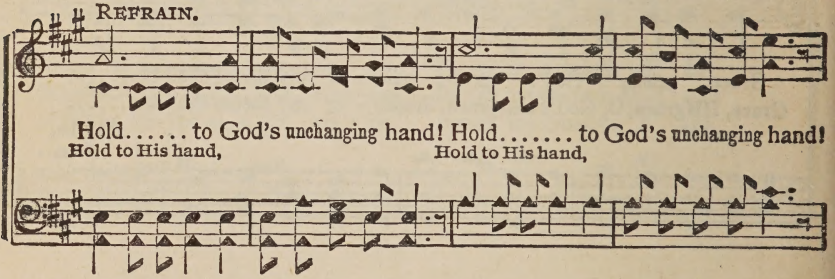
No. 161. HOLD TO GOD'S UNCHANGING HAND.

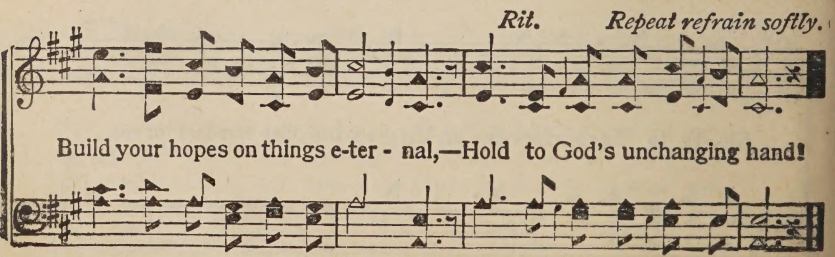
It is joy, beyond expressing,—That we have, at our command,—
Thus, to know that we can ever,—"Hold to God's unchanging hand!"—F. L. E.

JENNIE WILSON. F. L. EILAND.


1. Time is filled with swift transition,–Naught of earth unmoved can stand,–
2. Trust in Him who will not leave you,–What-so-ev-er years may bring,—
3. Cov - et not this world's vain riches,—That so rap-id - ly de-cay,—
4. When your journey is com-plet-ed,– If, to God, you have been true,—


Rit.
Build your hopes on things e-ter - nal,—Hold, to God's un-chang-ing hand!
If by earth-ly friends for-sa - ken,—Still, more closely to Him cling!
Seek to gain the heav'nly treasures,—They, will never pass a - way!
Fair, and bright the home in glo - ry,—Your, en-rap-tured soul will view!





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No. 162. Behind the Blood.

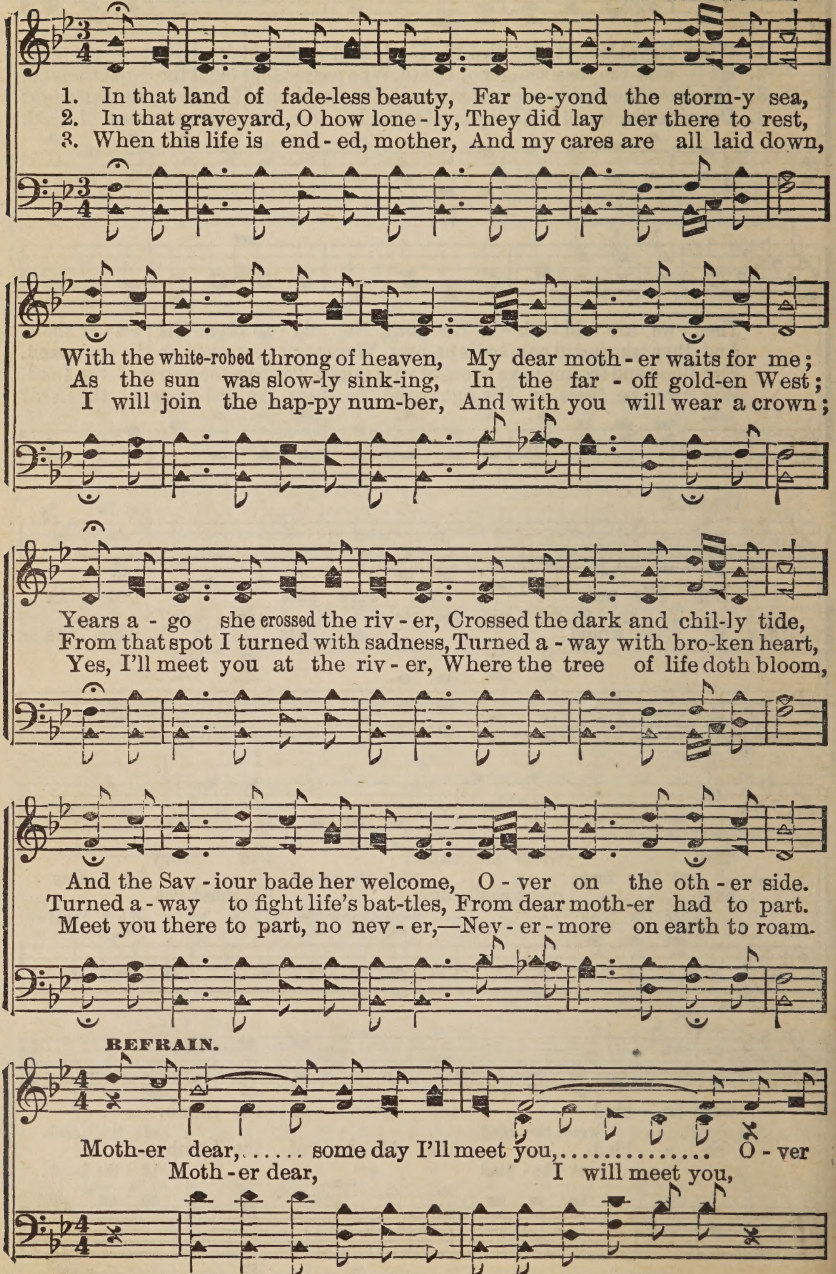
T. A. J. B. QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS. T. A. J. Beasley.

1. When Egypt's host de - fied the Lord, And would not let His peo - ple go,
2. He sent the mes-sen-ger of Death, Who passed that night thro'-out the land,
3. Thro'-out the world since that dread night, Sin, Death and Hell have done their work;
4. Dear friends, we all some day must stand Be - fore the judg-ment-seat of God;
Then we are told with - in His word, He did to them His pow - er show.
And they who heard not God's be-hest, Were each destroyed at His command.
Fire, flood and storms have wrought with might, To show the power of the Lord.
Will we be there on His right hand To hear the wel-come of the Lord?
CHORUS.
But His peo - - ple were safe at the
4th v. If we would . . . . . be safe when the
time when He came; For they
judg - - ment shall come, We must get
were be - hind the blood of the Lamb.
be - hind the blood of the Lamb.

No. 163. Mother, I Will Meet You.

(Best as Alto and Soprano Duet to the refrain.)

MISS NEOMA SMITH. W. J. WHITWORTH.


1. In that land of fade-less beauty, Far be-yond the storm-y sea,
2. In that graveyard, O how lone-ly, They did lay her there to rest,
3. When this life is end-ed, mother, And my cares are all laid down,
With the white-robed throng of heaven, My dear moth-er waits for me;
As the sun was slow-ly sink-ing, In the far-off gold-en West;
I will join the hap-py num-ber, And with you will wear a crown;
Years a-go she crossed the riv-er, Crossed the dark and chil-ly tide,
From that spot I turned with sadness, Turned a-way with bro-ken heart,
Yes, I'll meet you at the riv-er, Where the tree of life doth bloom,
And the Sav-iour bade her welcome, O-ver on the oth-er side.
Turned a-way to fight life's bat-tles, From dear moth-er had to part.
Meet you there to part, no nev-er,—Nev-er-more on earth to roam.
REFRAIN.
Moth-er dear, ... some day I'll meet you, ... O-ver
Moth-er dear, I will meet you,

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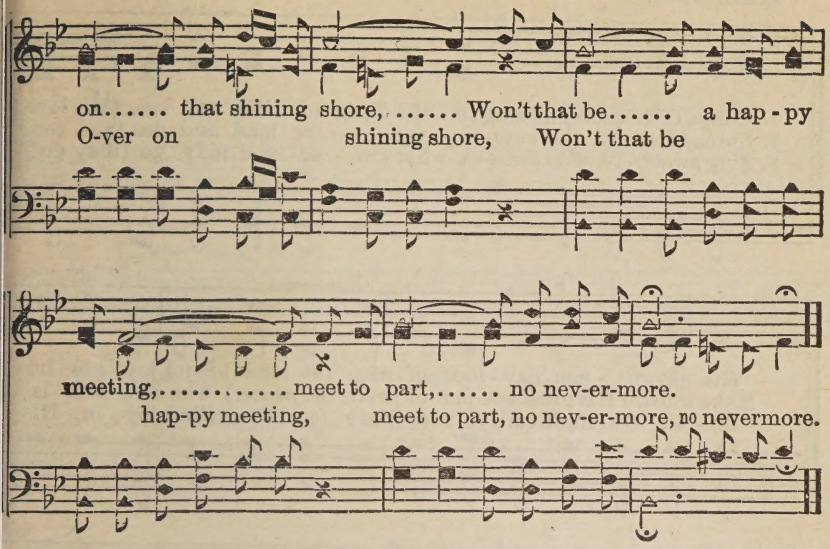
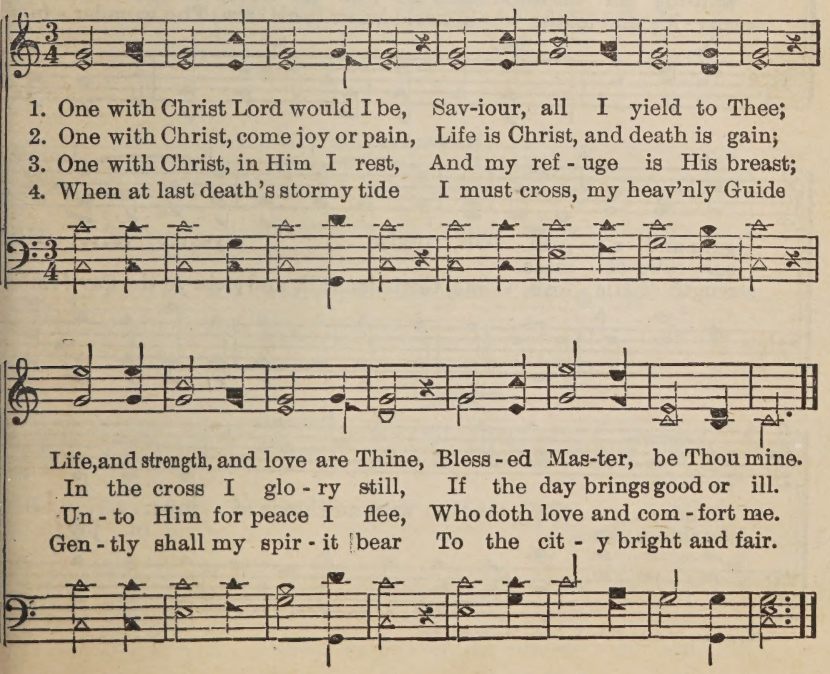
Mother, I Will Meet You. Concluded.


on..... that shining shore, ... Won't that be..... a hap - py
O-ver on shining shore, Won't that be
meeting,..... meet to part,..... no nev-er-more.
hap-py meeting, meet to part, no nev-er-more, no nevermore.

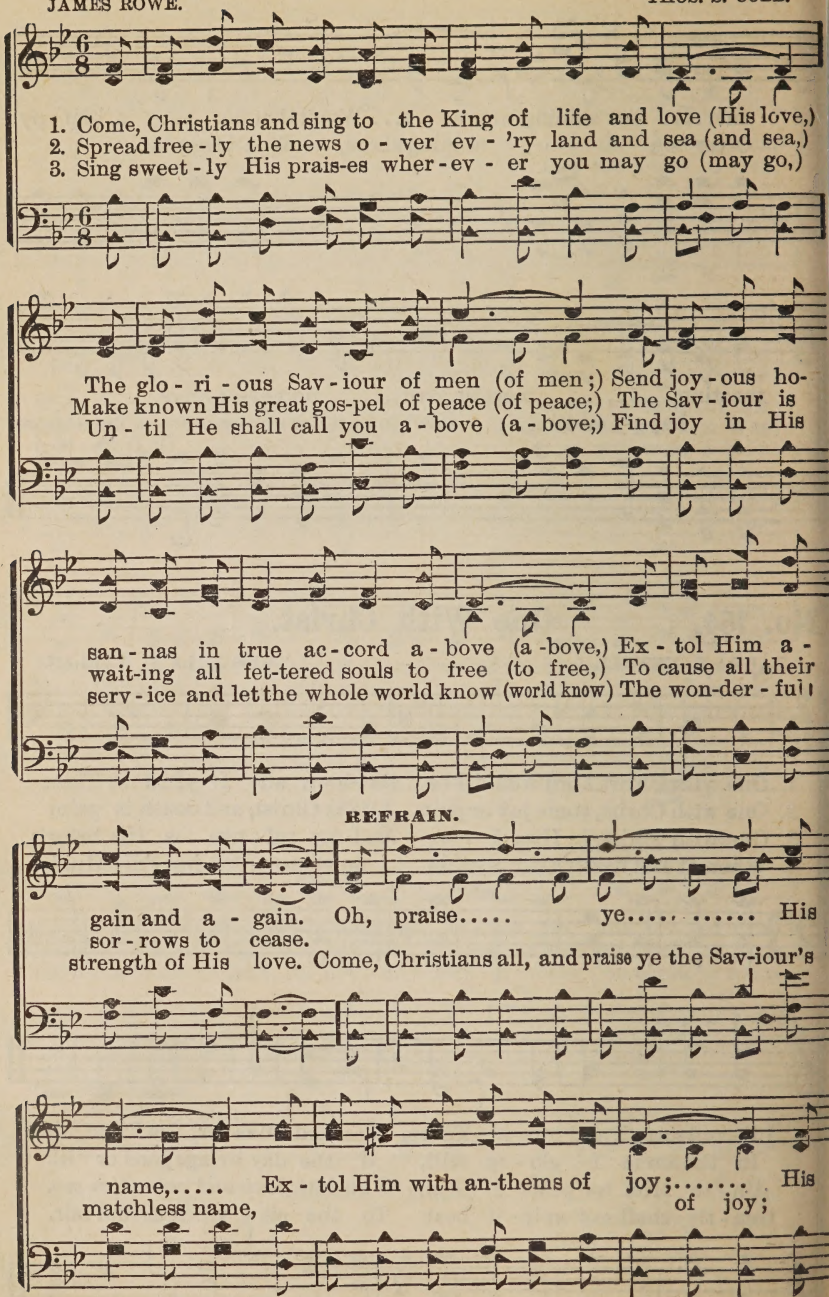
No. 164. One With Christ.

LAURA E. NEWELL. MISS LULA V. HARLAN.


1. One with Christ Lord would I be, Sav-iour, all I yield to Thee;
2. One with Christ, come joy or pain, Life is Christ, and death is gain;
3. One with Christ, in Him I rest, And my ref - uge is His breast;
4. When at last death's stormy tide I must cross, my heav'nly Guide
Life, and strength, and love are Thine, Bless - ed Mas-ter, be Thou mine.
In the cross I glo - ry still, If the day brings good or ill.
Un - to Him for peace I flee, Who doth love and com - fort me.
Gen - tly shall my spir - it bear To the cit - y bright and fair.

No. 165. His Goodness Proclaim.

JAMES ROWE. THOS. S. COBB.


1. Come, Christians and sing to the King of life and love (His love,)
2. Spread free - ly the news o - ver ev - 'ry land and sea (and sea,)
3. Sing sweet - ly His prais-es wher - ev - er you may go (may go,)
The glo - ri - ous Sav - iour of men (of men;) Send joy - ous ho-
Make known His great gos-pel of peace (of peace;) The Sav - iour is
Un - til He shall call you a - bove (a - bove;) Find joy in His
san - nas in true ac - cord a - bove (a - bove,) Ex - tol Him a -
wait-ing all fet-tered souls to free (to free,) To cause all their
serv - ice and let the whole world know (world know) The won-der - ful
REFRAIN.
gain and a - gain. Oh, praise..... ye..... His
sor - rows to cease.
strength of His love. Come, Christians all, and praise ye the Sav-iour's
name,..... Ex - tol Him with an-thems of joy;..... His
matchless name, of joy;

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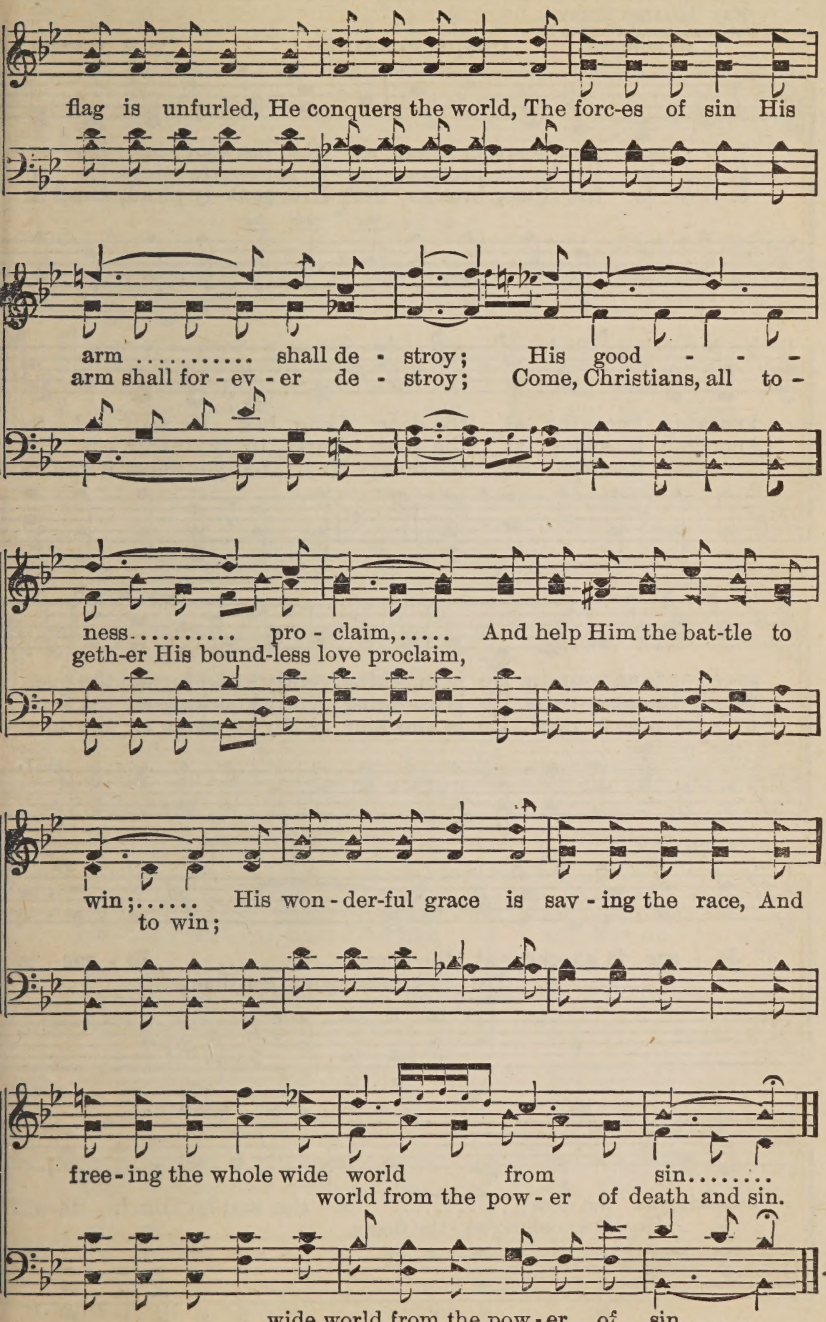
His Goodness Proclaim. Concluded.


flag is unfurled, He conquers the world, The forc-es of sin His
arm ..... shall de - stroy; His good - - -
arm shall for - ev - er de - stroy; Come, Christians, all to -
ness ..... pro - claim,..... And help Him the bat-tle to
geth-er His bound-less love proclaim,
win;..... His won - der-ful grace is sav - ing the race, And
to win;
free - ing the whole wide world from sin.....
world from the pow - er of death and sin.
wide world from the pow - er of sin.....

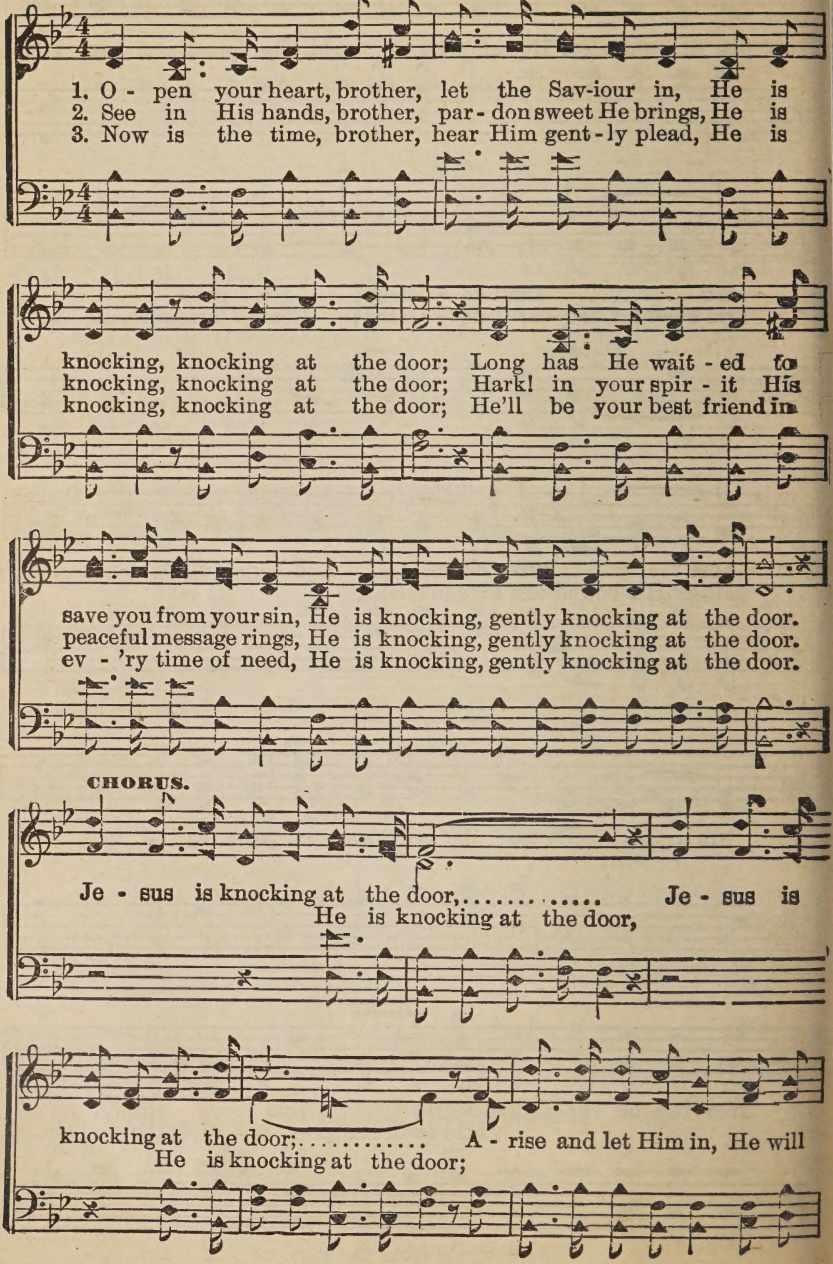
No. 166. Jesus is Knocking.

Copyright, 1908, by J. E. Thomas. Used by per.

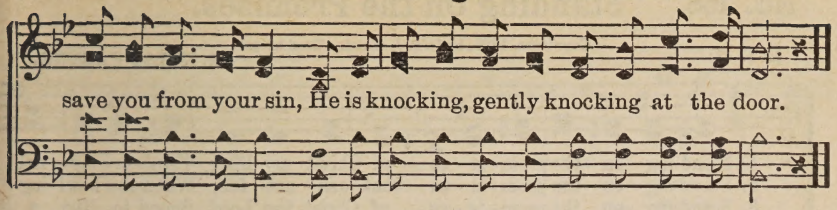
MRS. ADALINE BEERY.
First Stanza and Chorus by
T. M. BOWDISH.

(JESUS, PLEADING.)

T. M. BOWDISH.


1. O - pen your heart, brother, let the Sav-iour in, He is
2. See in His hands, brother, par - don sweet He brings, He is
3. Now is the time, brother, hear Him gent - ly plead, He is
knocking, knocking at the door; Long has He wait - ed to
knocking, knocking at the door; Hark! in your spir - it His
knocking, knocking at the door; He'll be your best friend in
save you from your sin, He is knocking, gently knocking at the door.
peaceful message rings, He is knocking, gently knocking at the door.
ev - 'ry time of need, He is knocking, gently knocking at the door.
CHORUS.
Je - sus is knocking at the door,..... Je - sus is
He is knocking at the door,
knocking at the door;..... A - rise and let Him in, He will
He is knocking at the door;

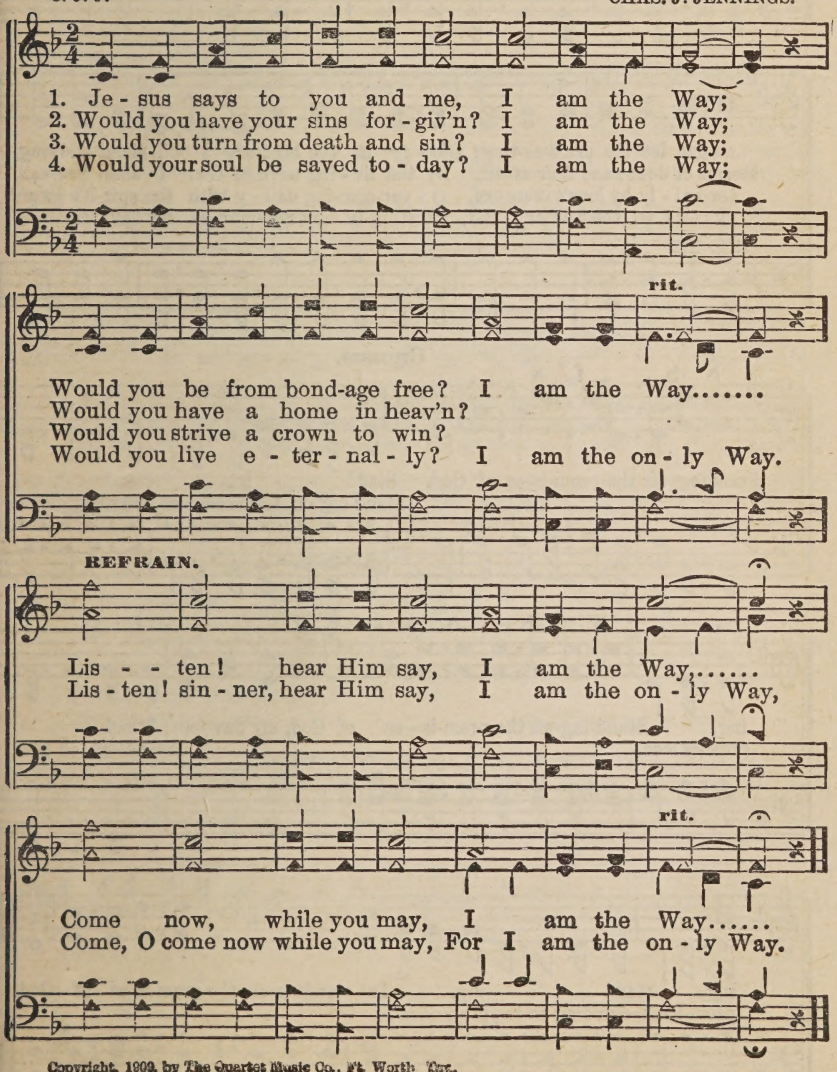
Jesus Is Knocking. Concluded.



No. 167. I Am the Way.

JOHN 14: 6.

C. J. J. CHAS. J. JENNINGS.


1. Je - sus says to you and me, I am the Way;
2. Would you have your sins for - giv'n? I am the Way;
3. Would you turn from death and sin? I am the Way;
4. Would your soul be saved to - day? I am the Way;
rit.
Would you be from bond-age free? I am the Way.....
Would you have a home in heav'n?
Would you strive a crown to win?
Would you live e - ter - nal - ly? I am the on - ly Way.
REFRAIN.
Lis - - ten! hear Him say, I am the Way,.....
Lis - ten! sin - ner, hear Him say, I am the on - ly Way,
rit.
Come now, while you may, I am the Way.....
Come, O come now while you may, For I am the on - ly Way.

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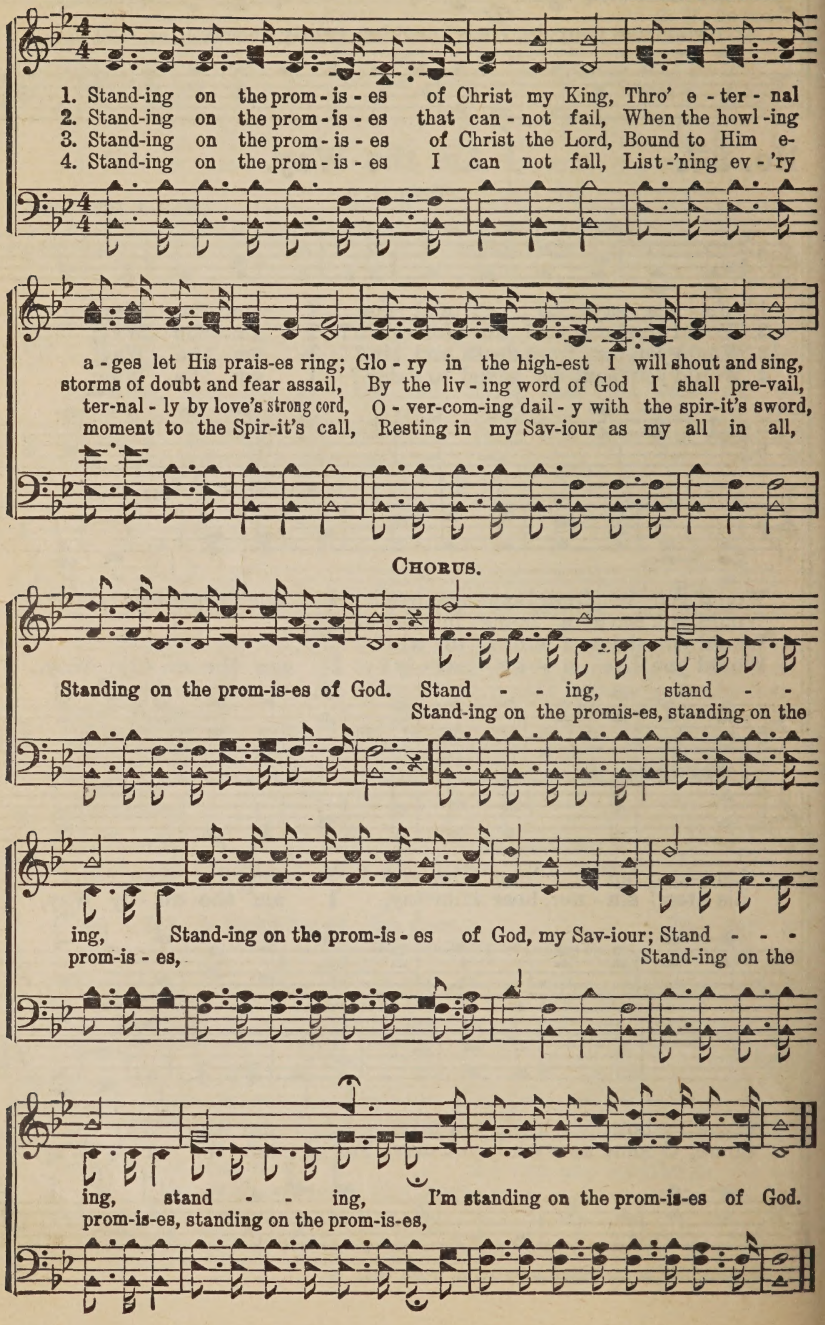
No. 168. Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

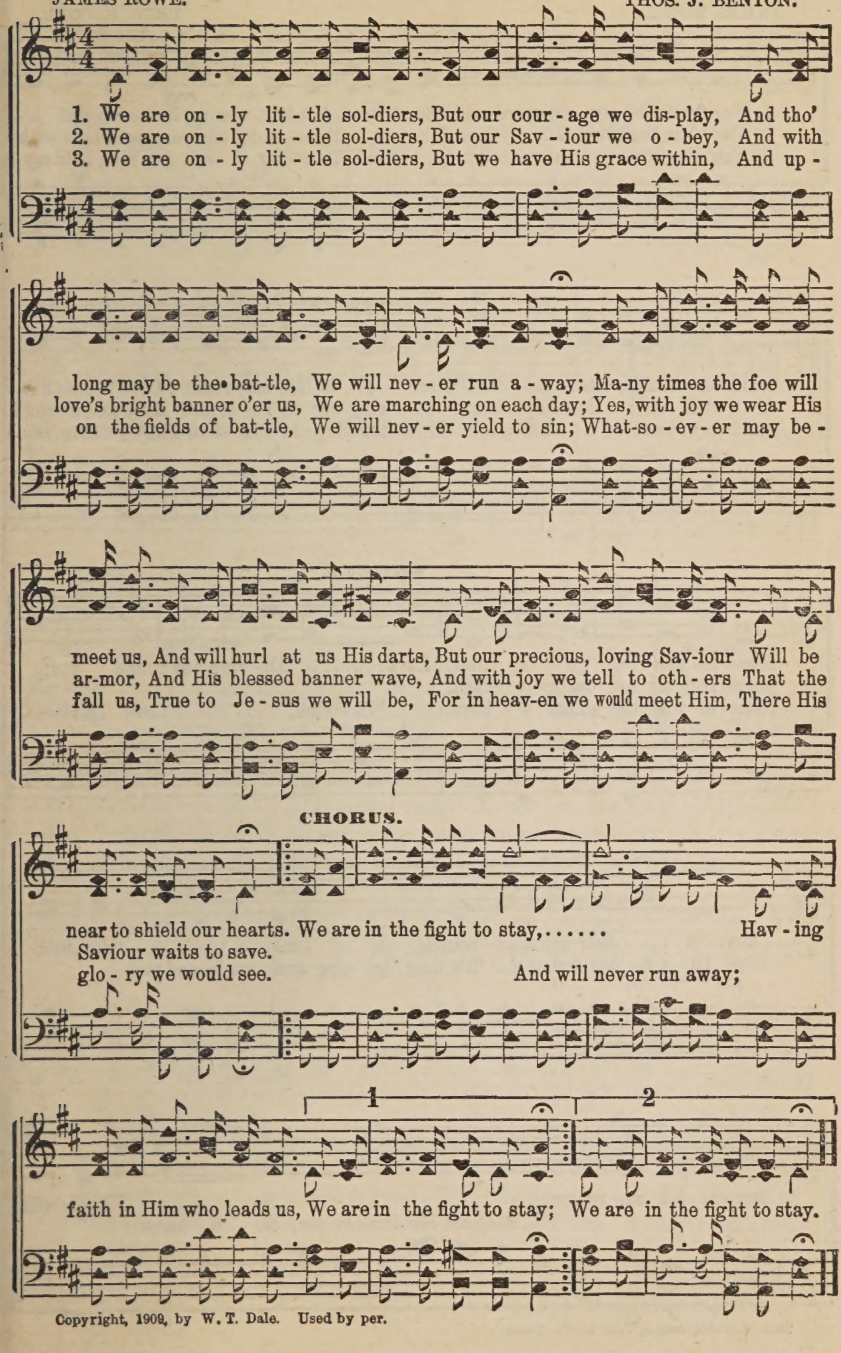
Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood. Used by per.

R. KELSO CARTER.


1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howl-ing
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can not fall, List-'ning ev-'ry
a-ges let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear assail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,
ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dail-y with the spir-it's sword,
moment to the Spir-it's call, Resting in my Sav-iour as my all in all,
CHORUS.
Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - -
Stand-ing on the promis-es, standing on the
ing, Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God, my Sav-iour; Stand - - -
prom-is-es, Stand-ing on the
ing, stand - - ing, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.
prom-is-es, standing on the prom-is-es,

No. 169. Only Little Soldiers.

JAMES ROWE. THOS. J. BENTON.


1. We are on - ly lit - tle sol-diers, But our cour - age we dis-play, And tho'
2. We are on - ly lit - tle sol-diers, But our Sav - iour we o - bey, And with
3. We are on - ly lit - tle sol-diers, But we have His grace within, And up -
long may be the bat-tle, We will nev - er run a - way; Ma-ny times the foe will
love's bright banner o'er us, We are marching on each day; Yes, with joy we wear His
on the fields of bat-tle, We will nev - er yield to sin; What-so - ev - er may be -
meet us, And will hurl at us His darts, But our precious, loving Sav-iour Will be
ar-mor, And His blessed banner wave, And with joy we tell to oth - ers That the
fall us, True to Je - sus we will be, For in heav-en we would meet Him, There His
CHORUS.
near to shield our hearts. We are in the fight to stay,..... Hav - ing
Saviour waits to save.
glo - ry we would see. And will never run away;
1
2
faith in Him who leads us, We are in the fight to stay; We are in the fight to stay.

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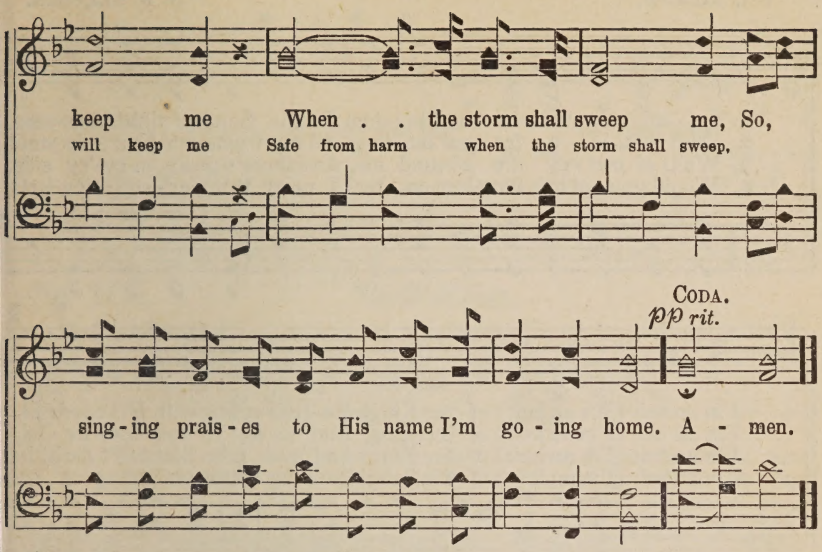
No. 170. Love Divine Has Found Me.

JAMES ROWE. THOS. S. COBB.

1. Far from God my wayward soul has strayed, Lone-ly, wea-ry, burdened and a-
2. He has banished all my love for sin, Peace and gladness now a-bide with-
3. Tho' His love I may not un-der-stand, Trust-ing, I will let Him hold my
fraid (a-fraid); But no far-ther I in sin may roam—Love Divine has
in (with-in); How my heart is sing-ing in His praise! More and more I'l
hand (my hand); I will fol-low, trusting in His love, Till I sing His
CHORUS.
found me and I'm go-ing home. Love..... Di-vine has found me;
praise Him all my earth-ly days.
prais-es with the saints a-bove. Di-vine, Love Di-vine,
His..... dear arms are 'round me; He will
Love Di-vine has found me; His dear, lov-ing arms are 'round me;
nev-er let me roam; He..... I know will
Will keep me His for-ev-er; He I know

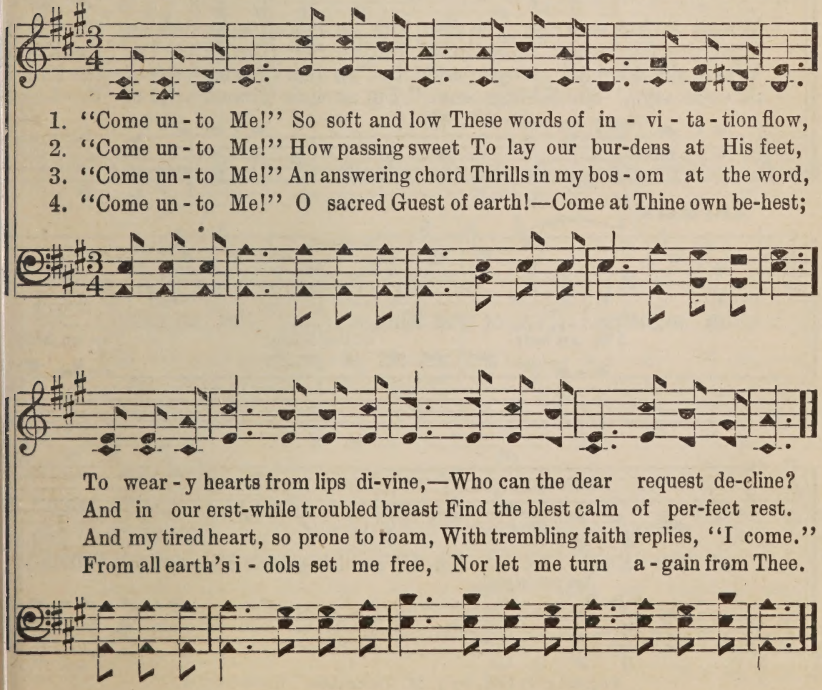
Thos. S. Cobb, owner, Fort Worth, Texas.

Love Divine Has Found Me.


keep me When . . the storm shall sweep me, So,
will keep me Safe from harm when the storm shall sweep,
CODA.
pp rit.
sing-ing prais-es to His name I'm go-ing home. A-men.

No. 171. Come Unto Me.

Mrs. L. S. Bedford. H. N. Lincoln.


1. "Come un-to Me!" So soft and low These words of in-vi-ta-tion flow,
2. "Come un-to Me!" How passing sweet To lay our bur-dens at His feet,
3. "Come un-to Me!" An answering chord Thrills in my bos-om at the word,
4. "Come un-to Me!" O sacred Guest of earth!—Come at Thine own be-hest;
To wear-y hearts from lips di-vine,—Who can the dear request de-cline?
And in our erst-while troubled breast Find the blest calm of per-fect rest.
And my tired heart, so prone to roam, With trembling faith replies, "I come."
From all earth's i-dols set me free, Nor let me turn a-gain from Thee.

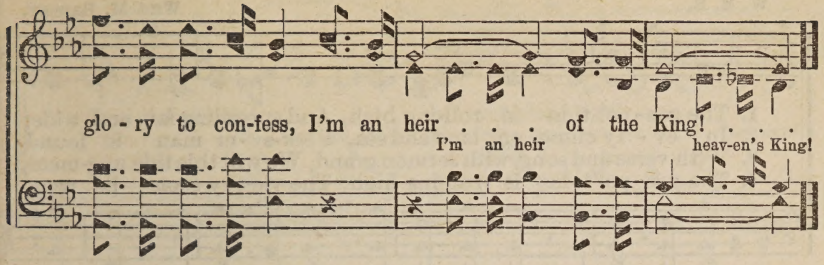
No. 172. I'M AN HEIR OF THE KING.

F. L. EILAND. N. W. ALLPHIN.

1. I am now with-in the king-dom Of the Son of right-eous-ness,
2. Here in this e - ter - nal building, All my trusts are firm - ly staid,
3. Walls of mer - cy are a-round me, And there's peace on ev-'ry side,
4. Would you not this kingdom en - ter? I must this per - sua - sion lend,
I'm an heir (I'm an heir) of the King! Me He's ruling with His coun-sel,
I'm an heir (I'm an heir) of the King! And 'tis joy to me for - ev - er,
I'm an heir (I'm an heir) of the King! And 'twas faith that bro't me hither,
I'm an heir (I'm an heir) of the King! Bind-ing is this weight up-on me,
Which I glo - ry to con-fess, I'm an heir (I'm an heir) of the King!
That this choos-ing I have made, I'm an heir (I'm an heir) of the King!
Where the door did o - pen wide, I'm an heir (I'm an heir) of the King!
Je - sus says, "The tid-ings send," I'm an heir (I'm an heir) of the King!
REFRAIN.
I'm an heir..... of the King,..... I'm an heir.....
I'm an heir
of the King,
I'm an heir
of the King,..... Me, He's rul-ing with His counsel, Which I
let me sing,

Copyright, 1907, by J. N. Valentine. Used by per.

I'm An Heir of the King.



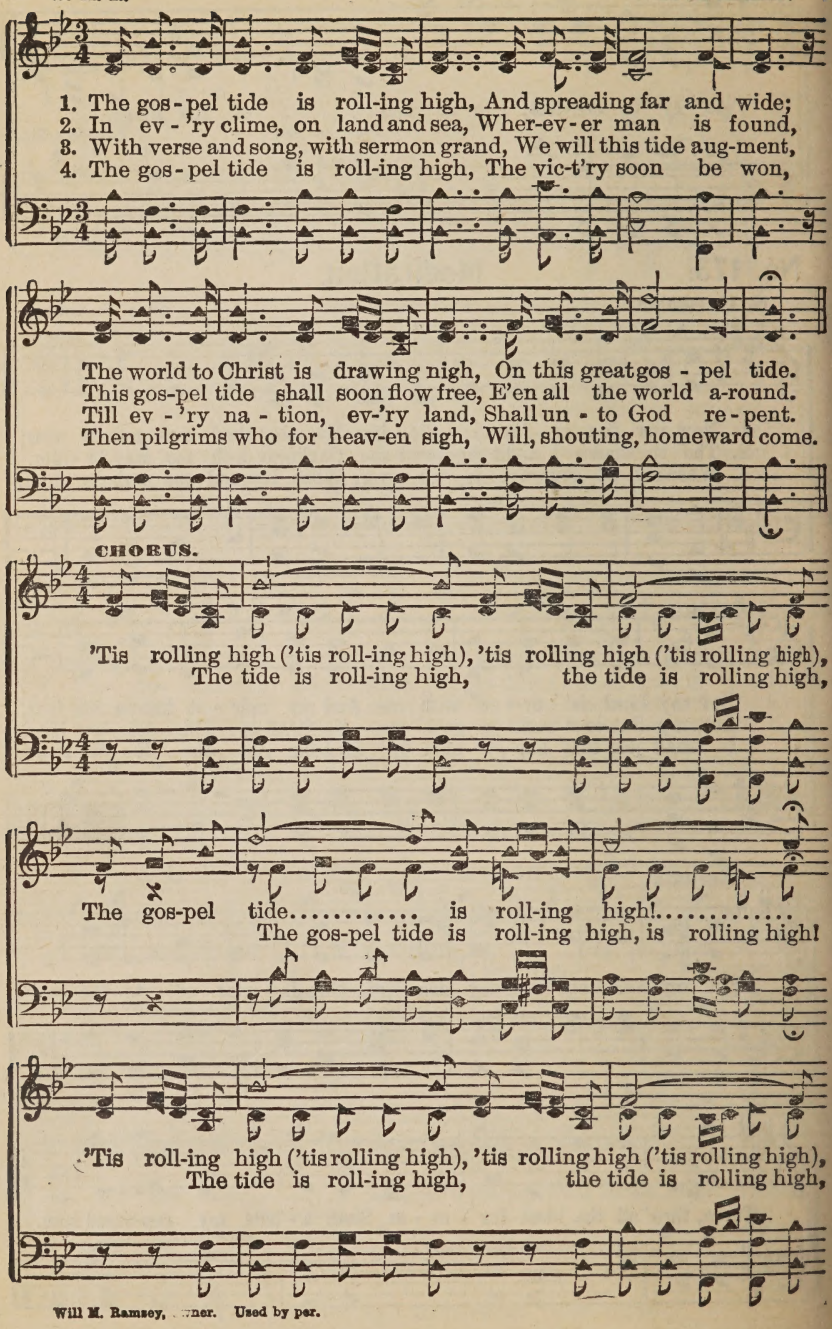
No. 173. Meditation.

N. W. Allphin. T. S. COBB, OWNER. Thos. S. Cobb.

1. Now the day is fast de - clin - ing, Eve-ning shad - ows gath-er near;
2. Tho' the shades of night sur-round me, Darkness doth my way be - dim,
3. When my pil - grim-age is o - ver, When I tread the path no more,
But my Lord is ev - er with me, And my spir - it knows no fear.
Yet, my Sav-iour seeks to guide me,—Faith-ful-ly I'll fol - low Him.
I shall join that hap-py num - ber, Sing-ing on the E - den shore.
REFRAIN.
Still my soul sings one day near - er, One day near - er to the goal;
There, thro' all the blest for - ev - er, Shall a - bide my rap-tured soul.

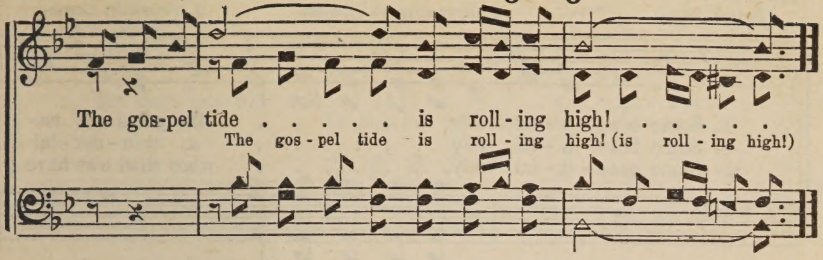
No. 174. THE TIDE IS ROLLING HIGH.

W. M. R. WILL M. RAMSEY.


1. The gos-pel tide is roll-ing high, And spreading far and wide;
2. In ev-'ry clime, on land and sea, Wher-ev-er man is found,
3. With verse and song, with sermon grand, We will this tide aug-ment,
4. The gos-pel tide is roll-ing high, The vic-t'ry soon be won,
The world to Christ is drawing nigh, On this great gos-pel tide.
This gos-pel tide shall soon flow free, E'en all the world a-round.
Till ev-'ry na-tion, ev-'ry land, Shall un-to God re-pent.
Then pilgrims who for heav-en sigh, Will, shouting, homeward come.
CHORUS.
'Tis rolling high ('tis roll-ing high), 'tis rolling high ('tis rolling high),
The tide is roll-ing high, the tide is rolling high,
The gos-pel tide..... is roll-ing high!.....
The gos-pel tide is roll-ing high, is rolling high!
'Tis roll-ing high ('tis rolling high), 'tis rolling high ('tis rolling high),
The tide is roll-ing high, the tide is rolling high,

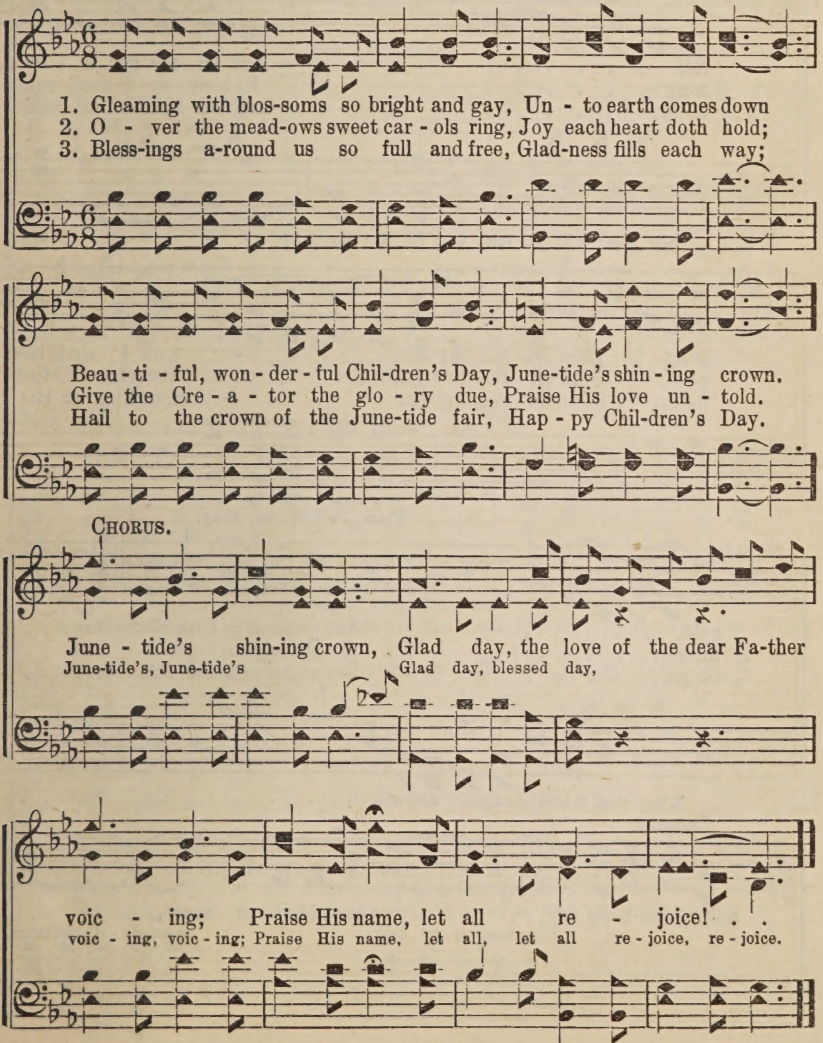
Will M. Ramsey, ...ner. Used by per.

The Tide is Rolling High.



No. 175. Junetide's Shining Crown.

Lizzie DeArmond. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY, OWNER. Francis Foster.


1. Gleaming with blos-soms so bright and gay, Un - to earth comes down
2. O - ver the mead-ows sweet car - ols ring, Joy each heart doth hold;
3. Bless-ings a-round us so full and free, Glad-ness fills each way;
Beau - ti - ful, won - der - ful Chil-dren's Day, June-tide's shin - ing crown.
Give the Cre - a - tor the glo - ry due, Praise His love un - told.
Hail to the crown of the June-tide fair, Hap - py Chil-dren's Day.
CHORUS.
June - tide's shin-ing crown, Glad day, the love of the dear Fa-ther
June-tide's, June-tide's Glad day, blessed day,
voic - ing; Praise His name, let all re - joice! . .
voic - ing, voic - ing; Praise His name, let all, let all re - joice, re - joice.

No. 176. Some Beautiful Day.

James Rowe. QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS. J. Franklin Combs.

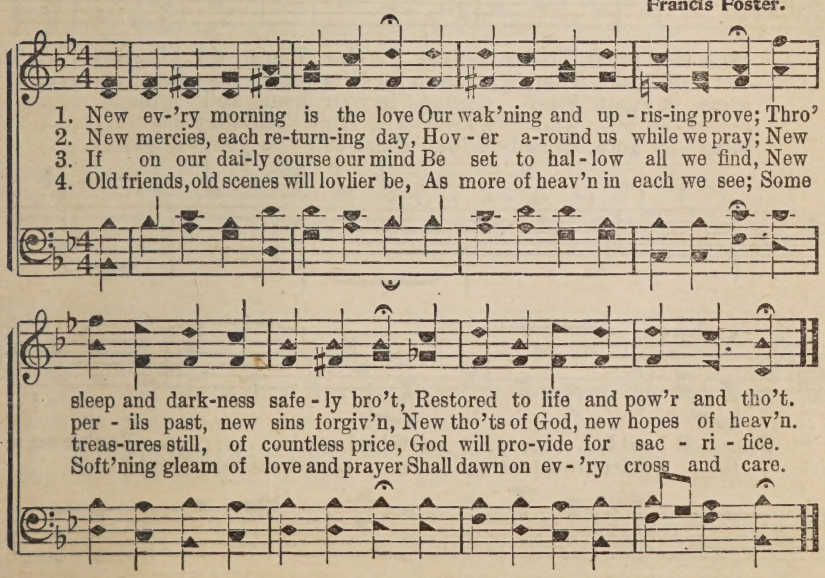
1. Some beau - ti - ful day . . . . . the gates will un-
2. Some beau - ti - ful day . . . . . a won - der - ful
3. Some beau - ti - ful day, ... when shad-ows have
1. Some beau - ti - ful day
fold . . . . . And let me go in - to
song . . . . . In heav - en I shall out-
flown, ... And bur-dens are all laid
the gates will un - fold And let me go in - - - - - to
rest; Then Je - sus my Sav - - - - iour I shall be-
pour, With all the re - deemed— . . . . the glo - ri - fied
down, From Je - sus, my pre - - - - - cious King on His
rest;
There Je - sus my King,
hold, ... And praise Him with all the blest. . .
throng, ... To Him whom I now a - dore. . .
throne, ... My soul shall receive the crown. .
I then shall behold, And praise Him with all . . . . the blest. . .
CHORUS.
Some beau-ti-ful day, ... some glo-ri-ous morn, ...
Some beau - ti - ful day, some glo - ri - ous morn,

Some Beautiful Day.

My Sav - iour will call . . . . . me a - way; . .
My Sav - iour will call me a - way, a - way;
To Him I shall speed, ... with rap-ture in - deed, ...
To Him I shall speed, with rap-ture in-deed,
Some beau-ti-ful day, ... some beautiful day. . . . . .
Some beau-ti - ful day, some beau - ti - ful day.

No. 177. Buena. L. M.

Francis Foster.


1. New ev-'ry morning is the love Our wak'ning and up - ris-ing prove; Thro'
2. New mercies, each re-turn-ing day, Hov - er a-round us while we pray; New
3. If on our dai-ly course our mind Be set to hal - low all we find, New
4. Old friends, old scenes will lovlier be, As more of heav'n in each we see; Some
sleep and dark-ness safe - ly bro't, Restored to life and pow'r and tho't.
per - ils past, new sins forgiv'n, New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heav'n.
treas-ures still, of countless price, God will pro-vide for sac - ri - fice.
Soft'ning gleam of love and prayer Shall dawn on ev - 'ry cross and care.

No. 178. Crowded Out.

Copyright, 1912, by J. M. Harris. By per.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

Duet. With expression.

1. Is Christ crowded out of your bus - y life With the toil-ing that
2. "No room in the inn" for the Christ-Child blest, "In a man-ger so
3. "The fox-es have holes and the birds have nests But no-where for His
4. The hearts of the ones whom He died to save Is the home which He
5. There's coming a day in the great some-time If for Christ you have

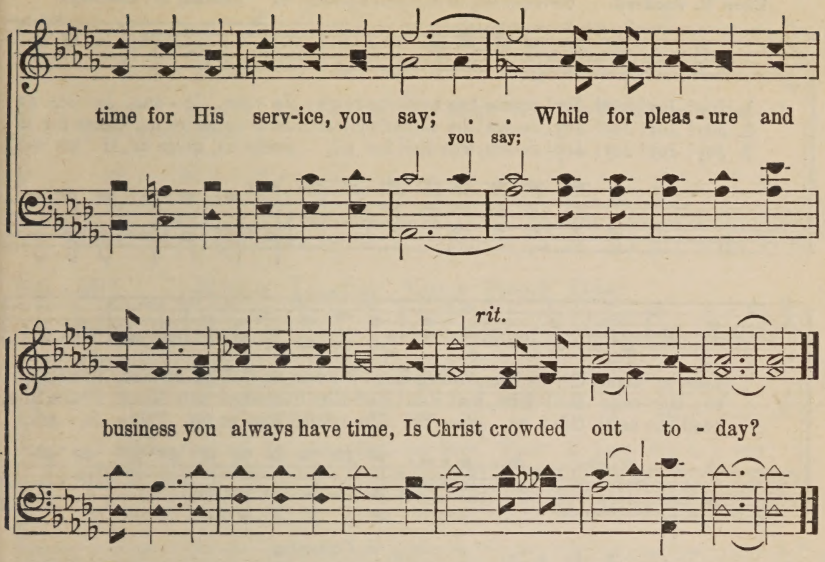
each day brings?..... With the strain and stress of the
low He lay;"..... In the hearts of men o'er and
head di - vine..... Had the Son of man," should He
seeks to - day; ..... By His life bought yet He is
nev - er room, ... You will knock and wait at the

cares that press You've no time for the King of kings.....
o'er a - gain, There's no room for Him still to - day. .....
come a - gain Find a place in your heart and mine.....
crowd - ed out, And "a - way with Him," still they say .....
pearl - y gate, Crowd-ed out there will be your doom.....

CHORUS.

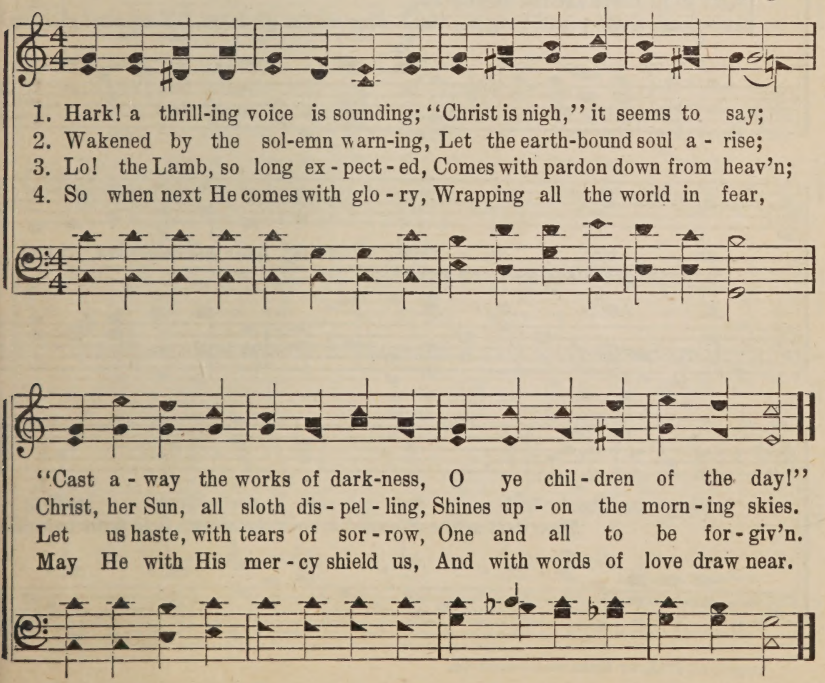
Crowd-ed out!..... crowd-ed out!..... You've no
Is Christ crowd-ed out? Is Christ crowd-ed out?

Growded Out.



No. 179. Melrose. 8. 7.

Carroll King.


1. Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sounding; "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
2. Wakened by the sol-emn warn-ing, Let the earth-bound soul a - rise;
3. Lo! the Lamb, so long ex - pect - ed, Comes with pardon down from heav'n;
4. So when next He comes with glo - ry, Wrapping all the world in fear,
"Cast a - way the works of dark-ness, O ye chil - dren of the day!"
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dis - pel - ling, Shines up - on the morn - ing skies.
Let us haste, with tears of sor - row, One and all to be for - giv'n.
May He with His mer - cy shield us, And with words of love draw near.

No. 180. "Joy."

Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy! Je-sus has come to reign; Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus on
2. Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy! Je-sus, the sinner's friend, Loves us, saves us, Cares for us
3. Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy! Je-sus, who died for all, Seeks us, saves us, If we but
Cal-v'ry slain; Crown Him, Crown Him! He who on Cal- va- ry died, Sav-iour,
to the end; Hail Him, hail Him! Hail Him Redeemer and King, Praise Him,
heed His call; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Glo- ry and hon- or be Thine, Je - sus,
Chorus.
Sav - iour, Him whom they cru-ci-fied. King most glo - rious!
praise Him! Earth and the an-gels sing.
Sav - iour, Saviour and King di - vine! Sing we for gladness, O King most glorious!
All vic to - rious! Hon - or! hon - or! all hon - or and
O-ver the grave and the world victorious.
hom-age to Thee! Seek the sin - ner! Great soul-
Thou wert sent earthward to seek the sinner, Sent down to be the

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No. 181. Make To-day Your Best Day.

Rev. N. A. Mcauly. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Give your all to the Mas - ter here, Time is pass - ing a - way;
2. He will answer with ho - ly zeal, When for His grace you pray;
3. Wan - der not from His bless - ed side, He will help all the way;
4. Tell of His mer - cy to those in need, Show them the liv - ing way;
Serve His cause with a heart sin - cere, Make to - day your best day.
Light and love He will then re - veal, Make to - day your best day.
Those who sweet-ly in Him con - fide, Make to - day your best day.
Bid them His mer - its to al - ways plead, Make to - day your best day.
CHORUS.
Live for the Lord who redeemed your soul, Since in His goodness He made you whole.
Let Him your tal-ents by love con - trol, Make to - day your best day.

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No. 182. Forth to the Fields.

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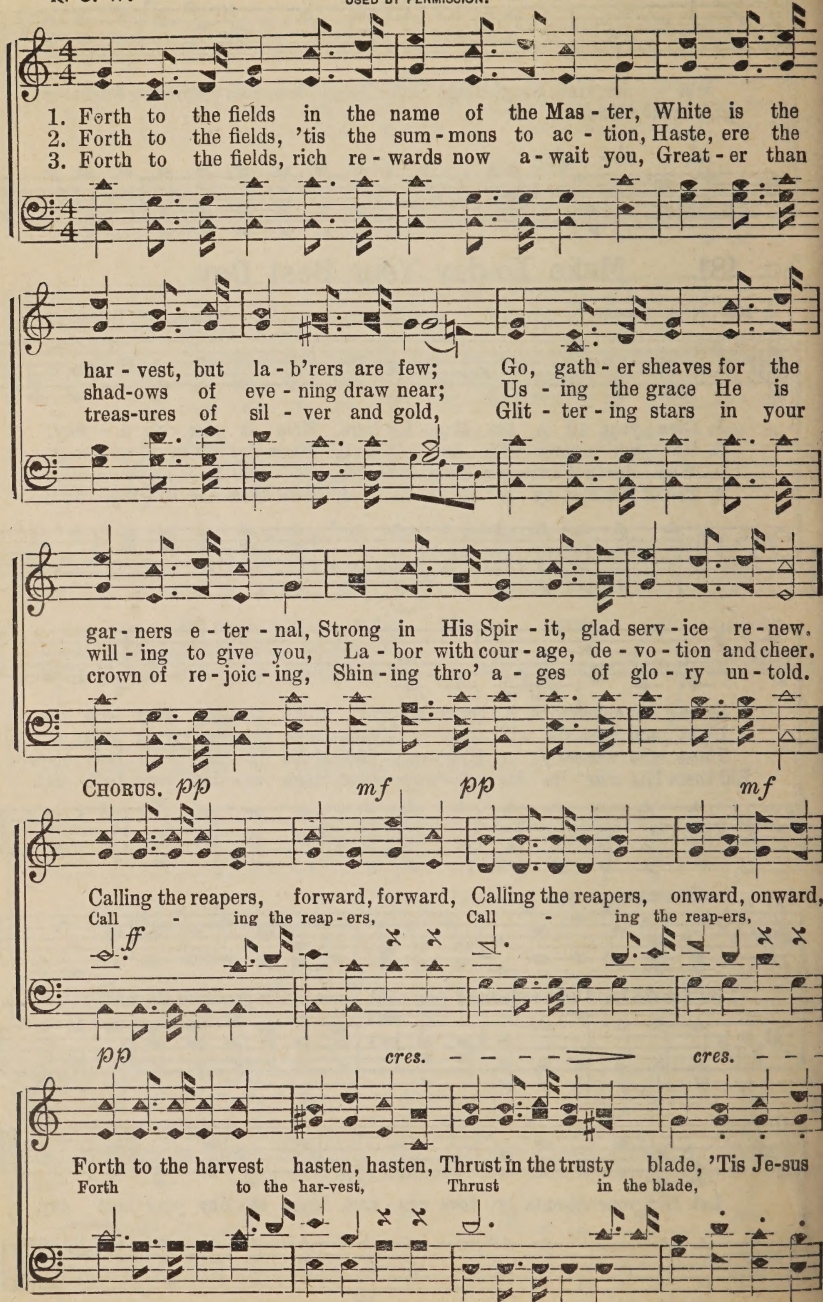
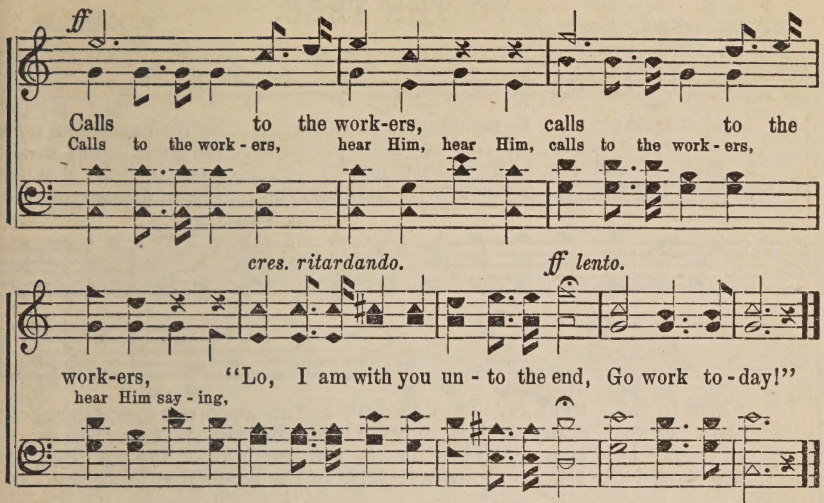
R. C. W. R. C. Ward.


1. Forth to the fields in the name of the Mas - ter, White is the
2. Forth to the fields, 'tis the sum - mons to ac - tion, Haste, ere the
3. Forth to the fields, rich re - wards now a - wait you, Great - er than
har - vest, but la - b'rers are few; Go, gath - er sheaves for the
shad-ows of eve - ning draw near; Us - ing the grace He is
treas-ures of sil - ver and gold, Glit - ter - ing stars in your
gar - ners e - ter - nal, Strong in His Spir - it, glad serv - ice re - new.
will - ing to give you, La - bor with cour - age, de - vo - tion and cheer.
crown of re - joic - ing, Shin - ing thro' a - ges of glo - ry un - told.
Chorus. pp mf pp mf
Calling the reapers, forward, forward, Calling the reapers, onward, onward,
Call - ing the reap - ers, Call - ing the reap-ers,
ff
pp cres. cres.
Forth to the harvest hasten, hasten, Thrust in the trusty blade, 'Tis Je-sus
Forth to the har-vest, Thrust in the blade,

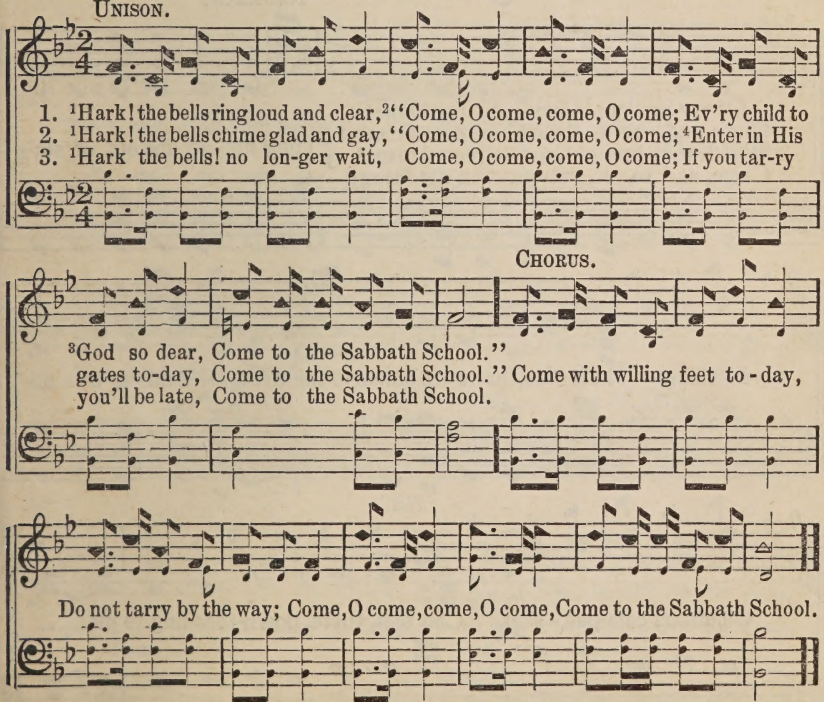
Forth to the Fields.


ff
Calls to the work-ers, calls to the
Calls to the work - ers, hear Him, hear Him, calls to the work - ers,
cres. ritardando.
ff lento.
work-ers, "Lo, I am with you un - to the end, Go work to - day!"
hear Him say - ing,

No. 183. Come to the Sabbath School.

(Motion Song for Children.)

Lizzie DeArmond. S. W. BEAZLEY, OWNER. **Francis Foster.**


Unison.
1. [1]Hark! the bells ring loud and clear, [2]"Come, O come, come, O come; Ev'ry child to
2. [1]Hark! the bells chime glad and gay, "Come, O come, come, O come; [4]Enter in His
3. [1]Hark the bells! no lon-ger wait, Come, O come, come, O come; If you tar-ry
Chorus.
[3]God so dear, Come to the Sabbath School."
gates to-day, Come to the Sabbath School." Come with willing feet to - day,
you'll be late, Come to the Sabbath School.
Do not tarry by the way; Come, O come, come, O come, Come to the Sabbath School.

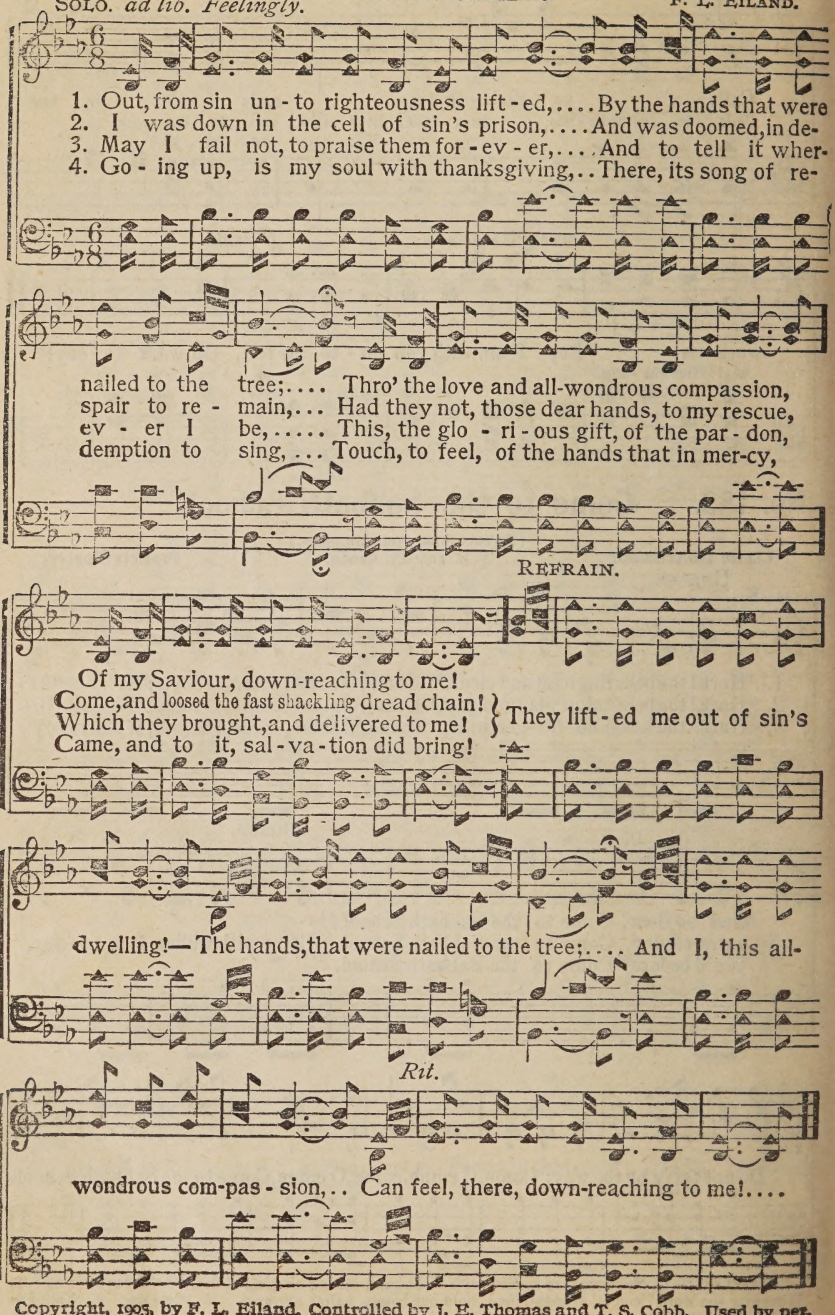
Gestures:—1. Make ringing motion with right hand during singing of first line of each verse. 2. Whenever the word "come" is mentioned, hold out hands, palms upwards. 3. Point up. 4. Walk forward a few steps.

No. 184. THE HANDS THAT WERE NAILED TO THE TREE.

F. L. E.

SOLO. *ad lib. Feelingly.*

F. L. EILAND.


1. Out, from sin un - to righteousness lift - ed,.... By the hands that were
2. I was down in the cell of sin's prison,.... And was doomed, in de-
3. May I fail not, to praise them for - ev - er,.... And to tell it wher-
4. Go - ing up, is my soul with thanksgiving,.. There, its song of re-
nailed to the tree;.... Thro' the love and all-wondrous compassion,
spair to re - main,... Had they not, those dear hands, to my rescue,
ev - er I be,..... This, the glo - ri - ous gift, of the par - don,
demption to sing, ... Touch, to feel, of the hands that in mer-cy,
REFRAIN.
Of my Saviour, down-reaching to me!
Come, and loosed the fast shackling dread chain!
Which they brought, and delivered to me!
Came, and to it, sal - va - tion did bring!
They lift - ed me out of sin's
dwelling!— The hands, that were nailed to the tree;.... And I, this all-
Rit.
wondrous com-pas - sion,.. Can feel, there, down-reaching to me!....

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No. 185. There is Power In the Blood.

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J. Used by per.

L. E. J. I. John 1: 7. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit- er, much whit-er than snow, There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je-sus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win,
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r

Won-der-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood of the Lamb,

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

No. 186. Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thy af - fec - tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God? Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss?
2. Hast thou do - min - ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God? O - ver all e - vil with-out and with - in?
3. Is there no more con - dem-na - tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God? Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with - in?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un - der Je - sus' con - trol? Is thy heart right with God? Does He each mo-ment a - bide in thy soul?
5. Art thou now walk-ing in heav-en's pure light? Is thy heart right with God? Is He wear-ing the gar-ment of white?
CHORUS.
Is thy heart right with God? Is thy heart right with God,
Washed in the crim - son flood, Cleansed and made ho - ly,
hum-ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God (of God)?

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No. 187. Glory, I'm Redeemed.

Copyright, 1913, by Quartet Music Co.

T. A. B. T. A. BEASLEY.

1. My soul is freed from sin, The Saviour reigns within, Glo - ry to
2. My Sav-iour I'll o - bey, I'll walk the shining way, Glo - ry to
3. I'll strive each day to lead Some wand'rer, Lord, to Thee, Glo - ry to
4. At last, when life is o'er, I'll land on Canaan's shore, Glo - ry to
Je - sus, I'm redeemed; I'm walking by His side, He'll ev-er be my
Je - sus, I'm redeemed; My life shall ev - er be De - vot-ed, Lord, to
Je - sus, I'm redeemed; I'll bid him cease to sin, The glo-ry life be -
Je - sus, I'm redeemed; I'll lay my ar-mor down, Re-ceive a shining
REFRAIN.
guide, Glo-ry to Je - sus, I'm redeemed!
Thee, Glo-ry to Je - sus, I'm redeemed! Glo-ry to Je-sus, I'm re -
gin, Glo-ry to Je - sus, I'm redeemed!
crown, Glo-ry to Je - sus, I'm redeemed!
deemed, Glo-ry to Je - sus, I'm re-deemed; He floods my soul with
I'm re-deemed;
light, And all my way is bright, Glo-ry to Jesus, I'm redeemed!
I'm redeemed!

No. 188. The Righteous War.

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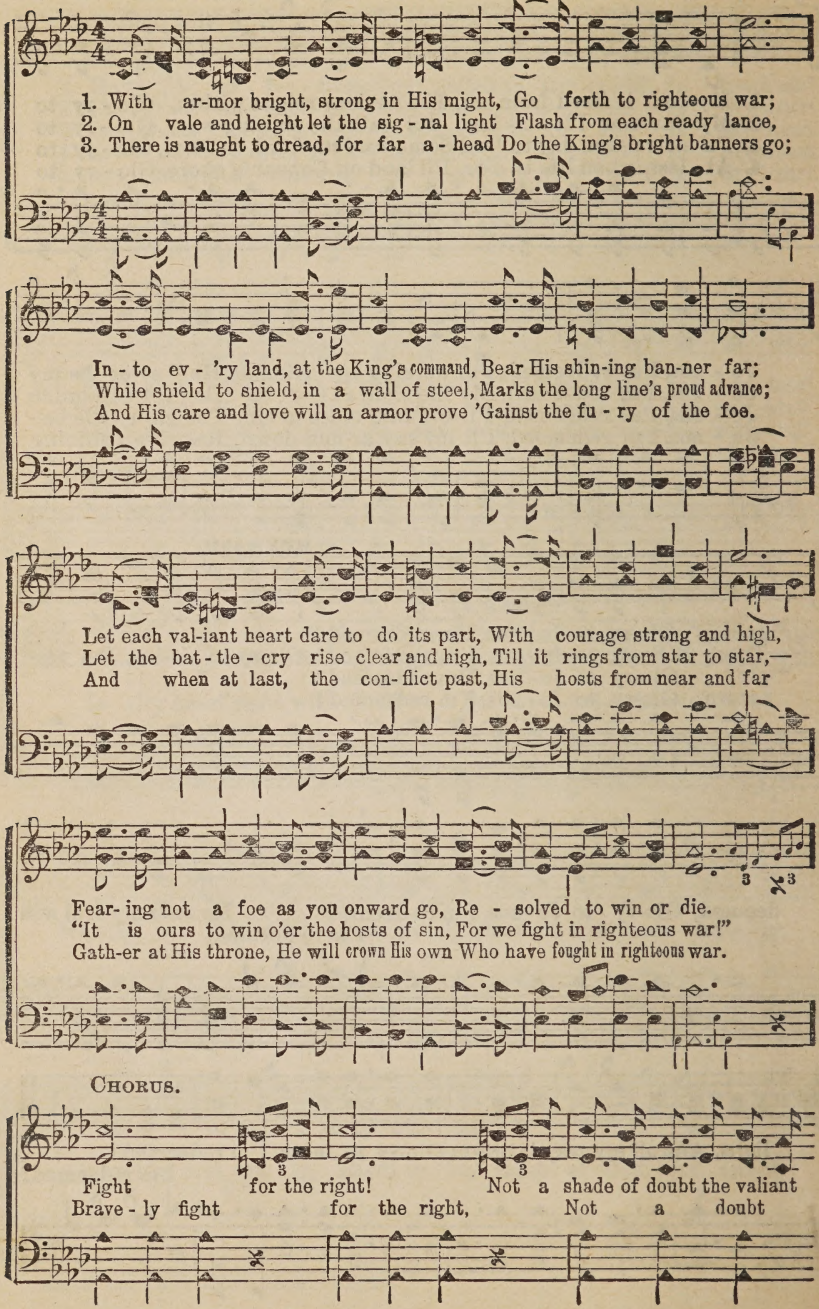
Mrs. Katherine Atherton Grimes. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. With ar-mor bright, strong in His might, Go forth to righteous war;
2. On vale and height let the sig - nal light Flash from each ready lance,
3. There is naught to dread, for far a - head Do the King's bright banners go;
In - to ev - 'ry land, at the King's command, Bear His shin-ing ban-ner far;
While shield to shield, in a wall of steel, Marks the long line's proud advance;
And His care and love will an armor prove 'Gainst the fu - ry of the foe.
Let each val-iant heart dare to do its part, With courage strong and high,
Let the bat - tle - cry rise clear and high, Till it rings from star to star,—
And when at last, the con- flict past, His hosts from near and far
Fear- ing not a foe as you onward go, Re - solved to win or die.
"It is ours to win o'er the hosts of sin, For we fight in righteous war!"
Gath-er at His throne, He will crown His own Who have fought in righteous war.
CHORUS.
Fight for the right! Not a shade of doubt the valiant
Brave - ly fight for the right, Not a doubt

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The Righteous War.

heart be - set-ting; Yield not a shield, Tho' the
one heart be - set - ting; Nev - er yield spear or shield,
foe may bear up - on you near and far;
foe may press you near and far;
bear up - on you near and far, O
Stand where His hand points your place and ev - 'ry
where His hand points your
firm - ly stand
trace of fear for - get - ting Dare dan - ger to
place, all fear for - get - ting, Proud - ly dare
share, God in might with you will fight in righteous war.
dan - ger share, God with you will fight in righteous war.

No. 189. Throw Out the Gospel Line.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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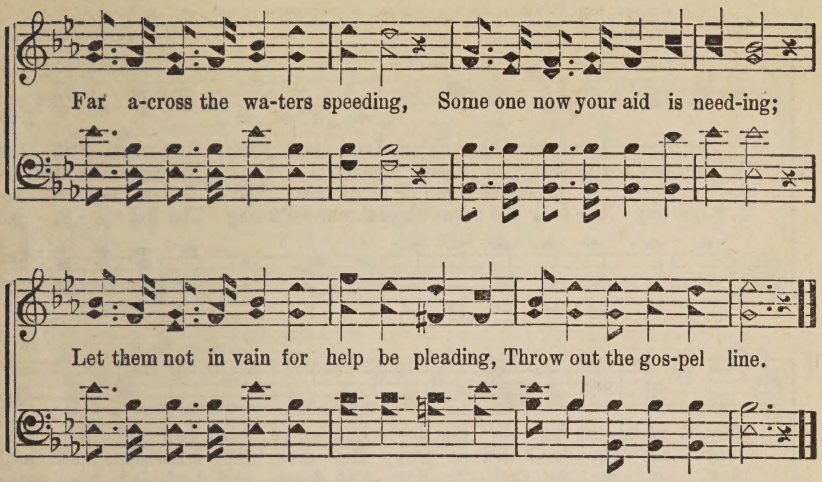
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

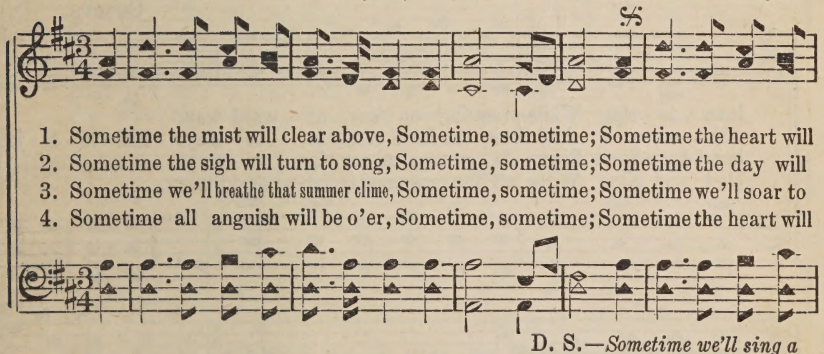
1. Man - y souls are sink-ing in the sea of sin, Throw out the gos-pel line;
2. Fierce the storm is raging, soon 'twill be too late, Throw out the gos-pel line;
3. Would you know the sweetest of all earthly toil? Throw out the gos-pel line;
Souls which have been ship-wrecked daily drifting in, Throw out the gos-pel line;
You a soul may res-cue from an aw - ful fate, Throw out the gos-pel line;
Would you have the light of God's approving smile? Throw out the gos-pel line;
Hear them how for help they cry, Quick - ly to their res - cue fly,
See them by the bil - lows tossed, Soon they will be sink - ing, lost;
Haste we then at Thy com-mand, Glad - ly will we lend a hand,
Shout to them that help is nigh, Throw out the gos - pel line.
Haste to save at an - y cost, Throw out the gos - pel line.
And, to bring them safe to land, Throw out the gos - pel line.
CHORUS.
To the res-cue! to the res-cue! Throw out the gos-pel line;
the gos - pel line;

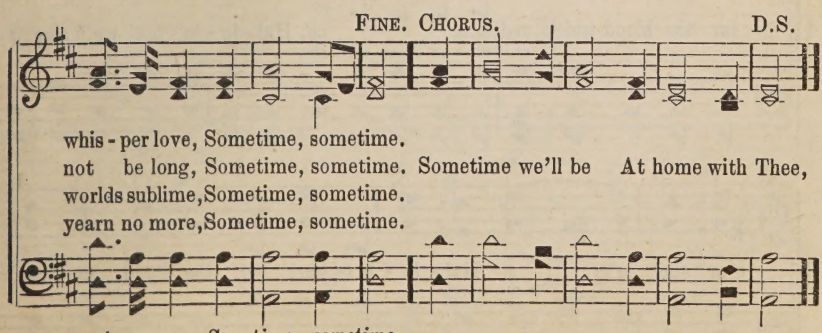
Throw Out the Gospel Line.


Far a-cross the wa-ters speeding, Some one now your aid is need-ing;
Let them not in vain for help be pleading, Throw out the gos-pel line.

No. 190. Sometime.

S. W. B. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY S. W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. Sometime the mist will clear above, Sometime, sometime; Sometime the heart will
2. Sometime the sigh will turn to song, Sometime, sometime; Sometime the day will
3. Sometime we'll breathe that summer clime, Sometime, sometime; Sometime we'll soar to
4. Sometime all anguish will be o'er, Sometime, sometime; Sometime the heart will
D. S.—Sometime we'll sing a


FINE. CHORUS.
D.S.
whis - per love, Sometime, sometime.
not be long, Sometime, sometime. Sometime we'll be At home with Thee,
worlds sublime, Sometime, sometime.
yearn no more, Sometime, sometime.
sweet - er song, Sometime, sometime.

No. 191. The Hallelujah Song.

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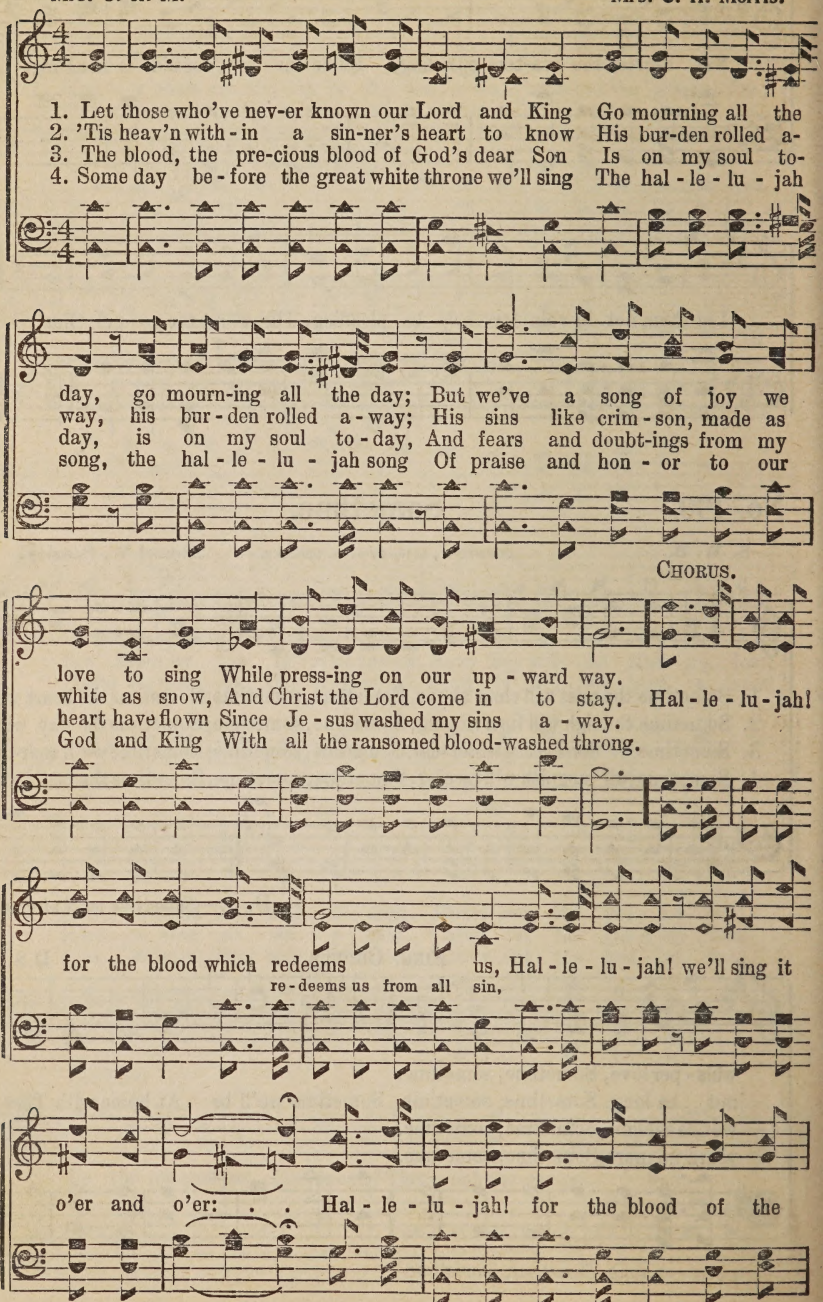
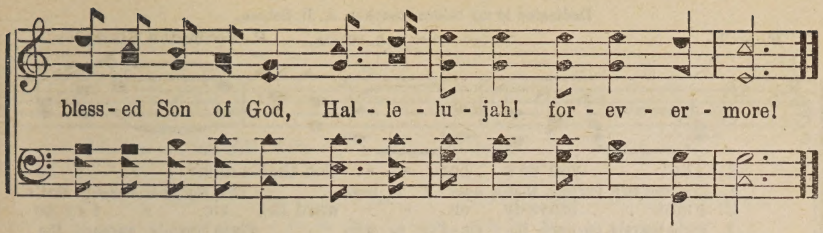
Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Let those who've nev-er known our Lord and King Go mourning all the
2. 'Tis heav'n with-in a sin-ner's heart to know His bur-den rolled a-
3. The blood, the pre-cious blood of God's dear Son Is on my soul to-
4. Some day be-fore the great white throne we'll sing The hal-le-lu-jah
day, go mourn-ing all the day; But we've a song of joy we
way, his bur-den rolled a-way; His sins like crim-son, made as
day, is on my soul to-day, And fears and doubt-ings from my
song, the hal-le-lu-jah song Of praise and hon-or to our
CHORUS.
love to sing While press-ing on our up-ward way.
white as snow, And Christ the Lord come in to stay. Hal-le-lu-jah!
heart have flown Since Je-sus washed my sins a-way.
God and King With all the ransomed blood-washed throng.
for the blood which redeems us, Hal-le-lu-jah! we'll sing it
re-deems us from all sin,
o'er and o'er: . . Hal-le-lu-jah! for the blood of the

The Hallelujah Song.

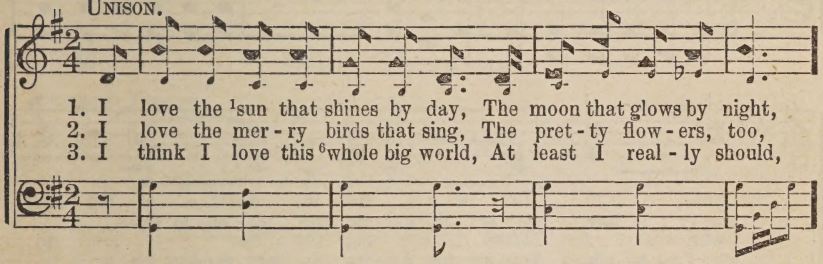


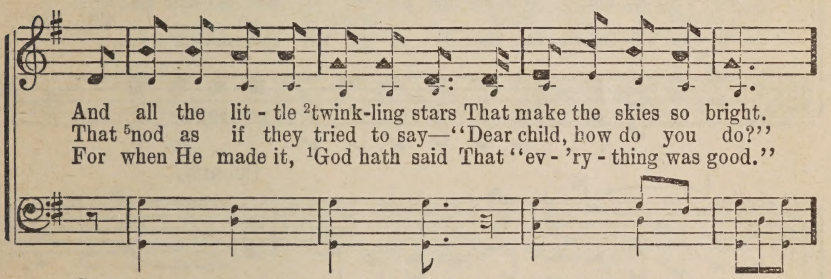
No. 192. I Love Them All.

(MOTION SONG FOR CHILDREN.)

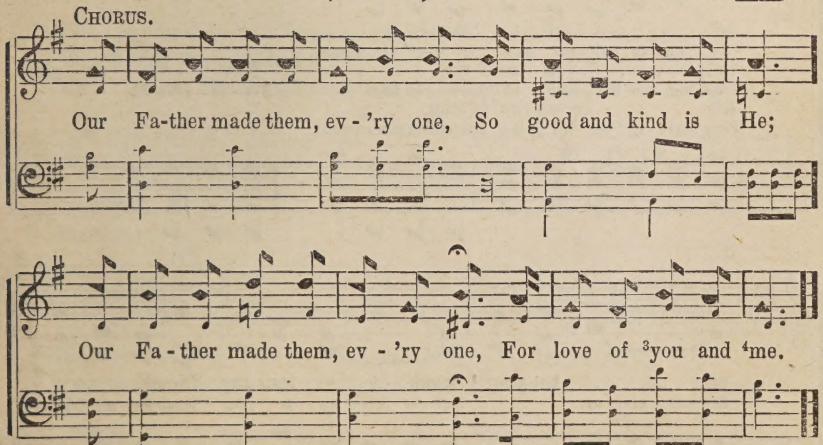
Lizzie DeArmond. S. W. BEAZLEY, OWNER. Carroll King.

UNISON.


1. I love the [1]sun that shines by day, The moon that glows by night,
2. I love the mer-ry birds that sing, The pret-ty flow-ers, too,
3. I think I love this [6]whole big world, At least I real-ly should,


And all the lit-tle [2]twink-ling stars That make the skies so bright.
That [5]nod as if they tried to say—"Dear child, how do you do?"
For when He made it, [1]God hath said That "ev-'ry-thing was good."

CHORUS.



GESTURES:—1. Point up. 2. Raise hands high and twinkle fingers. 3. Point outwards. 4. Lay right hand on breast. 5. Nod gaily. 6. Describe a large circle with hands. 7. Throw arms open wide

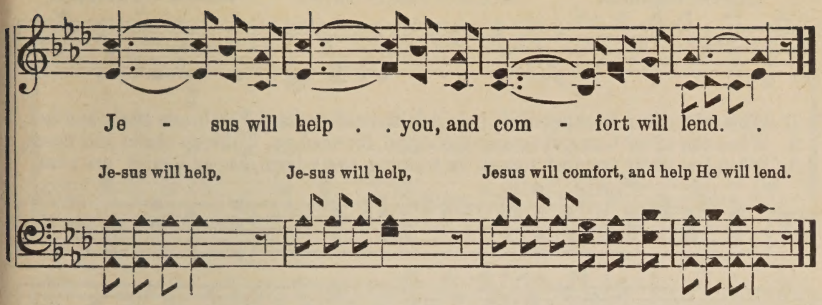
No. 193. Never Give Up.

Dedicated to my beloved teacher, A. B. Sebren.

R. C. S. CONTROLLED BY A. B. SEBREN. **R. Covington Stampley.**

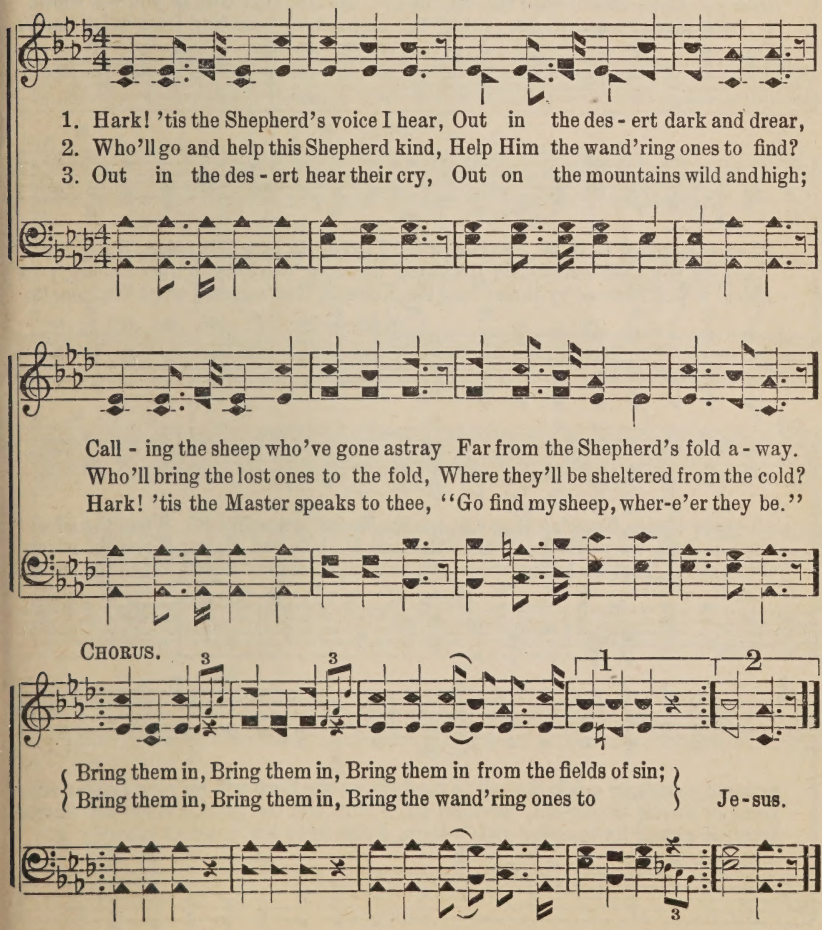
1. Tho' . . you've a bur - - den that's heav - y to bear, Tho' you've a bur-den that's heav - y to bear,
2. Fight . . brave-ly on - - ward the vic - t'ry to win, Fight brave-ly on-ward the vic - t'ry to win,
3. Nev - - er give up, . . tho' your tri - als still come; Nev - er give up, tho' your tri - als still come;
bear, . . . Je - - sus is will - - ing each tri - al to share.
win, . . . Trust - ing the Sav - iour to keep you from sin,
come; . . . Sing . . . brave-ly on . . . till the life-crown you've won,
CHORUS.
tri - - al to share. . . .
keep . . . you from sin. . . . . Nev - - er give up,
life - - crown you've won. . . .
up, . . . to your troub - - les, my friend, . .

Never Give Up.



No. 194. Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas. USED BY PERMISSION. **W. A. Ogden.**


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;
Call - ing the sheep who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep, wher-e'er they be."
CHORUS.
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je-sus.

No. 195. When the Trumpet Calls.

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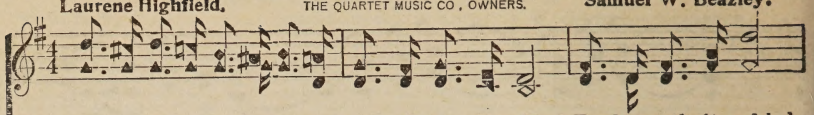
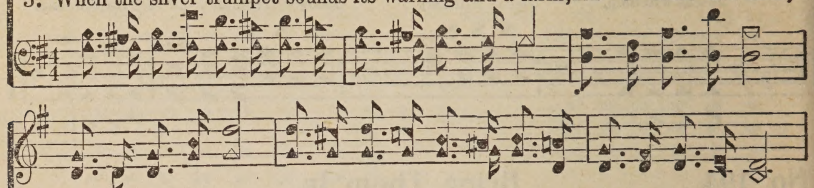
THE QUARTET MUSIC CO., OWNERS.

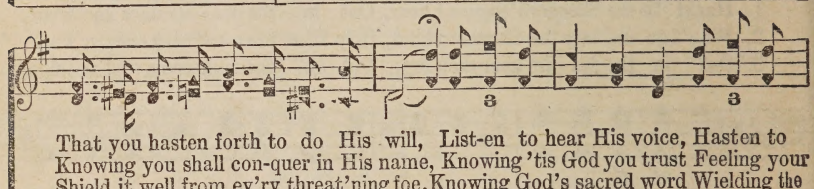
Laurene Highfield. Samuel W. Beazley.



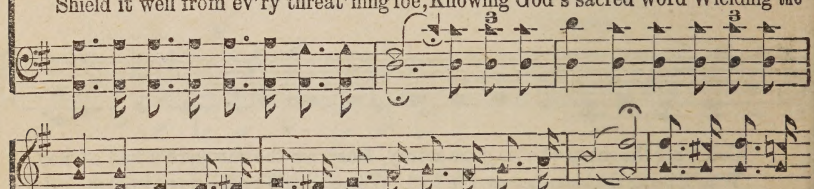
1. When the silver trumpet sounds, be quick the call to heed, For brave tho't and deed,
2. When the silver trumpet sounds the signal, forward go, Take up shield and lance,
3. When the silver trumpet sounds its warning and a-larm, En - e - mies are near,



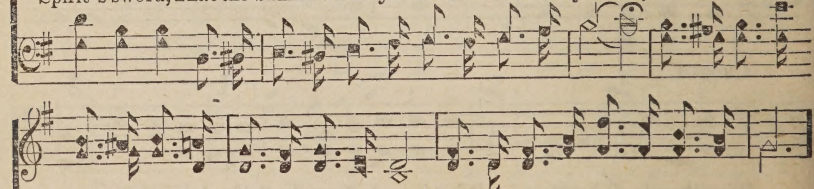
There is ur-gent need; When the silver trumpet sounds, hear your Redeemer plead,
Read - y to ad-vance: Go - ing on in - to the land that God to you will show,
In your place ap-pear, Come protect the kingdom of your God from ev'ry harm,



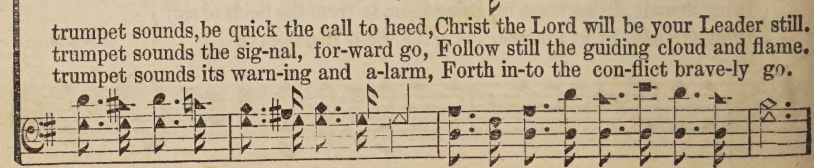
That you hasten forth to do His will, List-en to hear His voice, Hasten to
Knowing you shall con-quer in His name, Knowing 'tis God you trust Feeling your
Shield it well from ev'ry threat'ning foe, Knowing God's sacred word Wielding the



make your choice, Knowing that you can the Master's word ful-fill, When the silver
cause is just, Go ye forth and take the land He bids you claim; When the silver
Spirit's sword, That the banner which you bear no stain may know; When the silver

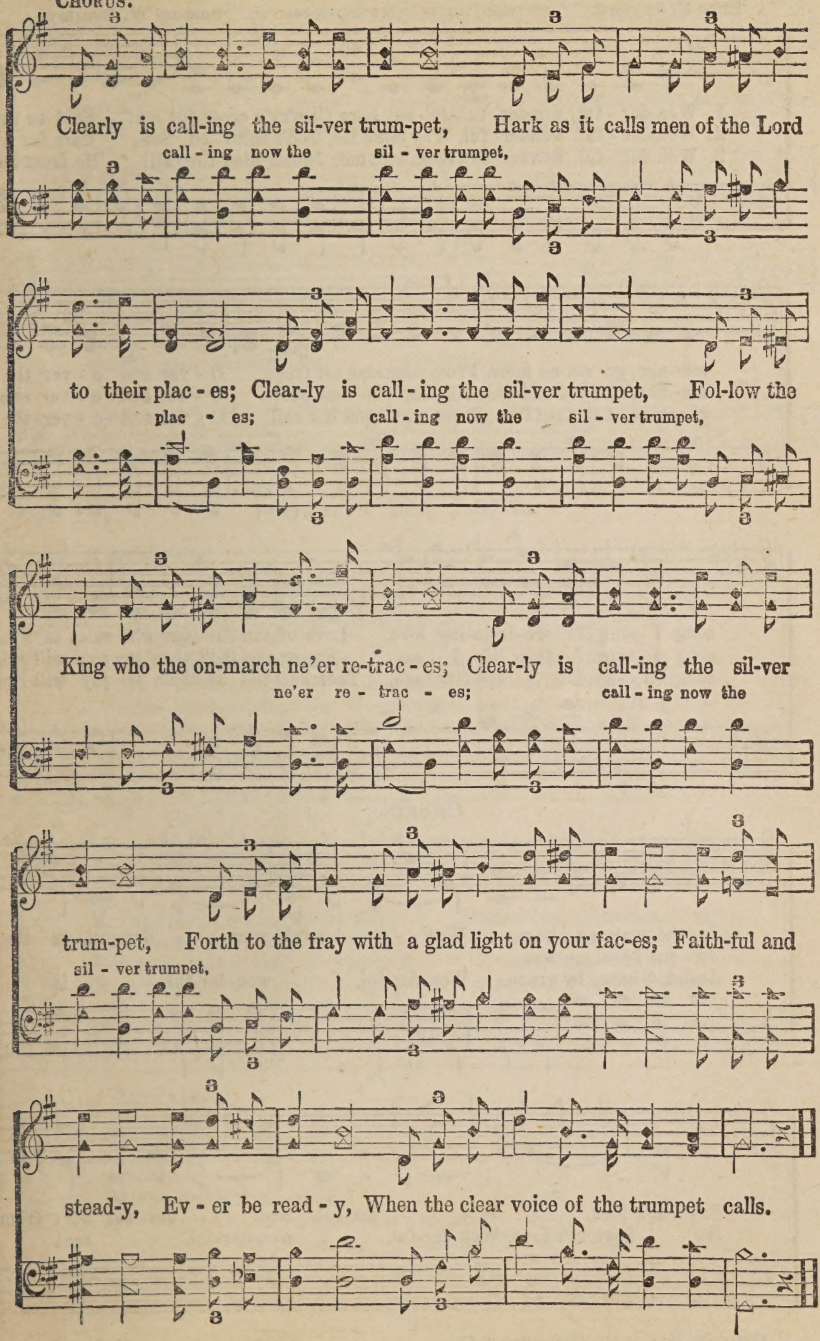


trumpet sounds, be quick the call to heed, Christ the Lord will be your Leader still.
trumpet sounds the sig-nal, for-ward go, Follow still the guiding cloud and flame.
trumpet sounds its warn-ing and a-larm, Forth in-to the con-flict brave-ly go.



When the Trumpet Calls.

CHORUS.


Clearly is call-ing the sil-ver trum-pet, Hark as it calls men of the Lord
call - ing now the sil - ver trumpet,
to their plac - es; Clear-ly is call - ing the sil-ver trumpet, Fol-low the
plac - es; call - ing now the sil - ver trumpet,
King who the on-march ne'er re-trac - es; Clear-ly is call-ing the sil-ver
ne'er re - trac - es; call - ing now the
trum-pet, Forth to the fray with a glad light on your fac-es; Faith-ful and
sil - ver trumpet,
stead-y, Ev - er be read - y, When the clear voice of the trumpet calls.

No. 196. The Song of Wonderful Love.

Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Won-der - ful, wonder- ful, Je - sus bore Calv'ry's cross for me! Said to the
2. Won-der - ful, wonder- ful, Why should He, God's belov- ed Son, Care for a
3. Won-der - ful, wonder- ful, Sing with me, Je-sus died for all! He from the
sin- ner, go sin no more, From your sins set free! O - ver and o - ver the
sin- ner, like you and me, He the sin- less one? O - ver and o - ver one
shackles of sins set free, Those who heed His call. O - ver and o - ver the
song I sing Of re-deem-ing love, Love of the Sav-iour who rules as King,
song I sing As thro' life I go, Ev- er the tho't thro' my soul will ring,
song I'll sing Till I see His face, Then how the an-them of joy will ring,
CHORUS.
In the realms a - bove. Won - - der-ful, won - - der- ful, is the
Je - sus loved me so.
Saved, O saved by grace. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, is
Sav-iour's love, Won - - der-ful, won - - der- ful, sent from
the Saviour's love, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, sent

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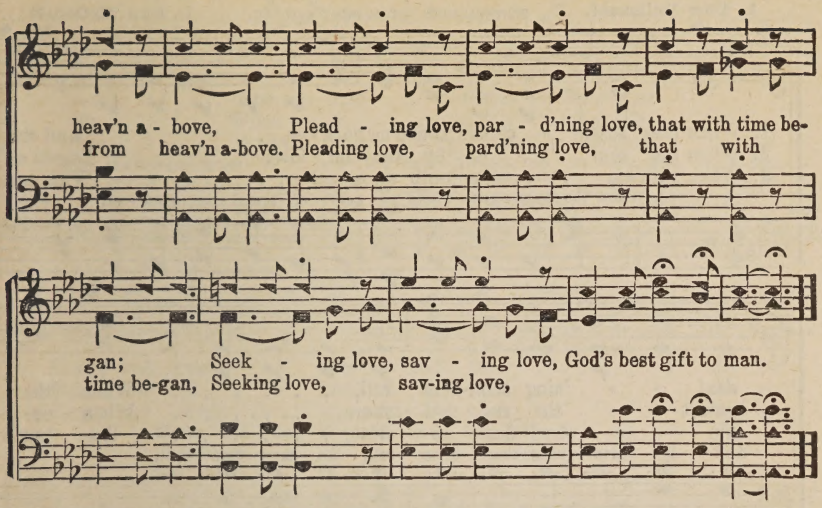
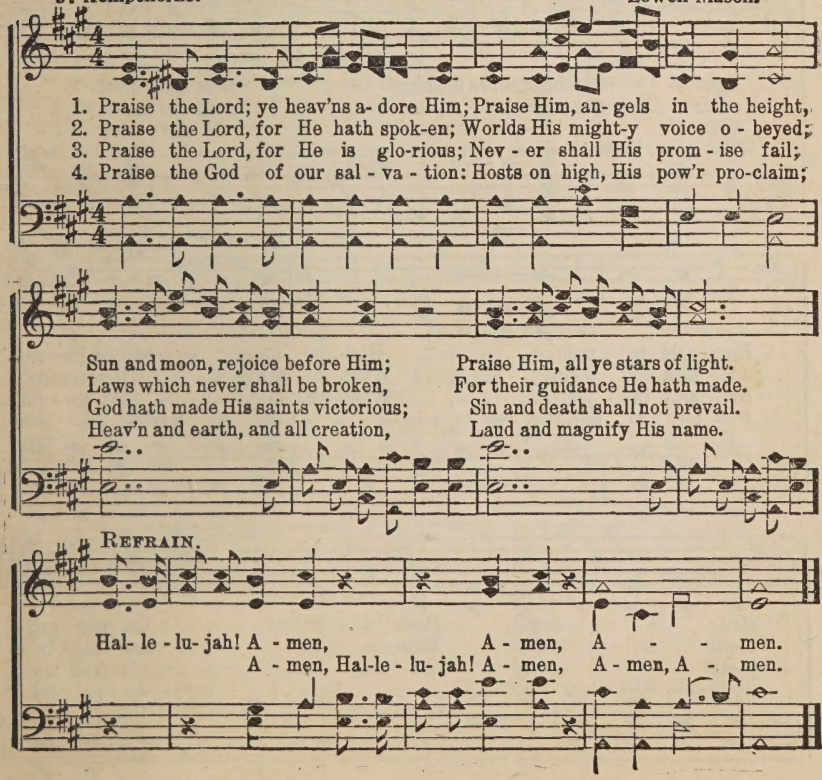
The Song of Wonderful Love.


heav'n a - bove, Plead - ing love, par - d'ning love, that with time be-
from heav'n a-bove. Pleading love, pard'ning love, that with
gan; Seek - ing love, sav - ing love, God's best gift to man.
time be-gan, Seeking love, sav-ing love,

No. 197 Praise the Lord.

J. Kempthorne. Lowell Mason.


1. Praise the Lord; ye heav'ns a- dore Him; Praise Him, an- gels in the height,
2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spok-en; Worlds His might-y voice o - beyed;
3. Praise the Lord, for He is glo-rious; Nev - er shall His prom - ise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion: Hosts on high, His pow'r pro-claim;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Laws which never shall be broken, For their guidance He hath made.
God hath made His saints victorious; Sin and death shall not prevail.
Heav'n and earth, and all creation, Laud and magnify His name.
REFRAIN.
Hal- le - lu- jah! A - men, A - men, A - - men.
A - men, Hal-le - lu- jah! A - men, A - men, A - men.

No. 198.

Be Not Afraid.

L. Dow McDonald. CONTROLLED BY THE QUARTET MUSIC CO. L. Dow McDonald.

1. When the storm - clouds 'round us gath - er, . . And the
2. When the soul . . is by the bil - lows . Tossed a-
3. When with - in . . the tomb we mould-er, . . With our
1. When the storm-clouds 'round us gath - er, 'round us gath - er,
deaf - - 'ning thun-ders roll, ... When the
gainst - - the rug - ged shore, ... When de-
kin - - dred dust to dust, ... We but
And the deaf - 'ning thun - ders roll, the thun - ders roll,
light - - ning tongues are flashing O'er the earth . .
spair . . our hopes have riv-en, And our hearts . .
wait . . the fi - nal judg-ment Of the wick - -
When the lightning tongues are flashing, tongues are flashing O'er the earth
from pole to pole, ... High the foam - capped bil-lows
are sick and sore, ... When we strive . . . to meet life's
ed and the just; . . . . When we in . . . . that aw - ful
from pole to pole, (from pole to pole,) High the foam-capped bil - lows
strug - - gle, Dash a - gainst . . . the rug - ged
troub - - les With a true . . . and ho - ly
morn - - ing At the bar . . . . of God ap-
strug - gle, bil - lows strug - gle, Dash a - gainst the rug - ged

Be Not Afraid.

shore, . . . And the ship . . with-out an an-chor
aim, . . . When we in . . . the aw-ful strug-gle,
pear, . . . And the an - - gel from the re-cord
shore, the rug-ged shore, And the ship with-out an an-chor, with no an-chor,
Rocks and tum - bles to and fro. . . . . Je-sus
Find our ef - - forts all in vain, ... Je-sus
Reads the deeds . . re-cord-ed there, ... Shall we
Rocks and tum-bles to and fro, rocks to and fro,
walks . . up-on the wa-ter, He our ru - -
with . . His arms sup-ports us, Lifts us up - -
en - ter thro' the por-tals, Or shall we . .
Je-sus walks up-on the wa-ter, on the wa-ter, And our ru-
in has for-bade; . . . . In His might, . . the storm ar-
wards, gives us faith, ... And in lov - ing tones He
be turned a-way, ... From the pres - ence of the
in has for-bade, our fall for-bade; In His might, the storm ar-
rest-ed, Calls, "'Tis I, . . Be not a-fraid," . . .
whis-pers, "It is I, . . Be not a-fraid." . . .
Mas-ter, Who once said, . "Be not a-fraid"? . . .
rest-ed, storm ar-rest-ed, calls, "'Tis I, Be not a-fraid."(Be not a-fraid.")

No. 199. Sowing for the Harvest.

Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO. Samuel W. Beazley

1. Sow the good seed of the spir - it, God will send the rain, And He will
2. Sow in the cool of the morning, Seed of faith and trust; La - bor on
3. Faithful - ly, stead-fast-ly la - bor, While the moments fly, Trusting to
give us the sunshine, And the rich, ripe grain. Sow in the lives here a-
pa - tient- ly, know-ing God is good and just; Sow the sweet gos-pel of
God for the har - vest In His by and by. He will re-ward you for
bout you Seed of love, to grow In - to a boun - ti - ful har - vest,—
glad-ness, Ev-'ry-where you go; Drive out the gloom and the sad - ness,—
serv - ice When you homeward go; So be a dil - i - gent work - er,—
CHORUS.
God would have it so. Sow good seed, Sow
Sow the good seed by the wayside, Sow on the
on hill and plain; Sing as you sow for the har-vest—This be the
hill and the plain;. . . . .

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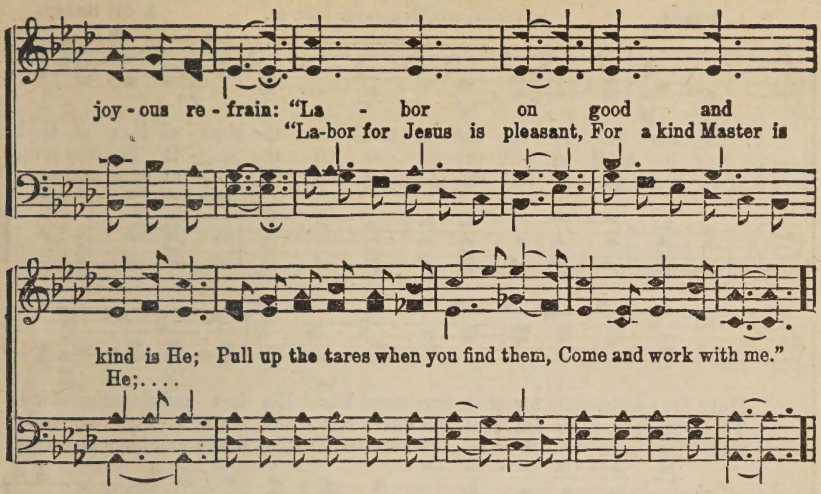
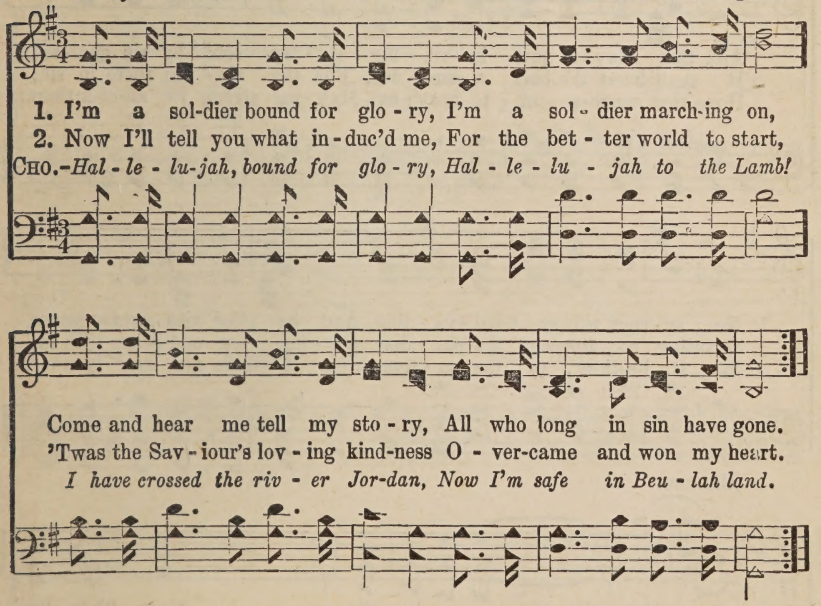
Sowing for the Harvest.


joy - ous re - frain: "La - bor on good and
"La-bor for Jesus is pleasant, For a kind Master is
kind is He; Pull up the tares when you find them, Come and work with me."
He;. . . .

No. 200. Safe In Beulah.

Arr. by J. W. R. Arranged.


1. I'm a sol-dier bound for glo - ry, I'm a sol - dier march-ing on,
2. Now I'll tell you what in - duc'd me, For the bet - ter world to start,
CHO.-Hal - le - lu-jah, bound for glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!
Come and hear me tell my sto - ry, All who long in sin have gone.
'Twas the Sav - iour's lov - ing kind-ness O - ver-came and won my heart.
I have crossed the riv - er Jor-dan, Now I'm safe in Beu - lah land.

3 When I first with Christ enlisted,
Many said I'd turn again,
But I through each day resisted—
In the ranks I still remain.

4 Many say I am too noisy,
But I know the reason why;
And if they but felt the glory,
They would shout as well as I.

No. 201.

Sing This Story.

F. L. Eiland.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY QUARTET MUSIC CO.

J. M. Hagan.

1. Sing this sto - ry to the na - tions, That the bless - ed Son of God
2. Sing it, broth - er, with the pow - er Of the Spir - it in the soul,
3. Sing this sto - ry on the morn-ing, Sing it, too, at noon and eve,
Hath re - demp-tion for them purchased Thro' His free and cleansing blood;
That its course no foe shall hin - der, Nei - ther en - e - my con-trol;
Call - ing men un - to re-pent-ance, Where they shall sweet hope re-ceive;
And that He is now in - vit - ing Ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed,
It shall burst the bars a - sun - der, For the vic - tim there in sin,
Hope that reach-es in - to heav - en, Mak - ing strong its an-chor there;
To ac - cept this great sal - va - tion, And be filled with righteousness.
Granting to the soul its par - don, Giv - ing joy and peace with-in.
Sing it, broth-er, to the na - tions, Sing it there and ev ' ry-where.
CHORUS.
Sing this sto - - ry to the na - tions, That the
Sing this sto - ry, sing this sto - ry to the na - tions,

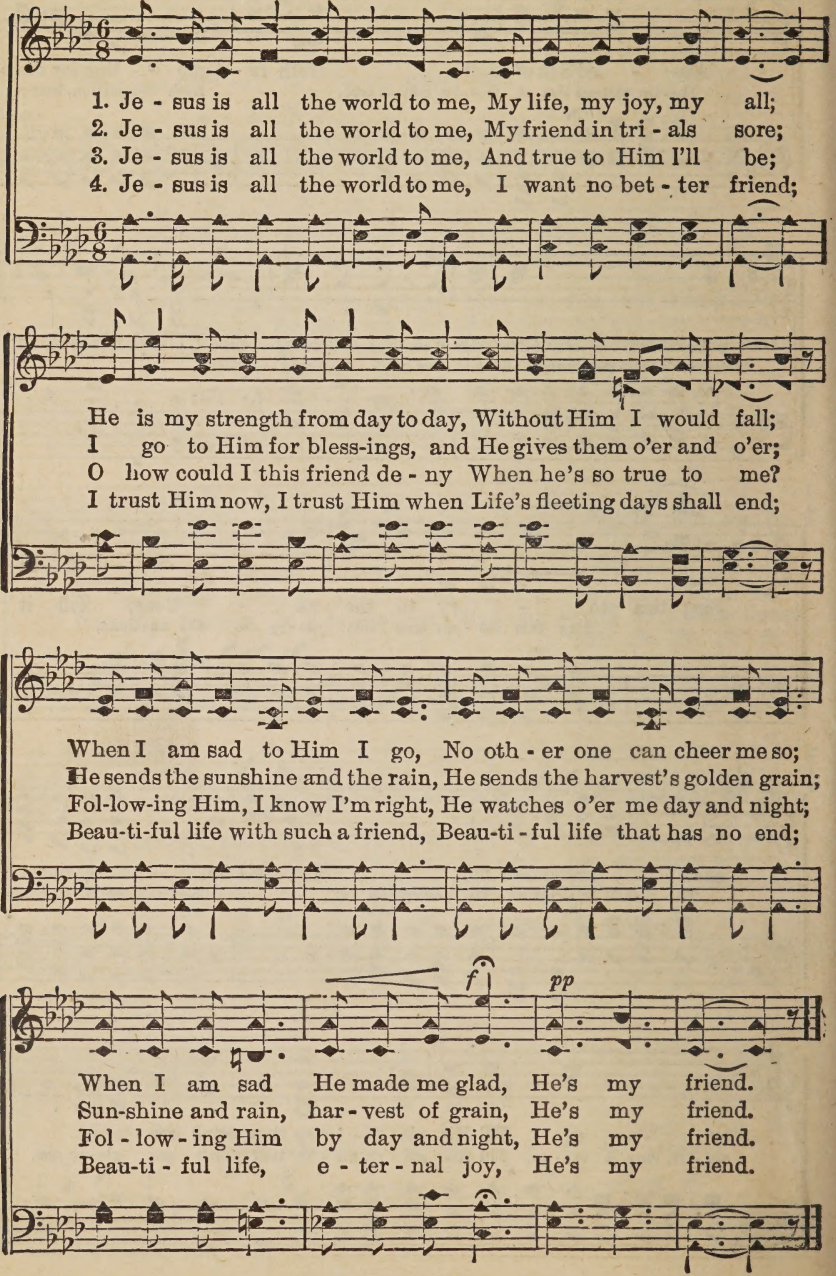
Sing This Story.

bless - ed Son of God Hath re - demp - tion for them
That the blessed Son of God, the Son of God, Hath redemption, hath re-
pur-chased Thro' His free and cleansing blood, His precious blood;
demption for them purchased Thro' His free and cleansing blood;
Sing this sto - ry to the na - tions, Till it
Sing this sto - ry, sing this sto - ry to the na-tions,
shall ac-cept-ed be; Sing this sto - ry, sing it
Till it shall ac - cept-ed be, ac-cept-ed be; Sing this sto-ry, sing this
rit. - - -
ev - er, Till His glo - ry they shall see.
sto - ry, sing it ev - er, Till His glo - ry, glo - ry they shall see, glo - ry see.

No. 202. Jesus Is All the World to Me.

Copyright, 1904, by Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio. Used by per.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, Without Him I would fall;
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er;
O how could I this friend de - ny When he's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end;
When I am sad to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest's golden grain;
Fol-low-ing Him, I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti-ful life with such a friend, Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;
f
pp
When I am sad He made me glad, He's my friend.
Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him by day and night, He's my friend.
Beau-ti - ful life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

No. 203. There's a Great Day Coming.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."—Heb. 9: 27.

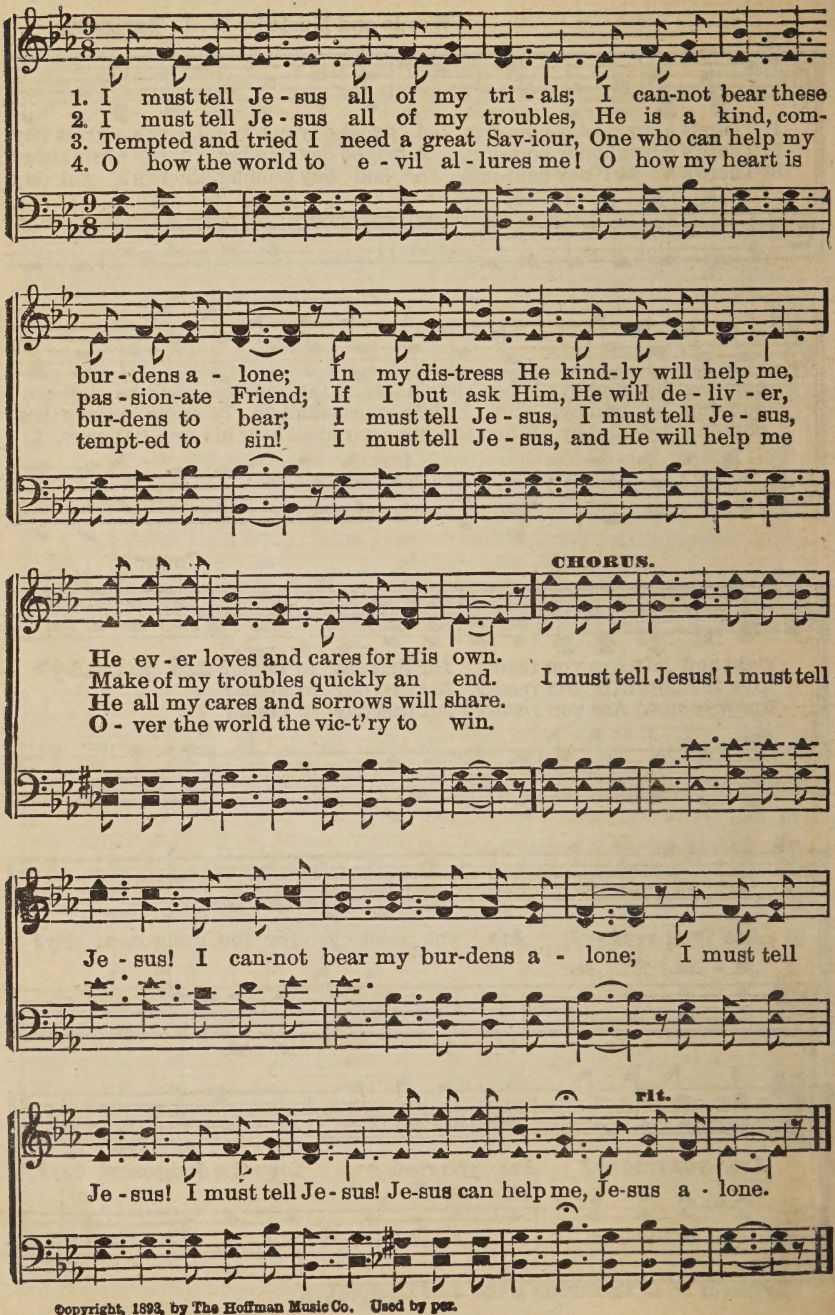
Words and Music by W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day coming, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day coming, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day coming, There's a sad day
com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed,
com-ing by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that
com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I
CHORUS.
right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y?
love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?
Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the Judg-ment day?
Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the Judg-ment day?

By per. of W. L. THOMPSON & Co., East Liverpool, O.

No. 204. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles, He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav-iour, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is
bur - dens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me,
pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus,
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me
CHORUS.
He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troubles quickly an end.
He all my cares and sorrows will share.
O - ver the world the vic-t'ry to win.
I must tell Jesus! I must tell
Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell
rit.
Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

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No. 205. O Think of the Home Over There.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. T. C. O'KANE.

1. O think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
2. O think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,
3. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;
o-ver there,
Where the saints all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God.
Then a-way from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Ma-ny dear to my heart o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.
over there.
REFRAIN.
O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there,
O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there,
O-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-iour is now o-ver there,
O-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there,
o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there,
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of a home o-ver there.
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Saviour is now o-ver there.
O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.
o-ver there,

By per. of T. C. O'Kane.

No. 206. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

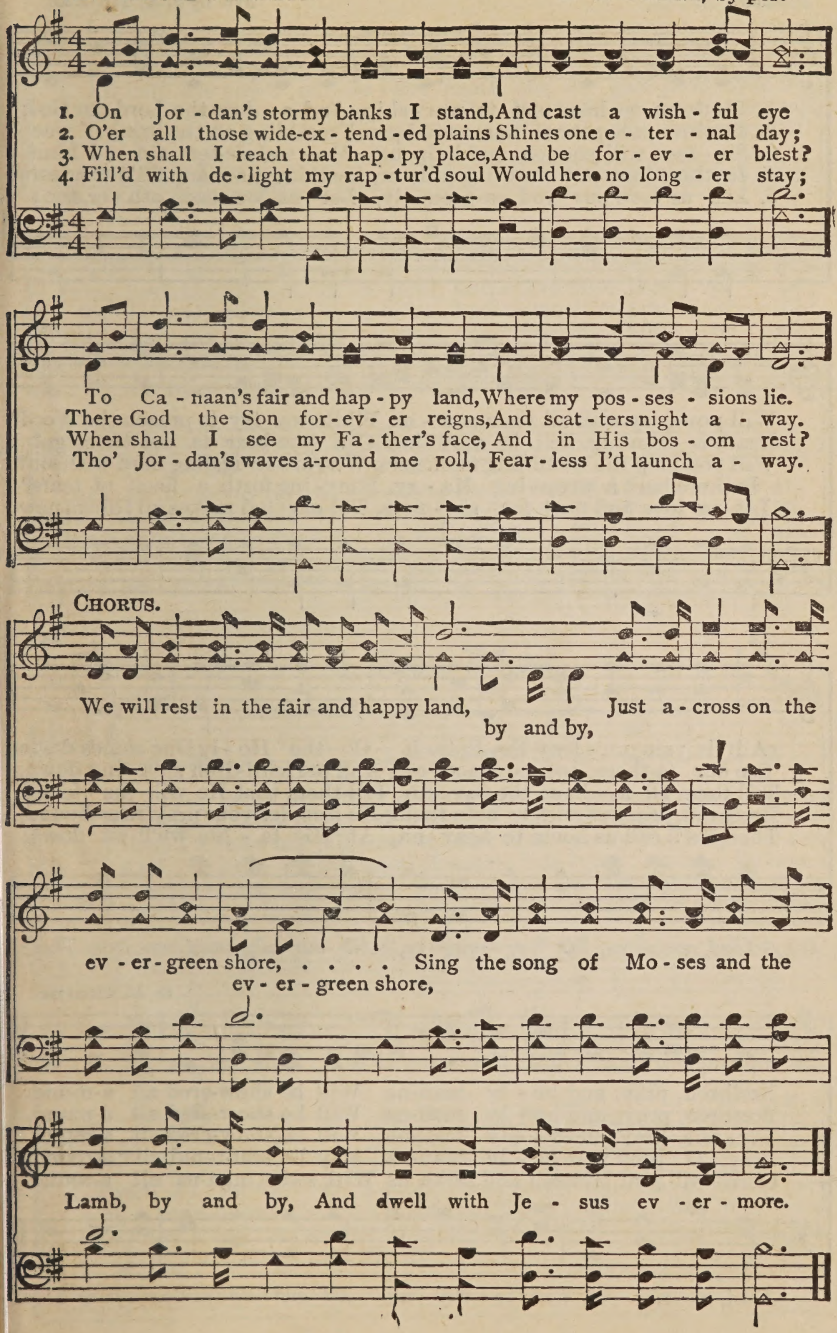
"I will tell thee."—Num. 23: 3.

KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'T is pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
all the golden fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
seems, each time I tell it, More wonder-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
hun - ger-ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when in scenes of
sto - ry, Be-cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my longings As
sto - ry, It did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son I
sto - ry, For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - va-tion From
glo - ry I sing the New, New Song, 'T will be the Old, Old Sto - ry That
REFRAIN.
noth-ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'T will be my theme in
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have lov'd so long.
glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

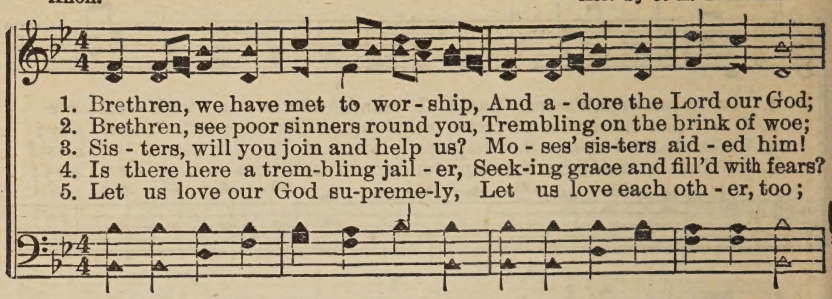
No. 207. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

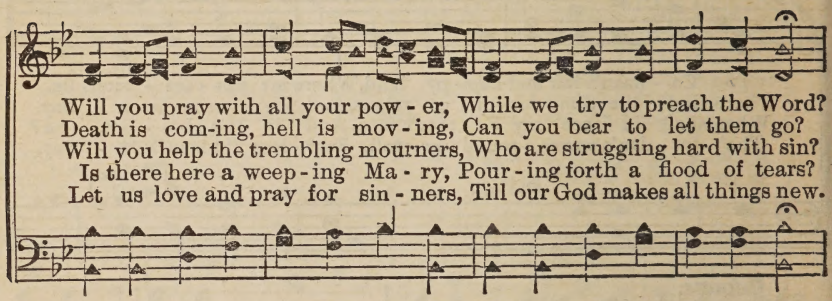

1. On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Fill'd with de - light my rap - tur'd soul Would here no long - er stay;
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
Tho' Jor - dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.
CHORUS.
We will rest in the fair and happy land, Just a - cross on the
by and by,
ev - er - green shore, ... Sing the song of Mo - ses and the
ev - er - green shore,
Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.

No. 208. Holy Manna. 8, 7.

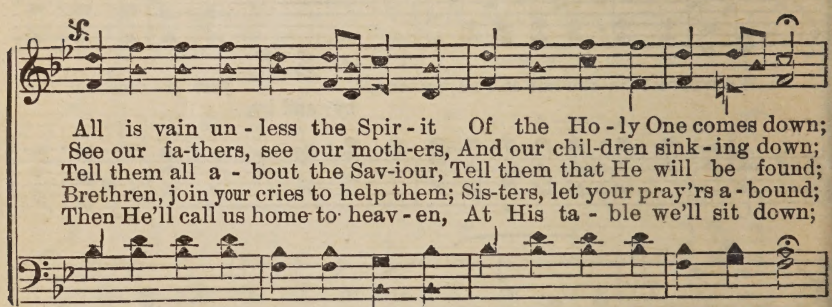
Anon. Arr. by J. E. THOMAS.



1. Brethren, we have met to wor - ship, And a - dore the Lord our God;
2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you, Trembling on the brink of woe;
3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mo - ses' sis-ters aid - ed him!
4. Is there here a trem-bling jail - er, Seek-ing grace and fill'd with fears?
5. Let us love our God su-preme-ly, Let us love each oth - er, too;



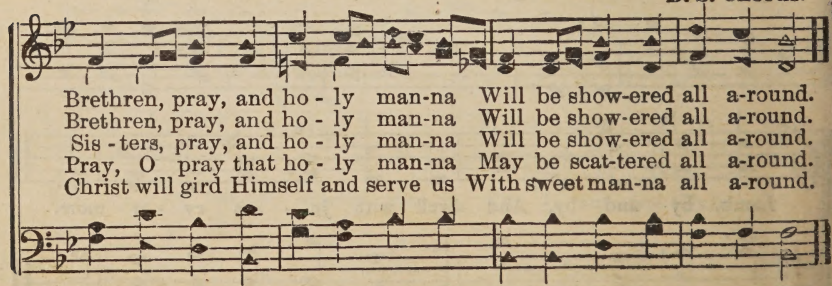
Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the Word?
Death is com-ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go?
Will you help the trembling mourners, Who are struggling hard with sin?
Is there here a weep - ing Ma - ry, Pour - ing forth a flood of tears?
Let us love and pray for sin - ners, Till our God makes all things new.



All is vain un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
See our fa-thers, see our moth-ers, And our chil-dren sink - ing down;
Tell them all a - bout the Sav-iour, Tell them that He will be found;
Brethren, join your cries to help them; Sis-ters, let your pray'rs a - bound;
Then He'll call us home to heav - en, At His ta - ble we'll sit down;

CHO.–*Lord, re-vive us, O re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee;*

D. S. Chorus.



Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Sis - ters, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Pray, O pray that ho - ly man-na May be scat-tered all a-round.
Christ will gird Himself and serve us With sweet man-na all a-round.

Lord, re - vive us, now re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee.

209. Coronation.

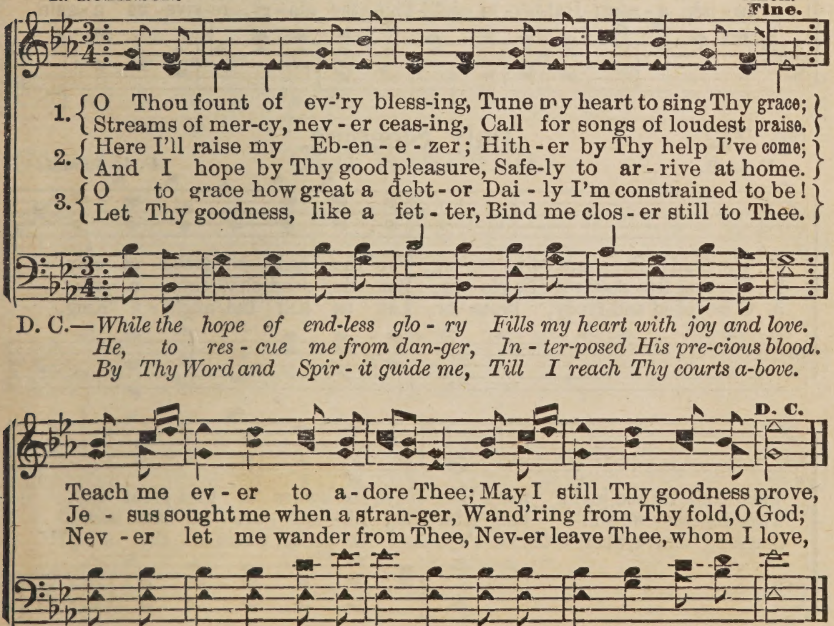
E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall,
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll joing the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

210. O Thou Fount.

R. ROBINSON. Anon.

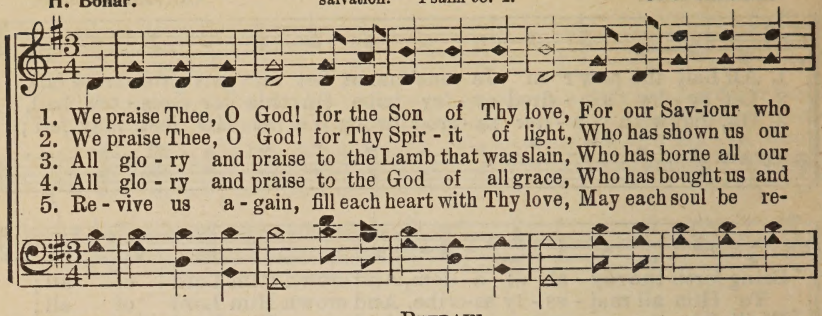
Fine.


1. O Thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer-cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
2. Here I'll raise my Eb-en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I've come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home.
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fet - ter, Bind me clos - er still to Thee.
D. C.—While the hope of end-less glo - ry Fills my heart with joy and love.
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
By Thy Word and Spir - it guide me, Till I reach Thy courts a-bove.
D. C.
Teach me ev - er to a - dore Thee; May I still Thy goodness prove,
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from Thy fold, O God;
Nev - er let me wander from Thee, Nev-er leave Thee, whom I love,

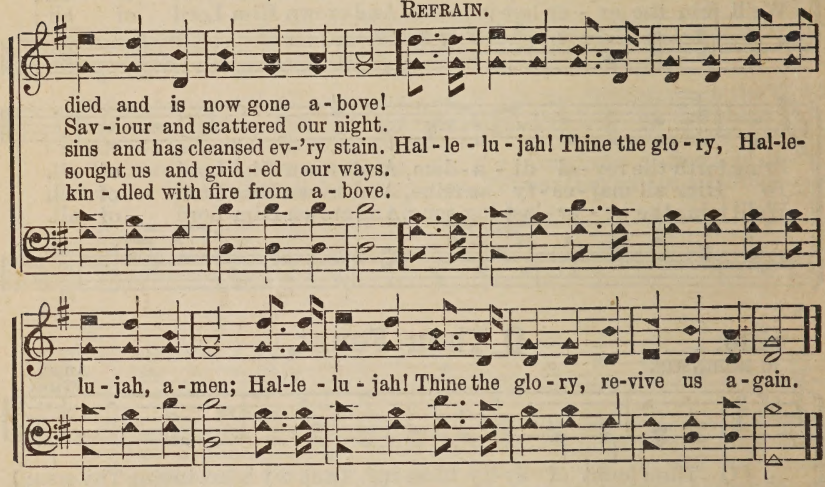
No. 211. We Praise Thee, O God!

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation." Psalm 95: 1.

H. Bonar. J. J. Husband.

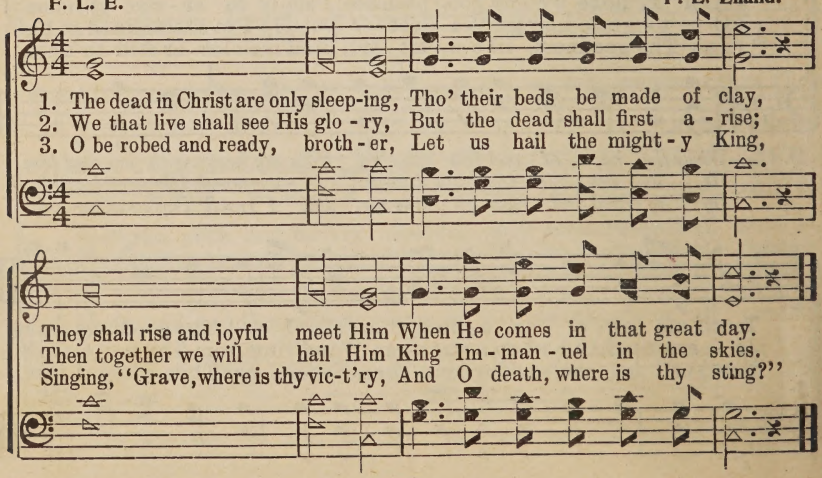

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For our Sav-iour who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us and
5. Re - vive us a - gain, fill each heart with Thy love, May each soul be re-

REFRAIN.


died and is now gone a - bove!
Sav - iour and scattered our night.
sins and has cleansed ev-'ry stain. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal-le-
sought us and guid - ed our ways.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.
lu - jah, a - men; Hal-le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re-vive us a - gain.

No. 212. Only Sleeping.

F. L. E. F. L. Eiland.

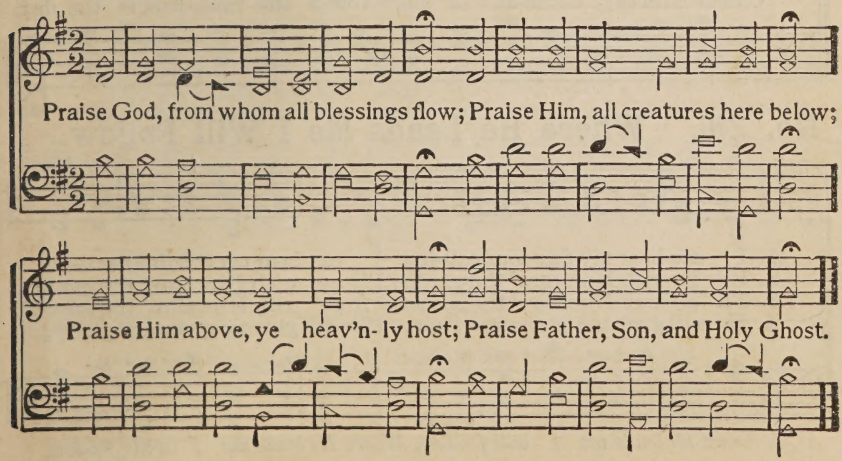

1. The dead in Christ are only sleep-ing, Tho' their beds be made of clay,
2. We that live shall see His glo - ry, But the dead shall first a - rise;
3. O be robed and ready, broth - er, Let us hail the might - y King,
They shall rise and joyful meet Him When He comes in that great day.
Then together we will hail Him King Im - man - uel in the skies.
Singing, "Grave, where is thy vic-t'ry, And O death, where is thy sting?"

No. 213. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNIE L. WALKER. DR. LOWELL MASON.

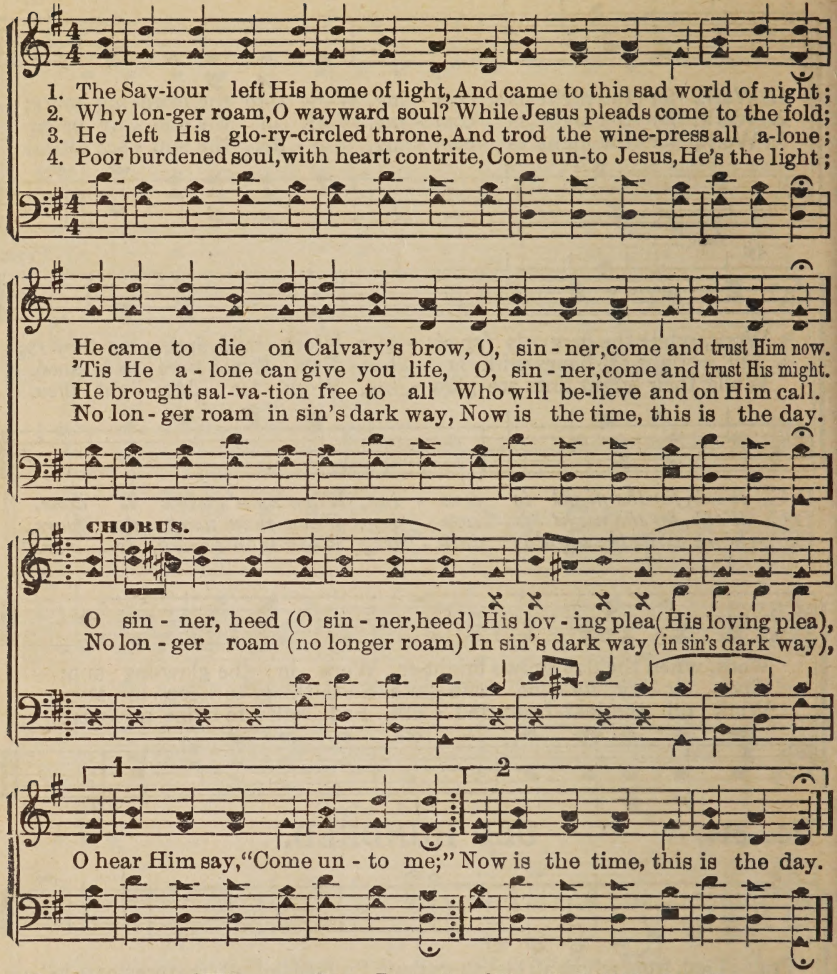
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn- ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work in the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
Fine.
Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.
D.C.—Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
D.C.—Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
D.C.—Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.
D. S.
Work, when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some-thing to keep in store:
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

No. 214. OLD HUNDRED.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'n- ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

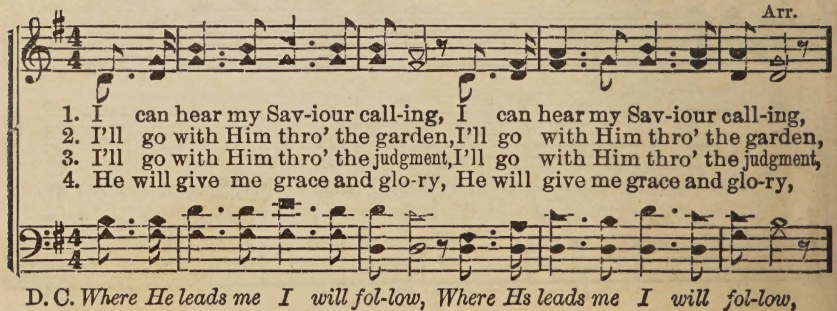
No. 215. O Sinner, Come.

EMMA WESSON. Controlled by Quartet Music Co. E. K. WESSON.

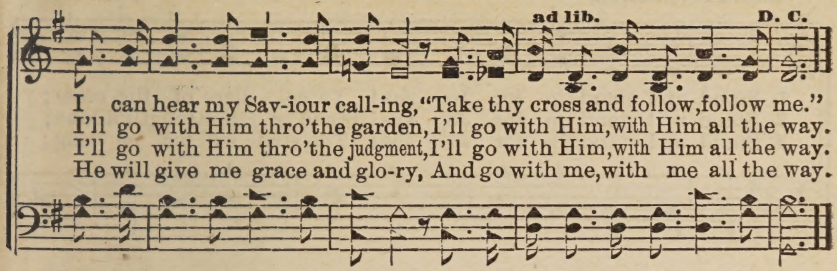

1. The Sav-iour left His home of light, And came to this sad world of night;
2. Why lon-ger roam, O wayward soul? While Jesus pleads come to the fold;
3. He left His glo-ry-circled throne, And trod the wine-press all a-lone;
4. Poor burdened soul, with heart contrite, Come un-to Jesus, He's the light;
He came to die on Calvary's brow, O, sin - ner, come and trust Him now.
'Tis He a - lone can give you life, O, sin - ner, come and trust His might.
He brought sal-va-tion free to all Who will be-lieve and on Him call.
No lon - ger roam in sin's dark way, Now is the time, this is the day.
CHORUS.
O sin - ner, heed (O sin - ner, heed) His lov - ing plea (His loving plea),
No lon - ger roam (no longer roam) In sin's dark way (in sin's dark way),
1
2
O hear Him say, "Come un - to me;" Now is the time, this is the day.

No. 216. Where He Leads Me I Will Follow.

Arr.


1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D. C. *Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*


ad lib.
D. C.
I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 217. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. In - deed His cleansing blood I know, Now I'm com-ing home;
S.
Fine.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now repent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,

No. 218. Stand up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR. G. J. WEBB.

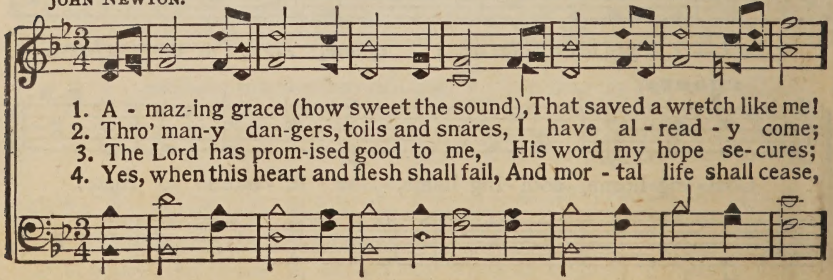
1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a-lone;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own;
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song;
D. S. Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
D. S. Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
D. S. He with the King of glo - ry, Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.
From vic - 'try un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And watching un - to pray'r,
To him that o - ver-com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

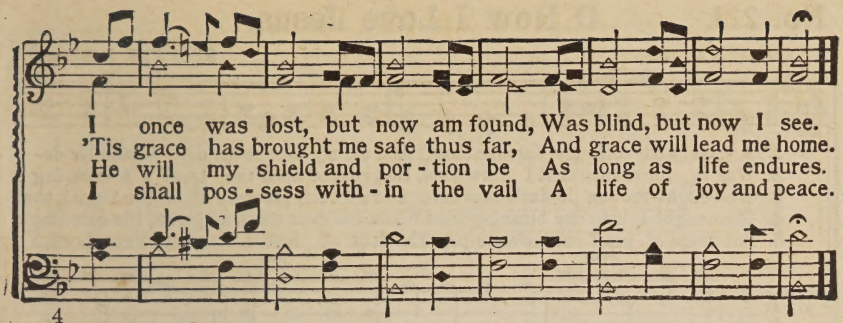
No. 219. AMAZING GRACE.

This arrangement is as near the original as the writer thinks and believes our "Modern Laws" of musical composition will justify, and is *free* for all who wish to use it.

Arr. for this work in honor of the old and for the glory of God by J. E. THOMAS.

JOHN NEWTON.

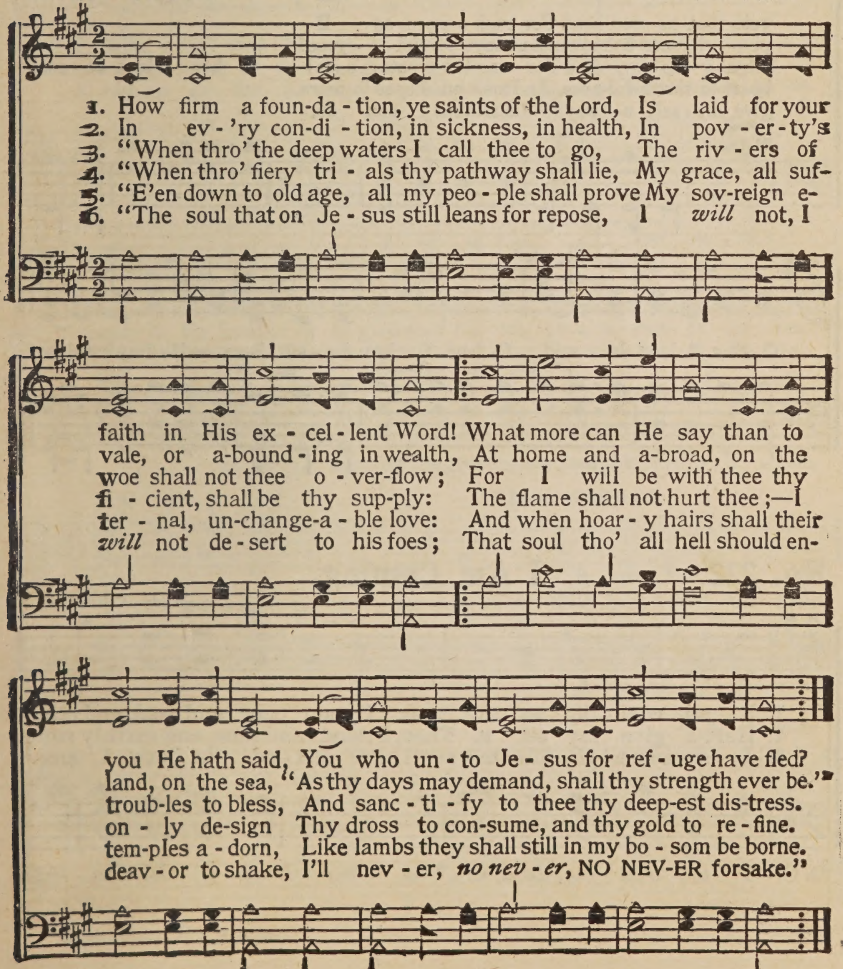

1. A - maz-ing grace (how sweet the sound), That saved a wretch like me!
2. Thro' man-y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
3. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se-cures;
4. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,


I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life endures.
I shall pos - sess with - in the vail A life of joy and peace.

No. 220. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

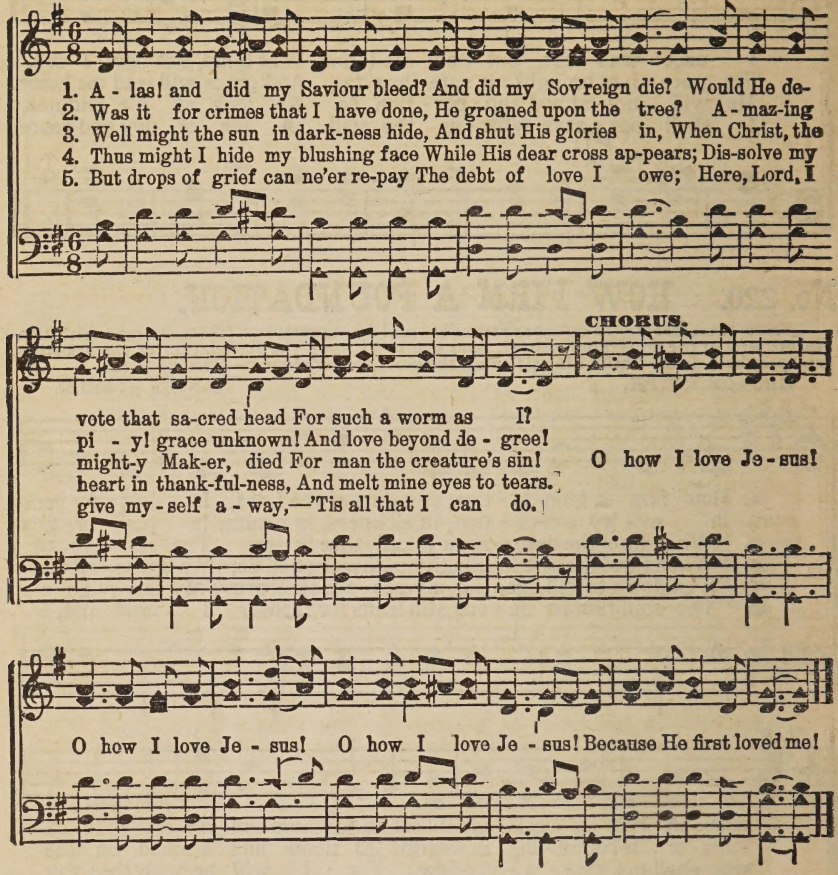
"Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."—EPH. 2: 19, 20.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.


1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con-di - tion, in sickness, in health, In pov - er - ty's
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "When thro' fiery tri - als thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all suf-
5. "E'en down to old age, all my peo - ple shall prove My sov-reign e-
6. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for repose, I *will* not, I
faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to
vale, or a-bound - ing in wealth, At home and a-broad, on the
woe shall not thee o - ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
fi - cient, shall be thy sup-ply: The flame shall not hurt thee;—I
ter - nal, un-change-a - ble love: And when hoar - y hairs shall their
will not de - sert to his foes; That soul tho' all hell should en-
you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
land, on the sea, "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be."
troub-les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
on - ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
tem-ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, *no nev - er*, NO NEV-ER forsake."

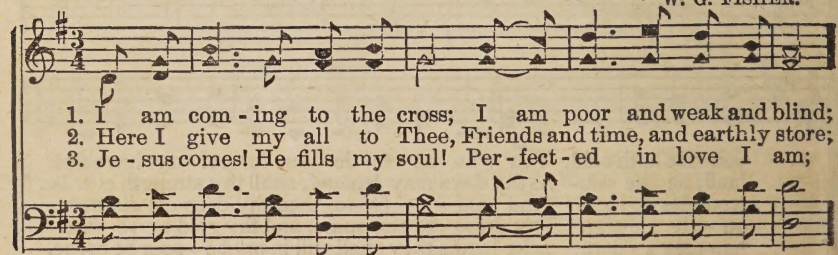
No. 221. O How I Love Jesus.

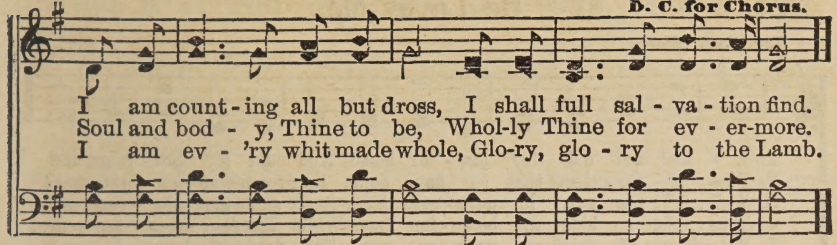
ISAAC WATTS. STEPHEN JONES.


1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A - maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glories in, When Christ, the
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross ap-pears; Dis-solve my
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I
CHORUS.
vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
pi - y! grace unknown! And love beyond de - gree!
might-y Mak-er, died For man the creature's sin!
heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
give my-self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.
O how I love Je - sus!
O how I love Je - sus! O how I love Je - sus! Because He first loved me!

No. 222. I Am Coming.

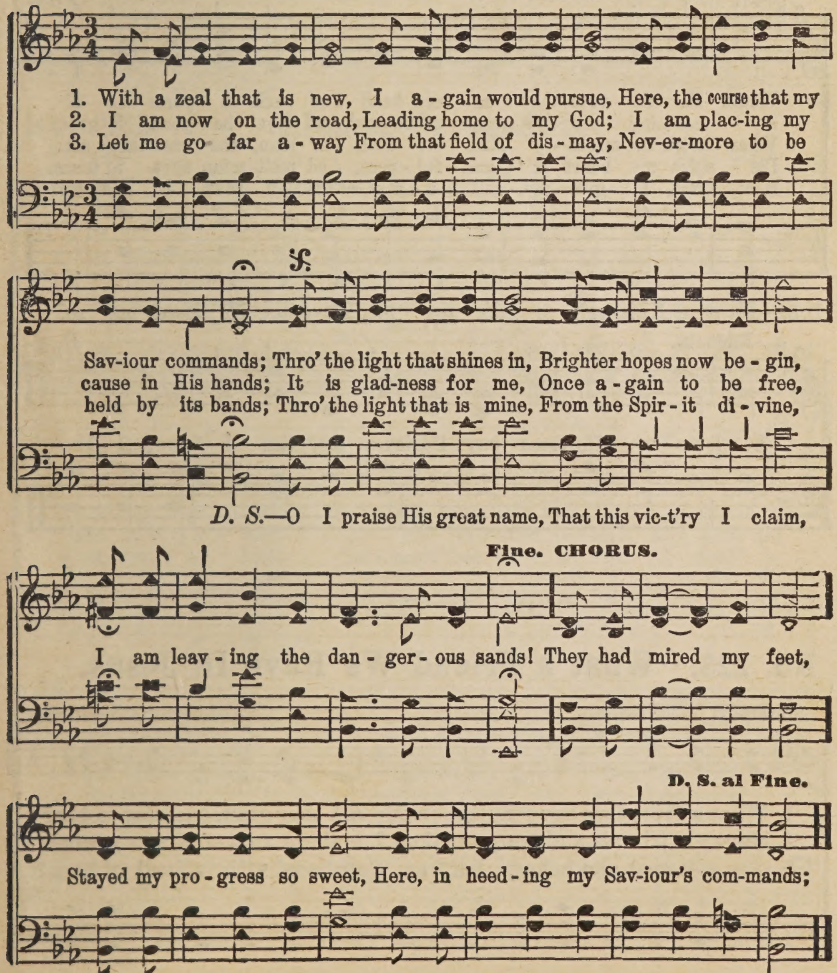
W. G. FISHER.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
2. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time, and earthly store;
3. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in love I am;
D. C.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;


D. C. for Chorus.
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Soul and bod - y, Thine to be, Whol-ly Thine for ev - er-more.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole, Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.
Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Je - sus saves me, saves me now.

No. 223. I Am Leaving the Dangerous Sands.

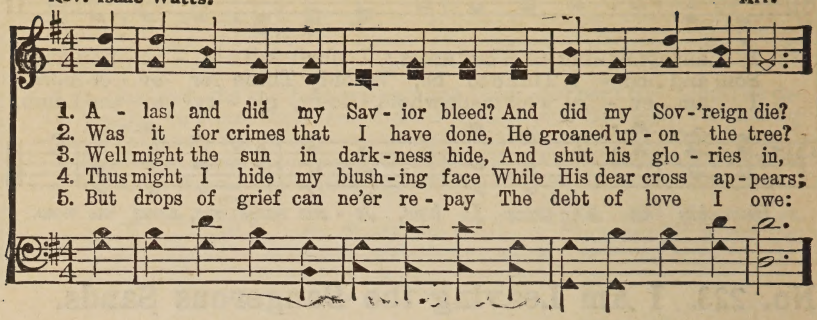
F. L. EILAND. S. D. SIMONS.

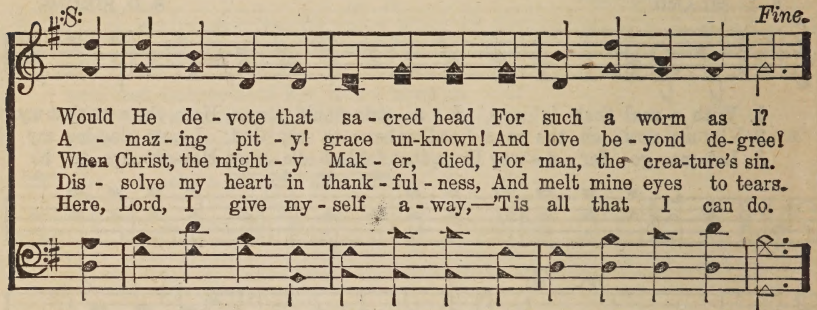

1. With a zeal that is new, I a - gain would pursue, Here, the course that my
2. I am now on the road, Leading home to my God; I am plac-ing my
3. Let me go far a - way From that field of dis - may, Nev-er-more to be
Sav-iour commands; Thro' the light that shines in, Brighter hopes now be - gin,
cause in His hands; It is glad-ness for me, Once a - gain to be free,
held by its bands; Thro' the light that is mine, From the Spir - it di - vine,
D. S.—O I praise His great name, That this vic-t'ry I claim,
Fine. CHORUS.
I am leav - ing the dan - ger - ous sands! They had mired my feet,
D. S. al Fine.
Stayed my pro - gress so sweet, Here, in heed - ing my Sav-iour's com-mands;

Copyright, 1908, by S. D. Simons.

224. He Loves Me.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Arr.

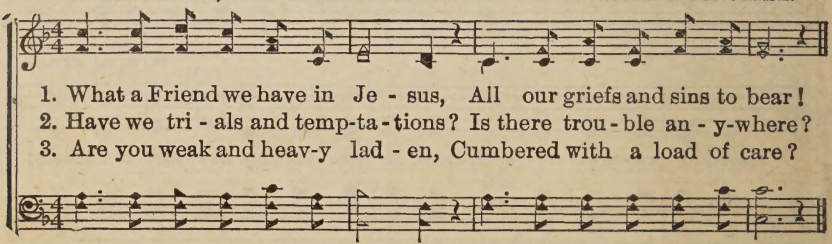

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:


S:
Fine.
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de-gree!
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.

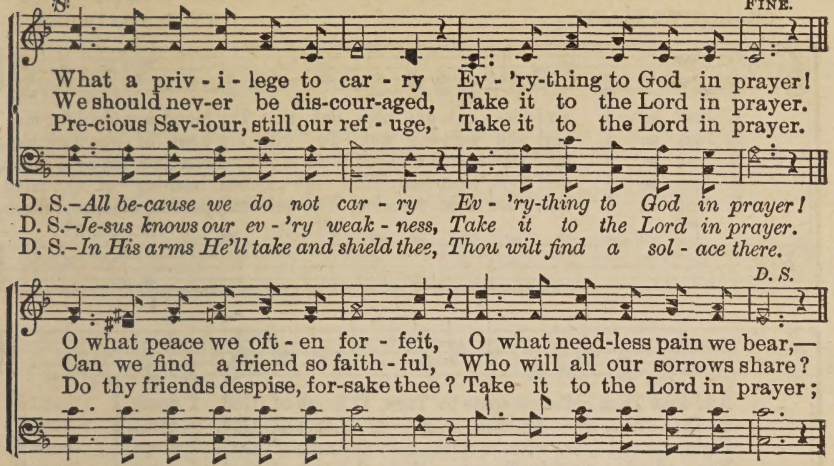
D.S.—*He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loved me so.*

No. 225. What a Friend We Have In Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, alt. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our griefs and sins to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y-where?
3. Are you weak and heav-y lad - en, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a Friend We Have In Jesus. Concluded.


FINE.
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D. S.–All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D. S.–Je-sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D. S.–In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.
D. S.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,—
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

No. 226. Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ve - nient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wan - d'rer, come!
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—*but lost!*"

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No. 227. Just As I Am, Without One Plea.

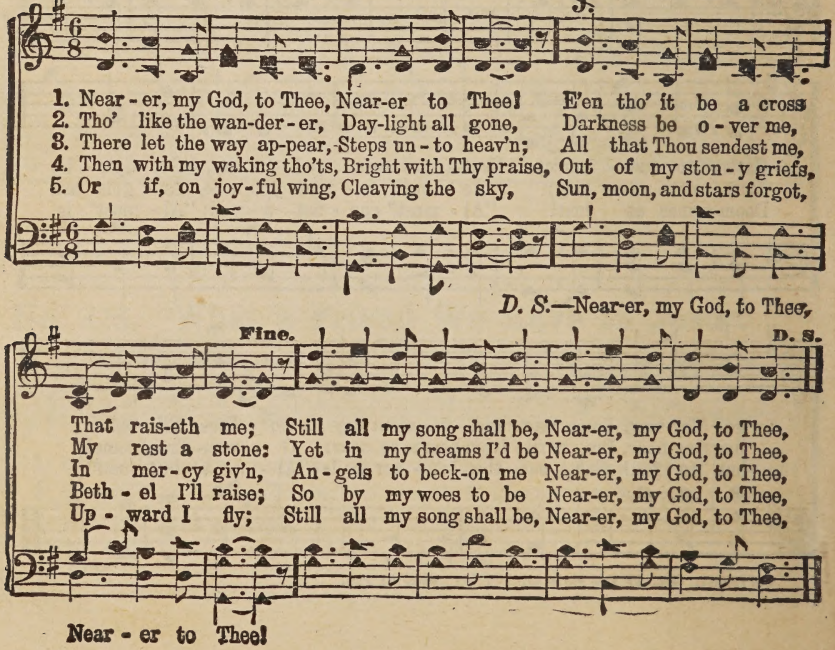
CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout, With ma-ny a con-flict, ma-ny a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am! Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fightings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 228. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

(BETHANY.)

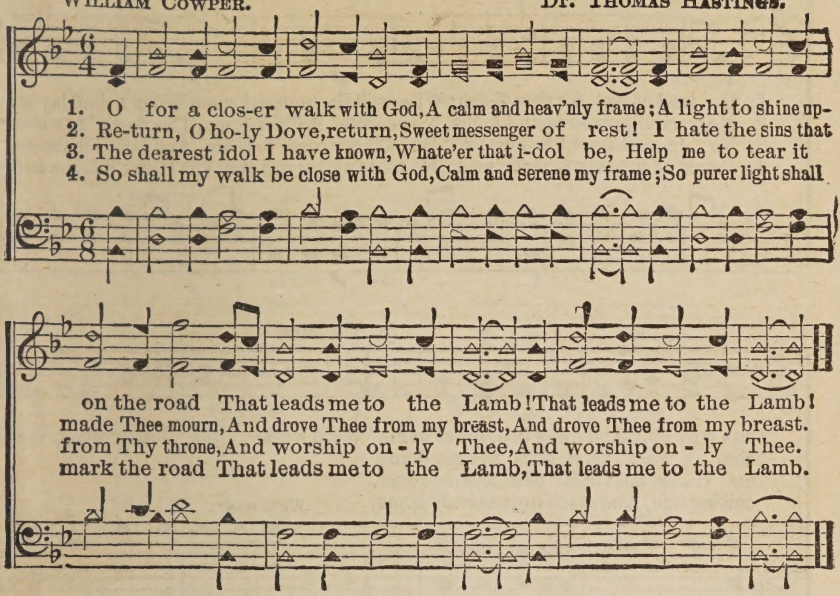
SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841. "Nearer to Thee."—JAS. 4: 8. LOWELL MASON, 1856.


1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, Day-light all gone, Darkness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs,
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Fine.
D. S.
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone: Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n, An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Near-er to Thee!

No. 229. O for a Closer Walk with God.

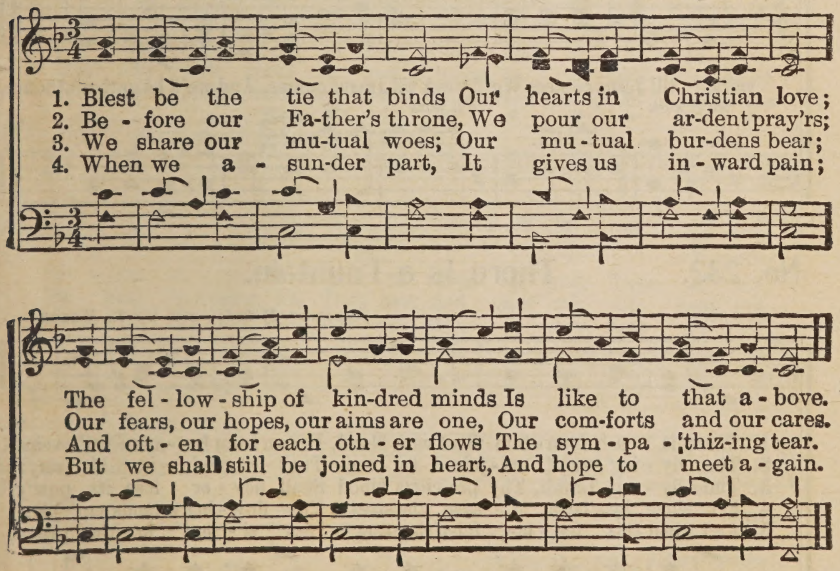
"Walk in the spirit."—Gal. 5: 16.

WILLIAM COWPER. Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame; A light to shine up-
2. Re-turn, O ho-ly Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest! I hate the sins that
3. The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that i-dol be, Help me to tear it
4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall
on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast, And drove Thee from my breast.
from Thy throne, And worship on - ly Thee, And worship on - ly Thee.
mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.

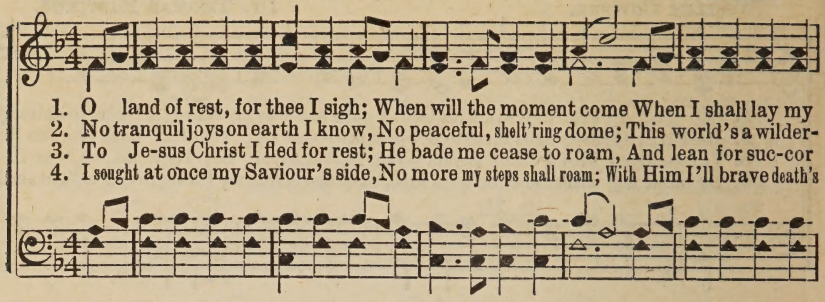
No. 230. Blest be the Tie.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu-tual woes; Our mu - tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a - sun-der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

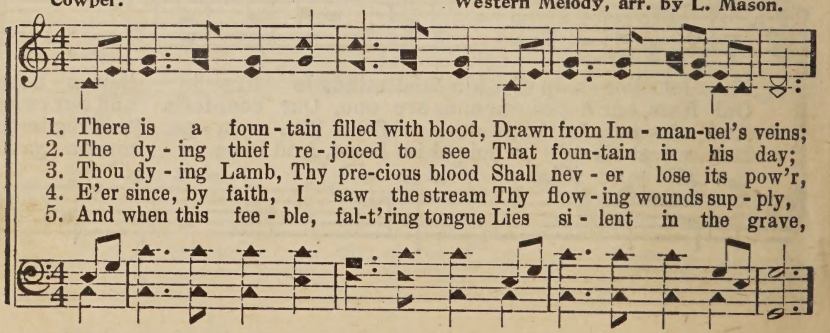
No. 231. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. William Miller.


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the moment come When I shall lay my
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome; This world's a wilder-
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for suc-cor
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll brave death's
CHORUS.
ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll
ness of woe, This world is not my home.
on His breast Till He conducts me home.
chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.
We'll work
work till Jesus comes; We'll work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.
We'll work
We'll work

No. 232. There is a Fountain.

Cowper. Western Melody, arr. by L. Mason.

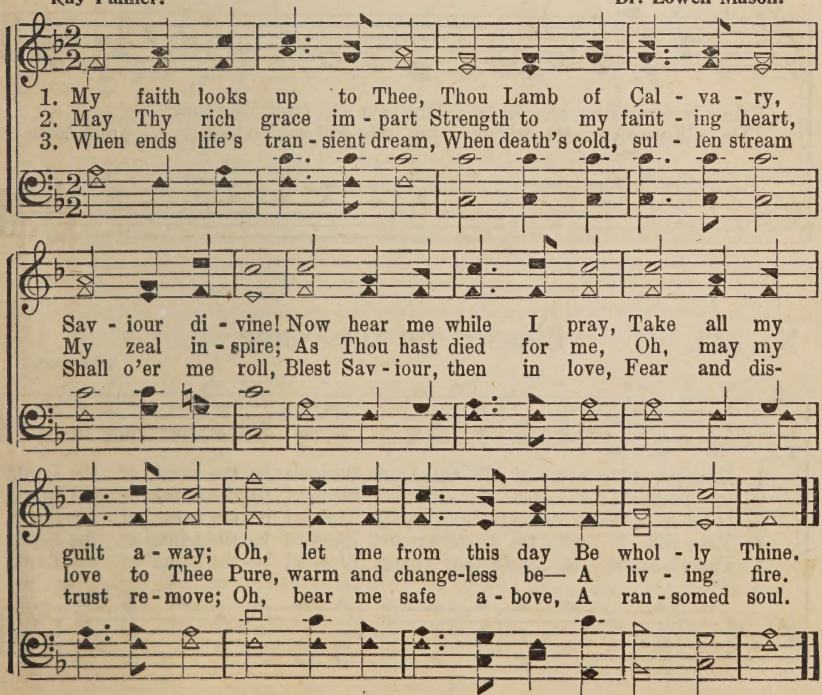

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. And when this fee - ble, fal-t'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

There is a Fountain.

FINE.
And sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there have I, tho' vile as he, Washed all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then, in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.
D. S.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, . . Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Washed all my sins a - way, . . . Washed all my sins a - way;
Be saved to sin no more, . . Be saved to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, . . . And shall be till I die;
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, . . I'll sing Thy pow'r to save;

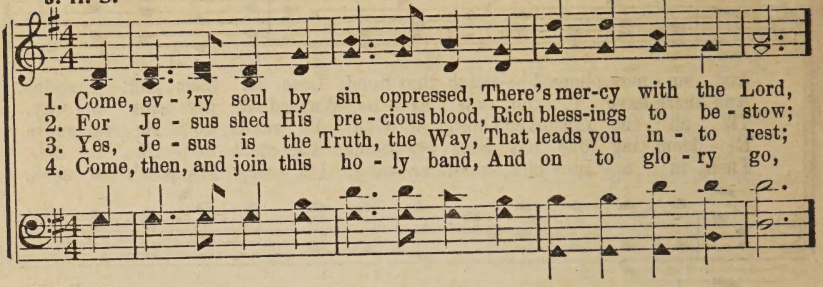
No. 233. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

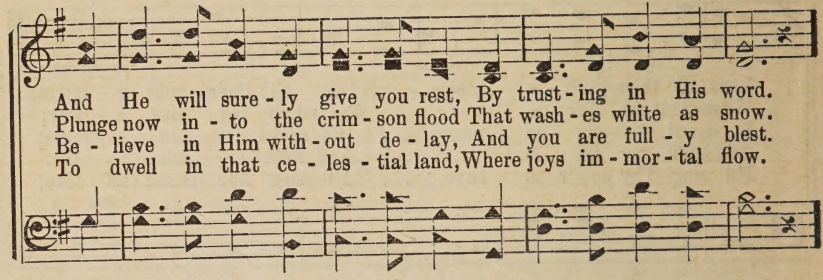
Ray Palmer. Dr. Lowell Mason.

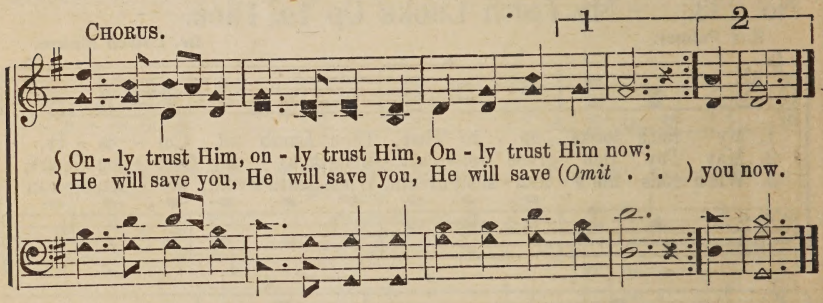

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then in love, Fear and dis-
guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm and change-less be— A liv - ing fire.
trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

No. 234. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

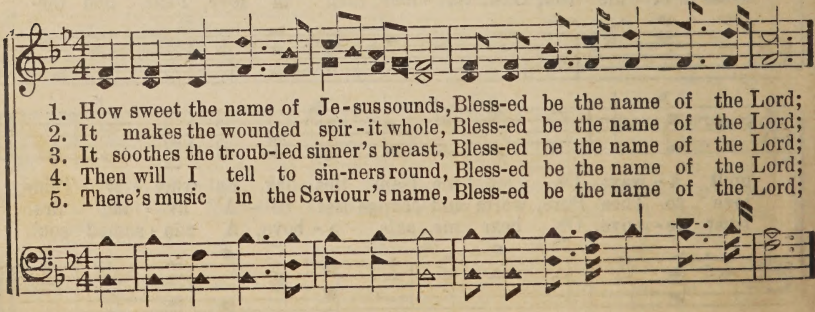

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,


And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are full - y blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

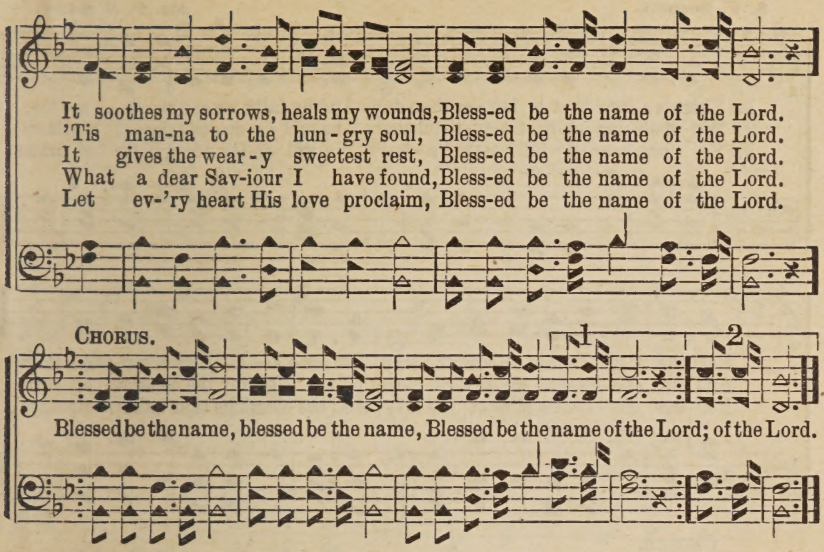


No. 235. Blessed Be the Name.

Arranged.


1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
3. It soothes the troub-led sinner's breast, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
4. Then will I tell to sin-ners round, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
5. There's music in the Saviour's name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;

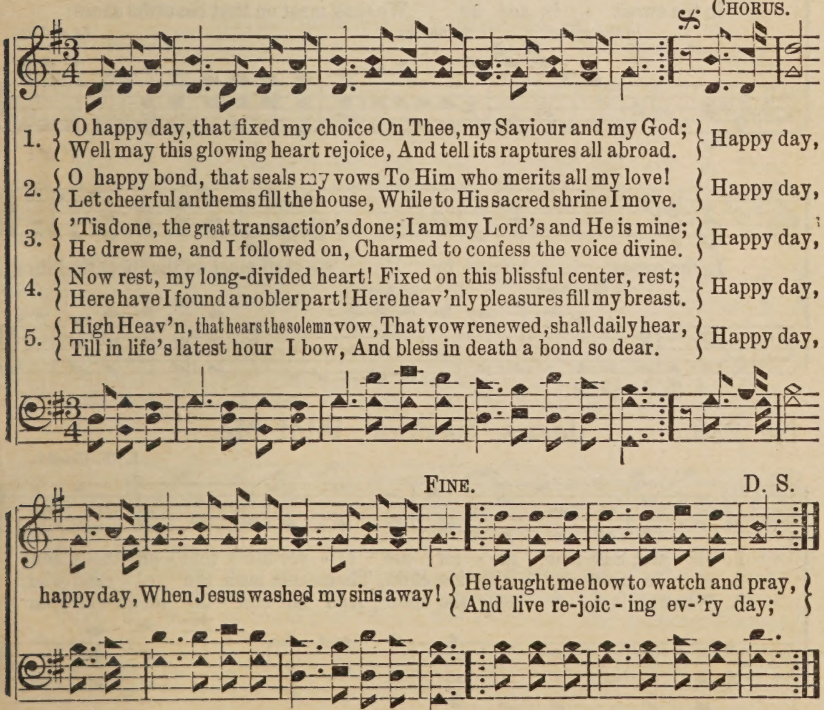
Blessed Be the Name.


It soothes my sorrows, heals my wounds, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
It gives the wear-y sweetest rest, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
What a dear Sav-iour I have found, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
Let ev-'ry heart His love proclaim, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.
CHORUS.
1
2
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord; of the Lord.

No. 236. Happy Day.

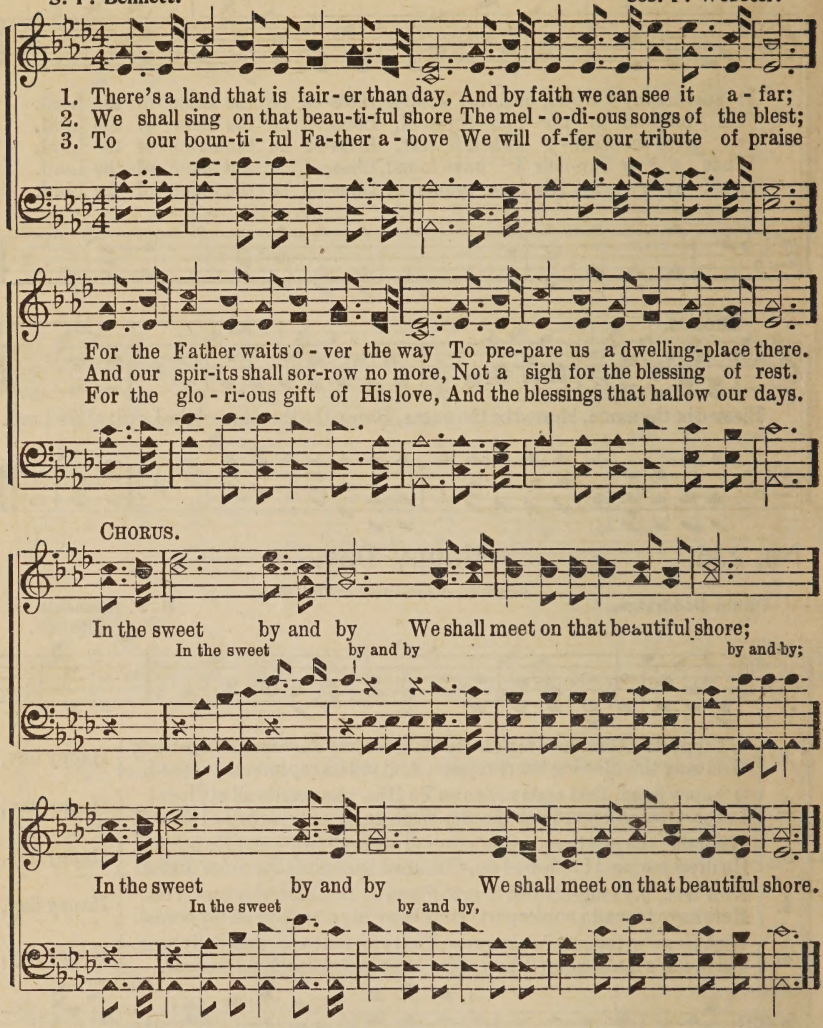
"Rejoicing in the Lord."—Phil. 3: 1.

Philip Doddridge. **E. F. Rimbault.**


CHORUS.
1. O happy day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God; Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. Happy day,
2. O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill the house, While to His sacred shrine I move. Happy day,
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine. Happy day,
4. Now rest, my long-divided heart! Fixed on this blissful center, rest; Here have I found a nobler part! Here heav'nly pleasures fill my breast. Happy day,
5. High Heav'n, that hears the solemn vow, That vow renewed, shall daily hear, Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. Happy day,
FINE.
D. S.
happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day;

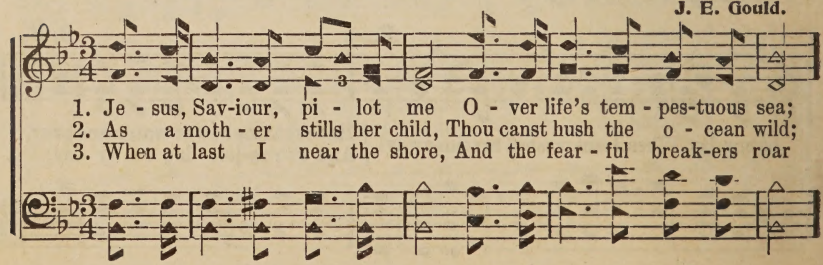
No. 237. In the Sweet By and By.

S. F. Bennett. Jos. P. Webster.

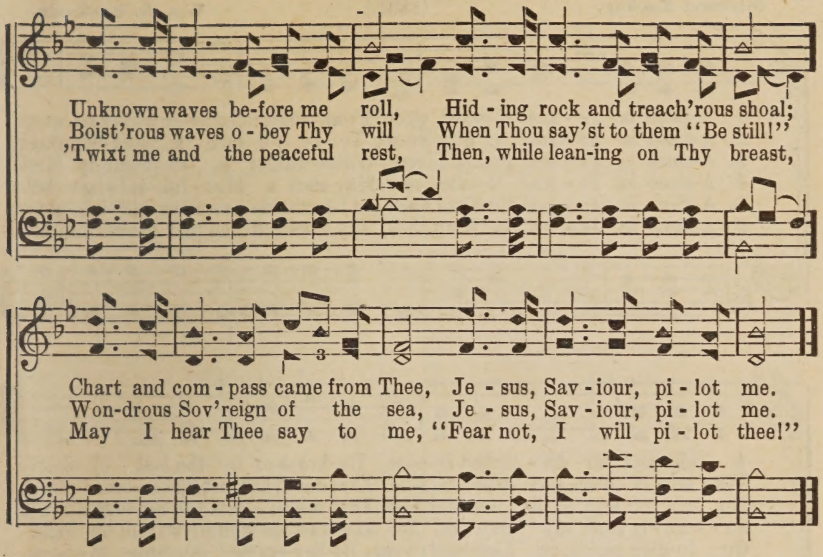

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far;
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The mel - o-di-ous songs of the blest;
3. To our boun-ti - ful Fa-ther a - bove We will of-fer our tribute of praise
For the Father waits o - ver the way To pre-pare us a dwelling-place there.
And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
For the glo - ri-ous gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.
CHORUS.
In the sweet by and by We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by by and by;
In the sweet by and by We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the sweet by and by,

No. 238. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

J. E. Gould.


1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

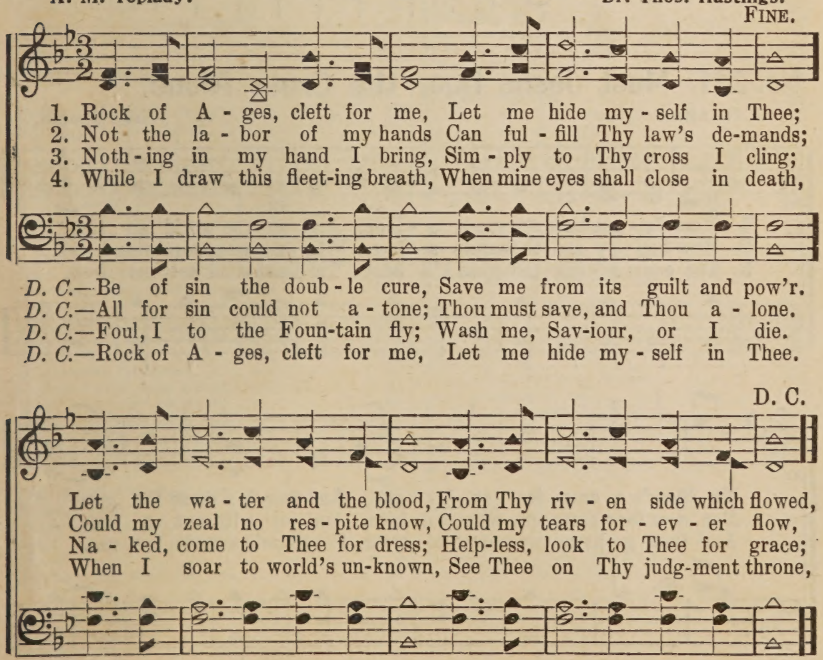
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.


Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com - pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

No. 239. Rock of Ages.

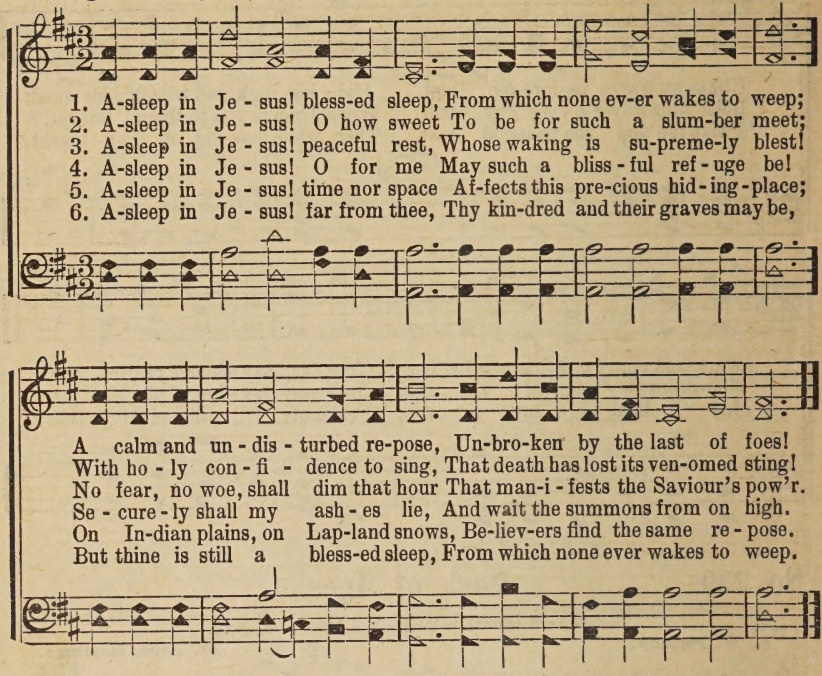
The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages.—Isa. 26: 4.

A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thos. Hastings.


FINE.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de-mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
D. C.—All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
D. C.—Foul, I to the Foun-tain fly; Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die.
D. C.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.
D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to world's un-known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,

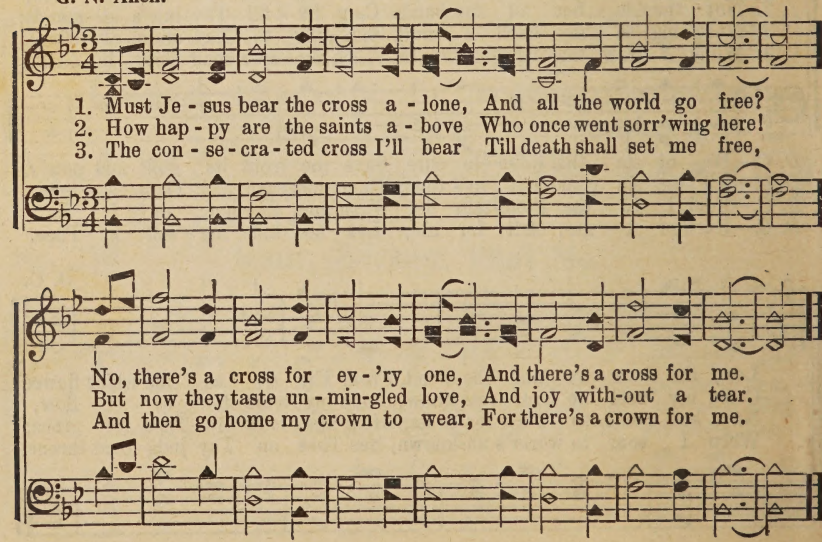
No. 240. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. (REST.) Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet;
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!
5. A-sleep in Je - sus! time nor space Af-fects this pre-cious hid - ing - place;
6. A-sleep in Je - sus! far from thee, Thy kin-dred and their graves may be,
A calm and un - dis - turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes!
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost its ven-omed sting!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man-i - fests the Saviour's pow'r.
Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.
On In-dian plains, on Lap-land snows, Be-liev-ers find the same re - pose.
But thine is still a bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep.

No. 241. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

G. N. Allen. Aaron Chapin.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove Who once went sorr'wing here!
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

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